Aug. 21, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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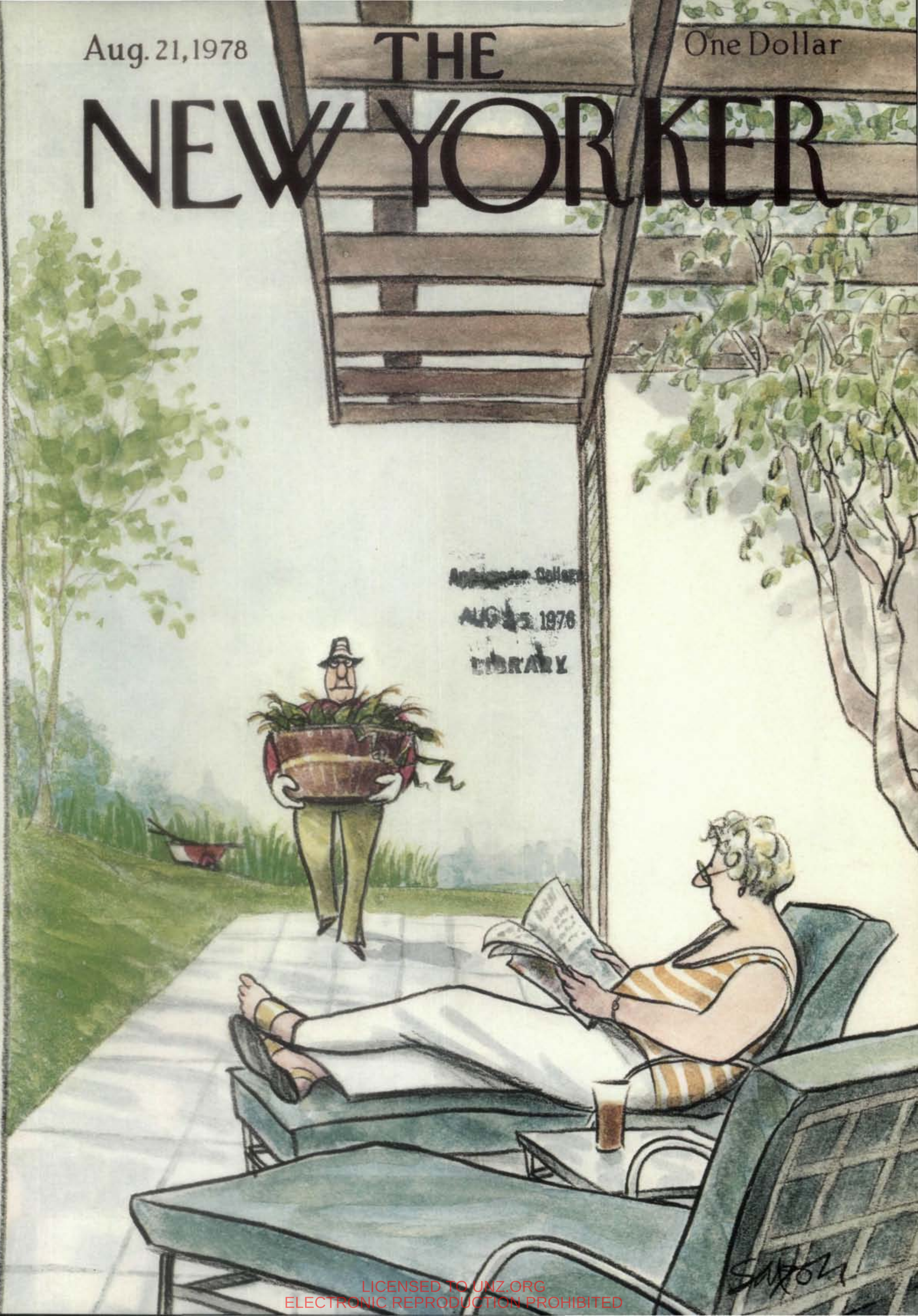

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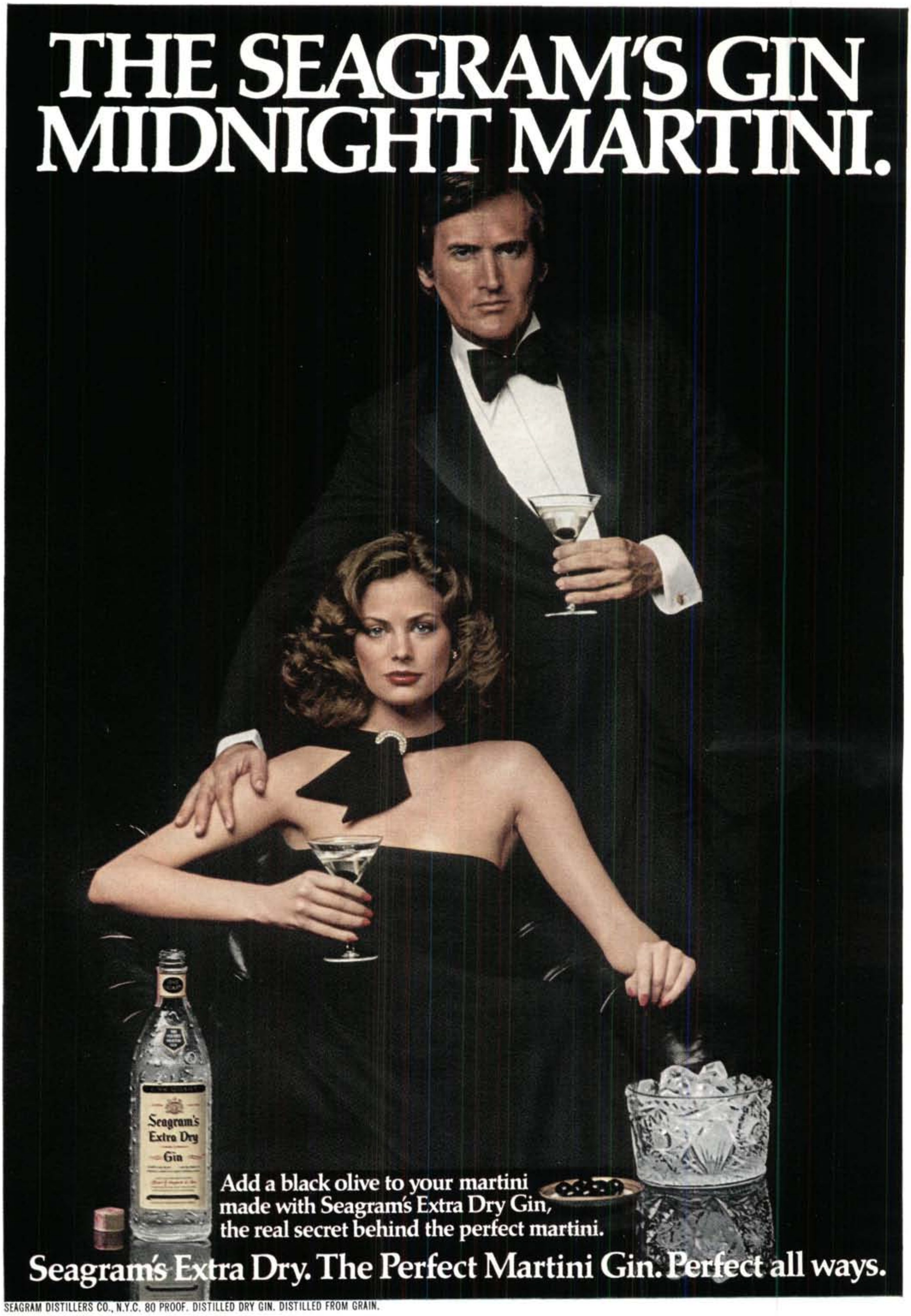

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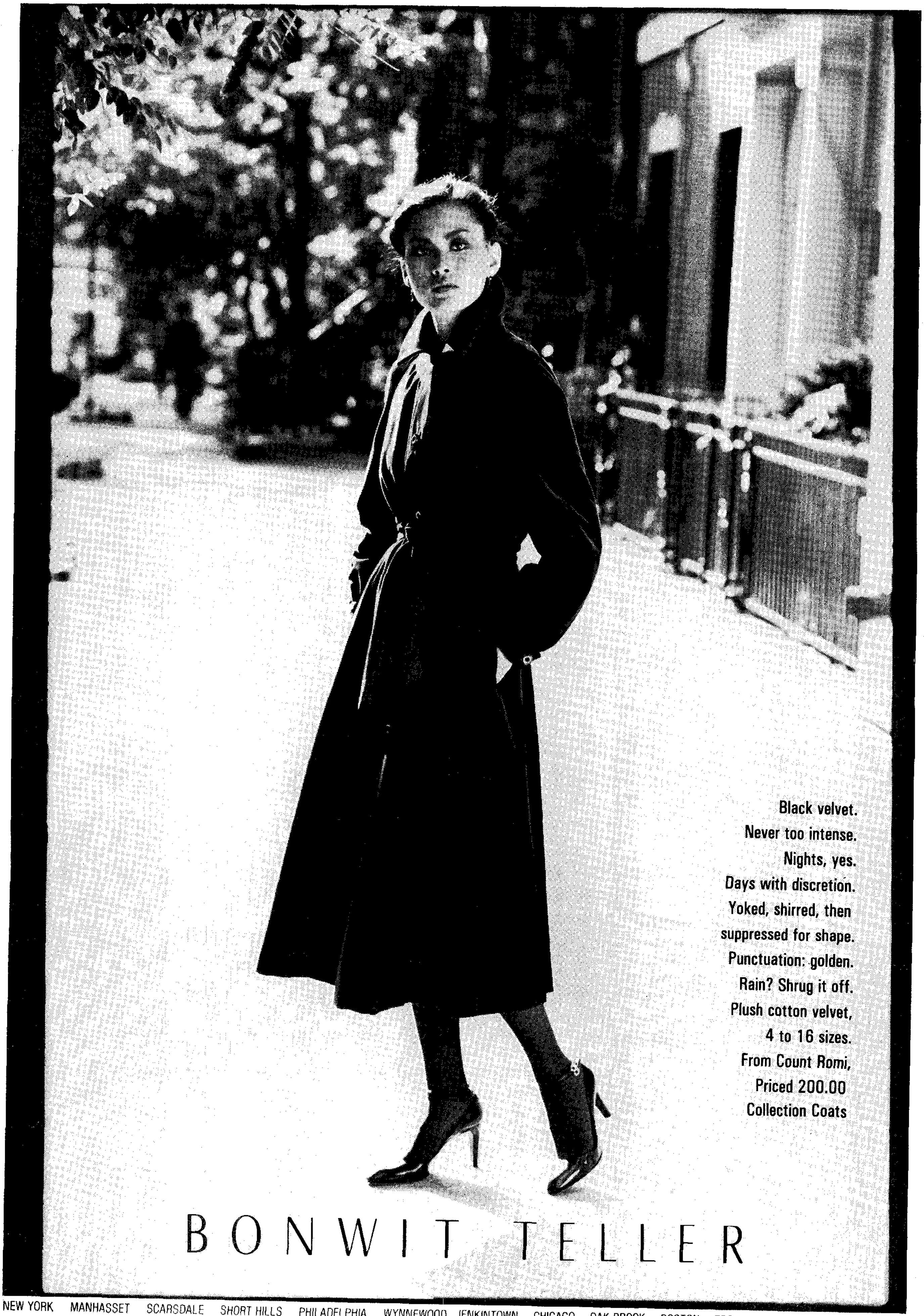

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Ain't Misbehavin'**—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**American Dance Machine**—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Chapter Two**—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Da**—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dancin'**—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Family Business**—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The 5th of July**—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road**—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**Man-Wo-Man**—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 20. Free.)

**Monteith and Rand**—Just when improvisational theatre might seem to have run its course, each group a bit dimmer than its predecessors, along comes this delightful young pair of improvisers, with nimble wit and sharp ears and eyes—original, imaginative, lighthearted, and able to act as well as make fun of acting. John Monteith and Suzanne Rand are not like Nichols and May, by the way; they are like Monteith and Rand. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-0177. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, Aug. 19.)

**Once in a Lifetime**—In 1930, Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman hammered together a comedy about Hollywood and its idiocies; after almost fifty years, the awkwardness of the hammering shows, but a company headed by George S. Irving and John Lithgow and directed by Tom Moore brings the play creditably to life. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

**On the Twentieth Century**—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Piano Bar**—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Pins and Needles**—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Sat-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

**P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Pushing Thirty**—An entertainment conceived and performed by Jonathan Hadary. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Mondays through Thursdays at 11. Closes Thursday, Aug. 31.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

**Runaways**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off**—A mindless, tiresome revival of a show better left on the shelf. Sammy Davis, Jr., is the star, and Marian Mercer is a valiant second-in-command. (8/14/78) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

**Timbuktu!**—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Tribute**—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Alice Ghostley has assumed Dorothy Loudon's part as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,608 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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## MISCELLANY

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Big Apple Circus**—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursday, Aug. 17, at 11:15 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, at 2:15 and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Aug. 20, at 1 and 4.)

**Ice Show**—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-19, at 2 and 7:30, and final performances Sunday, Aug. 20, at 1 and 5.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ballroom**, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag. Liz Corrigan, who sings a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of seventies pop (songs by Laura Nyro, Jimmy Buffett, and others), and some of the commercials she has done for television, winds up her visit here on Saturday, Aug. 19. On Tuesday, Aug. 22, singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon will take over. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

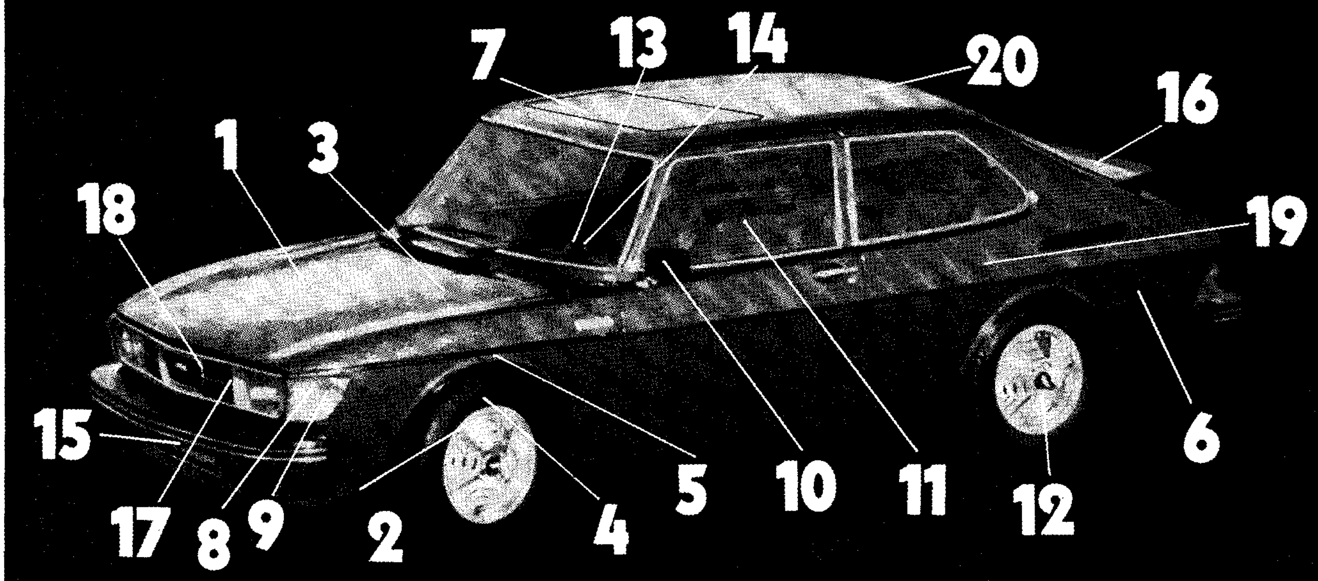
**Beefsteak Charlie's**, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Pianist Ray Bryant leads a trio through Saturday, Aug. 19; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 23-26, saxophonist Jeff Hittman's quartet will perform in the picture-window music corner. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer, guitarist, and fiddler **JOHN HARTFORD**, who is tall, deep-voiced, as healthful as granola, and as slick as neat's-foot oil, trades sets with **GEORGE GERDES**, a folksinger and humorist who leads a good, tight mid-sixties-folk-rock quartet, on Wednesday, Aug. 16; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, singer Patti Austin will perform opposite pianist Monty Alexander's trio; on Monday, Aug. 21, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**, a Texas septet, will come in to perform jump music (in the form of Louis Jordan's greatest hits) and Western swing (in the form of Bob Will's greatest hits); on Tuesday, Aug. 22, **JAMES COTTON**, the fire-breathing second-generation Chicago-blues harp player, will drop in with his band; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 23-24, **NRBQ**, a rhythm-and-blues-jazz-rockabilly group, will perform; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26, will belong to **WENDY WALDMAN**, a young California singer-songwriter who, after several years of recording and touring, has yet to be widely enough appreciated. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is in the hands of pianist and house favorite **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** Mondays through Saturdays. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Named for a very strong Brazilian alcohol distilled from sugar cane, this second-floor room is decorated with potted palms, mirrored walls, and light-gray couches, and lets one easily imagine oneself in a Rio night club. The Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—adds to the authenticity. Live music begins at eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH



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4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander heads a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** who is in his early seventies, plays solo stride piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

**Crawdaddy,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** is guiding a trio in a New Orleans-flavored restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 22, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** and trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with them. On Sunday, Aug. 20, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet that will feature saxophonist **HAL ASHBY.** Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations. Wednesdays through Sundays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman get a head start at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**TED CURSON,** who plays trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet, and—to signal his soloists—whistle, is an exciting, versatile musician. He can play the straight-ahead hard bop he picked up when he was with Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones, or he can let loose and play freely—he amassed all kinds of far-out credentials from his work with Eric Dolphy and Cecil Taylor. The mystery is that he is not famous (in this country, anyway): scores of good musicians are not famous, of course, but Curson is a wonderful entertainer as well. He paces his sets with a distinctive wisdom, his between-song remarks are funny and witty, and his music is downright jubilant. Curson's quintet is playing here through Saturday, Aug. 19. On Monday, Aug. 21, **TOOTS THIELEMANS,** who brought the harmonica out of the bunkhouse and into the jazz club, and whose best-known works are "Bluesette" and the theme from "Sesame Street," will come in with a quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. Kinky Friedman, a folksinger-comedian who passes himself off as a Texas Jewish cowboy, will be present Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 16-17, and on Sunday, Aug. 20. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**Les Mareyeurs,** 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **RON MARKOWITZ** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN,** who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, is here playing piano and singing, too. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music, i.e., the blues. Drummer **JOE MORELLO,** bassist **JACK SIX,** and tenor saxophonist **HAL ASHBY** help him out. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Reggae singer Max Romeo is here on Wednesday, Aug. 16. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Soul singer Esther Phillips, who still sounds a lot like Dinah Washington, is onstage Wednesday, Aug. 16. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 17-19, will be given over to country-rock singer **MARSHALL CHAPMAN,** who has a deep, rangy voice and a Johnny Cash-like way of phrasing a song. On Monday, Aug. 21, **BABY JANE DEXTER** will sing here, and Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 23-26, the **PERSUASIONS,** an a-cappella quintet, will sing their stunning street-corner renditions of rhythm-and-blues and gospel numbers. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Various and assorted cabaret performers—actress Butterfly McQueen (through Sunday, Aug. 20), singer Marsha Malamet (Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 22-23), and singer Karen Akers (Friday, Aug. 25), to name just three—are currently appearing here. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, comfortable, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned—none of the usual posters, photographs, or tapestries yet. Baritone saxophonist and tubist **HOWARD JOHNSON** leads a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 19; Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 20-22, a sextet called Nightflyte will perform; and on Wednesday, Aug. 23, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** will bring in a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

**Sibi,** 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before **BOBBY COLE** begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

**StoryTowne,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Trudy Richards Moreau, who was a vocalist with Charlie Barnet's band nearly thirty years back—she was known as Trudy Richards then—is here now. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from about nine.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** performs through Saturday, Aug. 19; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 20-21, **JILL MCMANUS,** a lively, Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, will be on hand; and on Tuesday, Aug. 22, **KENNY BARRON,** Ron Carter's pianist, will bring in a trio for five nights. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's a sort of public audition. (Established performers have been known to perform here, too, on occasion.) Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Composer, arranger, and jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** leads his youthful, awe-filled nineteen-piece band—which includes **WARREN SMITH, LEW SOLOFF, JOHN CLARK, TERUMASA HINO, STANTON DAVIS,** and other outstanding players—through Sunday, Aug. 20. On Tuesday, Aug. 22, drummer **ART BLAKEY** will arrive with his current crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Monday nights remain **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Trumpeter Franc Williams leads his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 20; on Tuesday, Aug. 22, **THE COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS,** saxophonist and vocalist **EARLE WARREN,** and their cohorts—will move in. Live music every night but Monday, Aug. 21, when jazz films will be shown. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Bruce Springsteen**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 21-23, at 8.

**Dolly Parton** and **Eddie Rabbitt**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**Rainbow** and **AC/DC**—Palladium. Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8.

**Shaun Cassidy**—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 7:30.

## ART

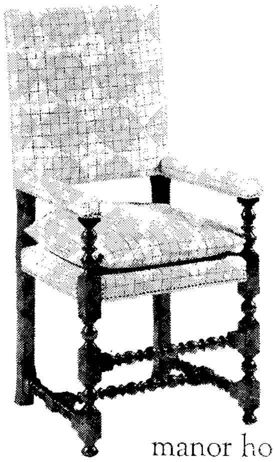
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Louis I. Kahn** (1901-74)—Early architectural sketches, together with later drawings in pastel, pen-and-ink, charcoal, watercolor, and pencil, made during his travels in Europe and Egypt. Through Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

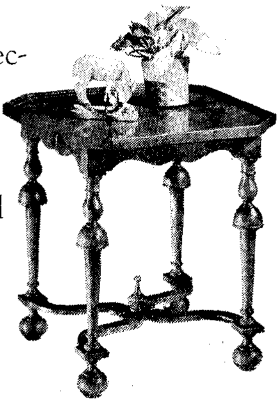
**Hovsep Pushman** (1877-1966)—Paintings and prints by an Armenian-American specialist in still-life. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Grand

Baker Furniture 17th Century English Collection



Originating in the manor houses of Shakespearean England, this collection includes many authentic reproductions for bedroom, dining room and living room. Of significant interest are the geometric overlaid carvings in natural forms on the clothes press, the trumpet shaped table legs and the unique spool turned stretcher of the chair.

This collection is available through many fine furniture and department stores. You are invited to write for their names and you may send $4.00 for the 17th Century English Catalogue, Baker Furniture, Dept. 959, 10 Milling Road, Holland, Michigan 49423.



Baker Furniture
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St.)

**Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works by eighteen artists who showed with the New Museum before it settled down in its present quarters. Among them are Jonathan Santlofer, Marianne Stikas, and Brenda Goodman. Through Aug. 31. (Opens at noon.)... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.)... **far gallery**, 22 E. 80th St.... **genesis**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.

**Alfresco Sculpture**—At Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus: **chaim gross**, bronzes, and **lila katzen**, metal pieces in a variety of sizes.... **ned smyth:** Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)... **arthur weyhe:** A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th Street.)... **george sugarman:** "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Robert Doisneau / George Krause**—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**William Henry Jackson** (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Adam Clark Vroman** (1856-1916)—More than sixty vintage platinum prints of Indian reservations in Arizona and New Mexico at the turn of the century. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**American Photography Since 1960**—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Group Shows**—At the **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Friday, Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **edward weston** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years.... ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.)... **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Callahan, Siskind, Gowin, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of

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Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **photography:** Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. During August, Friday and Saturday evenings, starting at 8, will be taken up by "performance artists" (the live-action wing of conceptual art).

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Aug. 27.... ¶ A selection of nearly two hundred works by the Dutch printmaker Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman. Starts Friday, Aug. 18.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a light-hearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists (from Warhol to Grooms and back again) appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ Informal concerts of classical and contemporary music Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibition of collages that has as its earliest example a 1920 Joseph Stella and as its most recent example a work by Ray Johnson made seven years ago. Through Sept. 8. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Sunday, Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Performances by dancers in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

**Frick Collection**, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**Mostly Mozart Festival**—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 16: Hubert Soudant conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: The New York Philomusica in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Antonio Janigro conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 21, and Wednesday, Aug. 23: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as flute soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Anthony and Joseph Paratore, pianos.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22: Mr. Rampal and the Paratores, plus Michael Tree, viola, and Oscar Shumsky, violin, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: The Beaux Arts Trio and Mr. Shumsky, in a program of chamber music.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: Oscar Shumsky conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Paul Schenly, piano, and Ida Kavafian, also violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424.)

**Burgundian Ensemble**—Edward Houser conducting, with Boris Bloch, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Tanglewood Festival**—Final performances of the regular season—Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein in a recital of Bach sonatas for unaccompanied violin.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in an all-Schubert concert.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: David Zinman conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claudio Arrau, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Ingvar Wixell, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 7: A concert by Peter, Paul & Mary.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and Martin Isepp, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, Arthur Fiedler, and Gunther Schuller.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony, with Shlomo Mintz, violin.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 27, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Haydn's "The Seasons," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; the Messrs. Tear and Shirley-Quirk; and the New England Conservatory Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends on Saturday, Aug. 26. Wednesday, Aug. 16: Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: William Smith conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting a program of Russian music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Pat and Debby Boone on Sunday, Aug. 20, at 8:15; by England Dan and John Ford Coley, with Jesse Winchester, on Monday, Aug. 21, at 7; and by Chuck Mangione on Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23: Gunther Schuller conducting a program of American music. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: Sarah Caldwell conducting an all-Berlioz program, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program entitled "Those Fabulous Philadelphians." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Caramoor Festival**—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: The Waverly Consort in a program entitled "The Year 1492: Spanish Music in the Age of Exploration." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 5:30: Paul Badura-Skoda in a piano recital. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 19: The Danny Grossman Dance Company, and Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-26: Joyce Cuoco and Youri Vamos, Margaret Beals, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 2:05, and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 19-20, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 21-22, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26, at 8.

**Boxing**—Wilfredo Benitez vs. Randy Shields, welterweights, and Vito Antuofuermo vs. Willie Classen, middleweights, both 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8; first main bout at 9:30.)

**Professional Football**—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8.

**Golf**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 17-20.)

**Racing**—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19; the Diana Handicap, Monday, Aug. 21; the Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 23; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19, and the Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 26. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

**Tennis**—Lionel Tennis Week: Guillermo Vilas, Ilie Nastase, Ion Tiriac, Vijay Amritraj, Peter Fleming, and three others, in round-robin play. (Heritage Hill Country Club, Somers, N.Y. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 23-25, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26-27, at 3; and Monday, Aug. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 355-3611.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Aug. 24, through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

**Yachting**—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-27.)

## ET ALIA

**"Echoes of the Drums"**—An exhibition of North and South American Indian culture from the collection of the Museum of the American Indian. Included are totemic house posts, sports and games equipment, beadwork, jewelry, musical instruments, masks, books, and photographs. Through Oct. 31. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Raúl Juliá, a star if ever there was one, makes a magnificent Petruchio, and Meryl Streep, a beauty with a flair for knockabout comedy, is fine as Katherine, both of them breaking out of the general inept facetiousness of this production. There are good supporting performances by Larry Pine and Joel Brooks, but the other actors don't stand a chance. Handsome settings by Wilford Leach, who also directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**New York Philharmonic**—Concerts in various city parks. Sarah Caldwell is conducting the second (Borodin/Berlioz) in a series of four peripatetic programs: PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta will conduct the third (varied) program: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 8:30. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island, Thursday, Aug. 24, at 8:30. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 26, at 8:30.

**Central Park Mall**—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gloria Johnson, soprano; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and others. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8.)

**Wollman Rink**—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 6: Dickey Betts and the Good Rats. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: David Bromberg and the New Commander Cody Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 6:30: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 21, at 6:30: Todd Rundgren and the Michael Stanley Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 6: Harry Chapin and Tom Paxton. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Meat Loaf and Prism. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors**—A three-week festival of jazz, dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, Hispanic specials, musical comedy, and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 16, a chamber-music concert by the New York Philomusica at 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17, the Nova Chamber Duo at 6. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, the New York Jazz Quartet at noon. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, Marco Rizo and his Latin-American Ensemble at 8. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 21, Abdul Zahir Batin & the Notorious Ensemble at noon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22, Opening Day Community/Street Theatre Festival at 1, the Rod Rodgers Dance Company at 2:30, and the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23, the Pushcart Players (for children) at 11, the Battery Dance Company at 2:30, and "A Touch of Old Chinese Culture" at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:15, Country Dance Festival. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8, José Limón Chamber Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2, Nuestra Herencia Antillana. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 8, "Morocco," Casbah Dance Experience.

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of Irving Berlin's ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. Closes Saturday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

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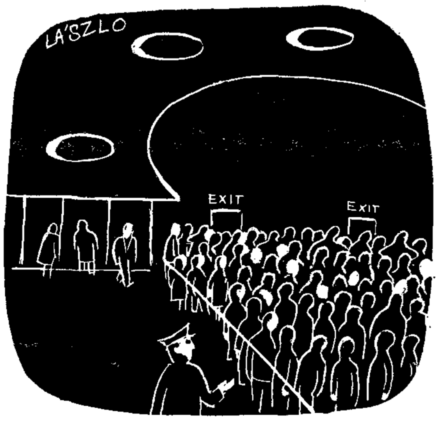
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 20: "1900."
Aug. 21: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 22: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 22: "Outrageous!" and "Putney Swope."
From Aug. 23: "Coming Home" and "Coma."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 22: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 23: "Star Wars" and "Barbarella."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 22: "Dear Inspector."
From Aug. 23: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hooper."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 17: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Aug. 18: "Néa."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Slave of Love."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Young Frankenstein."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Girl Friends."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cat and Mouse."

**Gemini I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Madame Rosa."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Star Wars."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 17: "The Cheap Detective."
From Aug. 18: "Tintorera."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hooper."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 17: "Jaws 2."
From Aug. 18: "Young Frankenstein."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Madame Rosa."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Hooper."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Cheap Detective."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Cheap Detective."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Magic of Lassie."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Madame Rosa."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Star Wars."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Madame Rosa."

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 2: "Hooper."
Theatre 3: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 4: "The Cheap Detective."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 22: "A Woman at Her Window."
From Aug. 23: "Hazel's People."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 17: "Damien: Omen II" and "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."
From Aug. 18: "The Last Waltz" and "Lenny."

### TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Cinerama I,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Jaws 2." (†)

**Cinerama 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8368)
"Hooper." (†)

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Buddy Holly Story." (†)

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Young Frankenstein." (†)

**Embassy,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: "The Cheap Detective." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

**Loews State I,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

**Loews State 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 17: "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."
From Aug. 18: "Tintorera." (†)

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Star Wars." (†)

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 16: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
Aug. 17: "Justine" (1969), directed by George Cukor, with Anouk Aimée, Dirk Bogarde, Anna Karina, and Severn Darden; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Aug. 18-19: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Aug. 20-21: "Les Biches" (†); and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.
Aug. 22: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.
Aug. 23: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), directed by Barbet Schroeder, a documentary film; and "Maîtresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Aug. 24: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, Eugene Roche, Joanna Cassidy, and John Considine; and "Born Yesterday." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 16: "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" (1917), a silent film, directed by George Irving, with John Barrymore; and "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry d'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.
Aug. 17: "The Human Condition: Part II, Road to Eternity" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.
Aug. 18: "Stavisky" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.
Aug. 19: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Aug. 20: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair, with Albert Préjean.
Aug. 21: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†) and "The Two of Us." (†)
Aug. 22: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, and Francis Lederer; and "The Great Man Votes" (1939), directed by Garson Kanin, with John Barrymore, Peter Holden, and Virginia Weidler.
Aug. 23: "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore;

and "The Royal Family of Broadway." (†)

Aug. 24: "The Human Condition: Part III, A Soldier's Prayer" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 17: "Alice in Wonderland" (1976) and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), both films X-rated.

Aug. 18-19: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), the Beatles; and "A Beatles Jamboree," a group of concert shorts.

Aug. 20-21: "Spellbound" (†) and "Intermezzo." (†)

Aug. 22: "Mr. Klein" (†); and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

Aug. 23-24: "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women; and "Gay U.S.A."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 19: "Beatles Around the World."

Aug. 20-22: "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary directed by, and about, Neil Young; and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), Jimi Hendrix in concert.

From Aug. 23: "Rock and Roll Your Eyes" (1975), Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 19: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll; and "After the Thin Man" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Elissa Landi, and Alan Marshall.

Aug. 20-21: "The Shop Around the Corner" (†); and "The Mortal Story" (1940), directed by Frank Borzage, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, Robert Young, Irene Rich, and Maria Ouspenskaya.

Aug. 22-23: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (†) and "The Legend of Lylah Clare." (†)

From Aug. 24: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, Nanette Fabray, and Oscar Levant; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 17: "Meet John Doe" (1941), directed by Frank Capra, with Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold; and "Dirigible" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

Aug. 18-19: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†); and "Ship of Fools" (1965), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, Oskar Werner, Lee Marvin, José Ferrer, and Michael Dunn.

Aug. 20-21: "Picnic on the Grass" (†); and "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1961), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean-Louis Barrault.

Aug. 22: "Waiting for Godot" (1971), directed by Alan Schneider, with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), a performance recorded in San Francisco in 1965.

Aug. 23-24: "Ladies of Leisure" (†); and "Rain or Shine" (1930), directed by Frank Capra, with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 16: "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, Gladys George, and Gale Sondergaard; and "Lady on a Train" (1945), directed by Charles David, with Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy, Edward Everett Horton, George Coulouris, and Dan Duryea.

Aug. 17: "I Married an Angel" (1942), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, and Mona Maris; and "Girl of the Golden West" (1938), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon.

Aug. 18: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Aug. 19: "Something for the Boys" (1944), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Carmen Miranda, Michael O'Shea, Vivian Blaine, and Perry Como; and "Doll Face" (1946), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, and Carmen Miranda.

Aug. 20: "The Great Moment" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey; and "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette.

Aug. 21: "The Dolly Sisters" (1945), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, John Payne, and June Haver; and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." (†)

Aug. 22: "The Lost Patrol" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny, and Alan Hale; and "The World Moves On" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone, and Reginald Denny.

Aug. 23: "Random Harvest" (†) and "Blossoms in the Dust." (†)

Aug. 24: "Romance" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 17 at 2:30: "The Yakuza" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Mitchum and Takakura Ken. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6: "Distance" (1975), directed by Anthony Lover, with Paul Benjamin. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8:30 and Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman and Jennifer Warren. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at noon: "Zoo in Budapest" (1933), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Gene Raymond and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Hard Times" (1975), directed by Walter Hill, with Charles Bronson, James Coburn, Jill Ireland, and Strother Martin. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5: "From Noon Till Three" (1976), directed by Frank D. Gilroy, with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at noon: "Birch Interval" (1976), directed by Delbert Mann, with Eddie Albert, Rip Torn, and Ann Wedgeworth. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "Looking Up" (1977), directed by Linda Yellen, with Marilyn Chris, Dick Shawn, and Harry Goz. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 5: "In the Street" (1953), directed by Helen Levitt, Janice Loeb, and James Agee; and "The Quiet One" (1949), directed by Sidney Meyers. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at noon: "Edward Kienholz: The Art Show" (1963-77), directed by Erwin Leiser. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Distance.". . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6: "Birch Interval.". . . ¶ Aug. 22 at noon: "Edward Kienholz: The Art Show.". . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2:30: "Bad Girl" (1931), directed by Frank Borzage, with James Dunn. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6: "The Yakuza.". . . Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Looking Up.". . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Jackson County Jail" (1976), directed by Michael Miller, with Yvette Mimieux, Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Carradine, and Severn Darden. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:30: "Demon" (1977), directed by Larry Cohen, with Tony Lo Bianco, Deborah Raffin, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, Sam Levene, and Robert Drivas. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Barbarella** (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

**Les Biches** (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 20-21.)

**Blossoms in the Dust** (1941)—Greer Garson, gowned by Adrian, coiffured by Sydney Guilaroff, and at her most sickeningly prissy. She plays a widow who battles for the legal rights of the homeless waifs of Texas; with her nostrils flaring and her eyebrows poised near her hairline, she enunciates such virtuous sentiments as "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents." Anita Loos, to her shame, wrote this high-minded prattle, and Mervyn LeRoy directed, in a dreary, inspirational style, for M-G-M. Walter Pidgeon is the husband who dies early. With Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

**Born Yesterday** (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 24.)

**Boudu Saved from Drowning** (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

**Bread and Chocolate**—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

**The Buddy Holly Story**—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1, and Criterion.)

**Cat and Mouse**—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema II.)

**The Cheap Detective**—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular. (7/3/78) (Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Aug. 17.)

**Coma**—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Art; starting Aug. 23.)

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is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Art; starting Aug. 23.)

**Damien: Omen II**—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (Olympia; through Aug. 17.)

**Dear Inspector**—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Gramercy; through Aug. 22.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 23.)

**Eyes of Laura Mars**—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

**Foul Play**—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, Paramount, and Forum.)

**Girl Friends**—With Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner, directed by Claudia Weill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

**Grease**—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld.)

**Hazel's People**—With Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, and Graham Beckel; directed by Charles Davis. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 23.)

**Heaven Can Wait**—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

**Hooper**—With Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Sally Field, and Brian Keith; directed by Hal Needham. (Eastside Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and Cinerama 2.)

**How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman** (1971)—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, a Latin-American Indian language. (Little Theatre; starting Aug. 22.)

**Inspiration** (1931)—Garbo and Robert Montgomery, directed by Clarence Brown, in a bad-to-middling version of Daudet's "Sapho." Nothing much here but Garbo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24.)

**Interiors**—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. Magnificent performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. The film is a noble endeavor that shows us knotted spirits in a world constricted by aesthetic and psychoanalytic jargon. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

**Intermezzo** (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Selznick even retained the same slurpy "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to buoy up the cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention was Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) seemed revolutionary. Gregory Ratoff directed; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. With John Halliday. (This drippy thing was remade again just a few years ago.) (Cinema Village; Aug. 20-21.)

**I Will, I Will . . . For Now** (1976)—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (Olympia; through Aug. 17.)

**Jaws 2**—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 17.)

**Ladies of Leisure** (1930)—Though she came from the theatre, Barbara Stanwyck seemed to have an intuitive understanding of the fluid physical movements that work best on camera; perhaps she had been an unusually "natural" actress even onstage. This was her first big hit in the movies. Under Frank Capra's direction, she plays a tough "party" girl (euphemism for call girl) who poses for a wealthy young artist (Ralph Graves); he sees in her the spirituality that she attempts to deny. The story is a museum piece of early-talkies sentimentality, but, in a way, that only emphasizes Stanwyck's superb modernism. With Marie Prevost, Lowell Sherman, Juliette Compton, and Nance O'Neil. Beautifully lighted by the cinematographer, Joseph Walker. (Thalia; Aug. 23-24.)

**The Last Waltz**—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Olympia; starting Aug. 18.)

**The Legend of Lylah Clare** (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (adapted from a teleplay by Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Regency; Aug. 22-23.)

**Lenny** (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey, Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Olympia; starting Aug. 18.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**The Magic of Lassie**—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

**Mr. Klein**—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (2/6/78) (Cinema Village; Aug. 22.)

**National Lampoon's Animal House**—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**Néa**—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East; starting Aug. 18.)

**1900**—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, most other movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Little Theatre; through Aug. 20.)

**Outrageous!** (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art; through Aug. 22.)

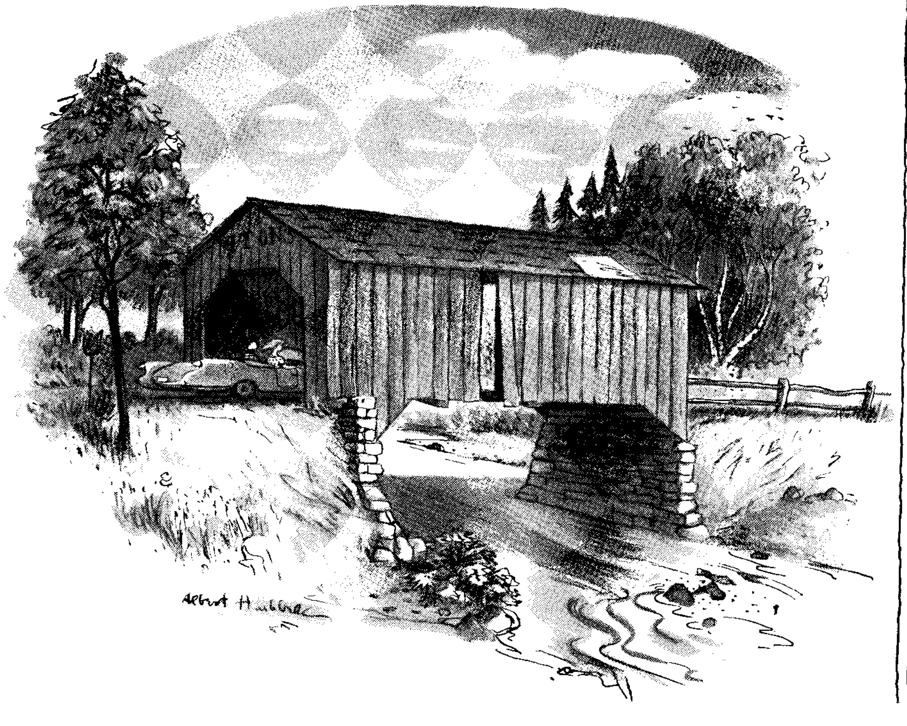
**Picnic on the Grass** (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20-21.)

**The Picture of Dorian Gray** (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he has a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary authority. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Albright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Regency; Aug. 22-23.)

**Putney Swope** (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Art; through Aug. 22.)

**Random Harvest** (1942)—Ronald Colman is the amnesiac who falls in love with Greer Garson, having forgotten that he'd been in love with her before; he must be the only person lucky enough to forget that sticky, arch great lady of the screen. The only reason to see this hunk of twaddle is the better to savor the memory of the Carol Burnett-Harvey Korman parody, which also was shorter. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed many a big clinker, also gets the blame for this one; it's taken from a James Hilton novel, and M-G-M gave it the full false-English treatment. The cast includes Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Lawford, Henry Daniell, Una O'Connor, Jill Esmond, Ian Wolfe, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

**Revenge of the Pink Panther**—Peter Sellers once



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again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. A beloved film, recommended for its funniness about Clouseau's quite impervious inefficiency, and for his splendid decisiveness in mangling the pronunciation of English. (7/31/78) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and National.)

**The Royal Family of Broadway** (1930)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. The film presents actors as childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor has said, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The picture is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully on screen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman, as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

**Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women;" it's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is noteworthy for its ambitious use of dance, and is unusual in featuring male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The choreography is by Michael Kidd. (Regency; starting Aug. 24.)

**The Shop Around the Corner** (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland and Van Johnson.) (Regency; Aug. 20-21.)

**Slave of Love**—With Elena Solovey, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Russian. (Plaza.)

**Spellbound** (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Cinema Village; Aug. 20-21.)

**Star Wars** (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality, by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Victoria.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire** (1951)—As Blanche DuBois, Vivien Leigh looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. Shakespeare must have had a woman like her in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—an infantile brute. The sets look stagy, and the arrangement of actors is frequently too transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film, and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? The director, Elia Kazan, places his skills at Tennessee Williams' service—he doesn't muck up the play. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. It took a while for this movie to reach its audience. (Thalia; Aug. 18-19.)

**Sweet Rosie O'Grady** (1943)—By the time Betty Grable became a full-fledged musical star at Fox, the studio was grinding out routinized nostalgic celebrations of the rowdy old music-hall days. This one is no better than most of the others; in fact, it's one of the worst. With Robert Young, Adolphe Menjou, Phil Regan, Virginia Grey, and Reginald Gardiner. The songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren are not of their best; Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 21.)

**Tintorera**—With Susan George, directed by Rene Cardona, Jr. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Aug. 18.)

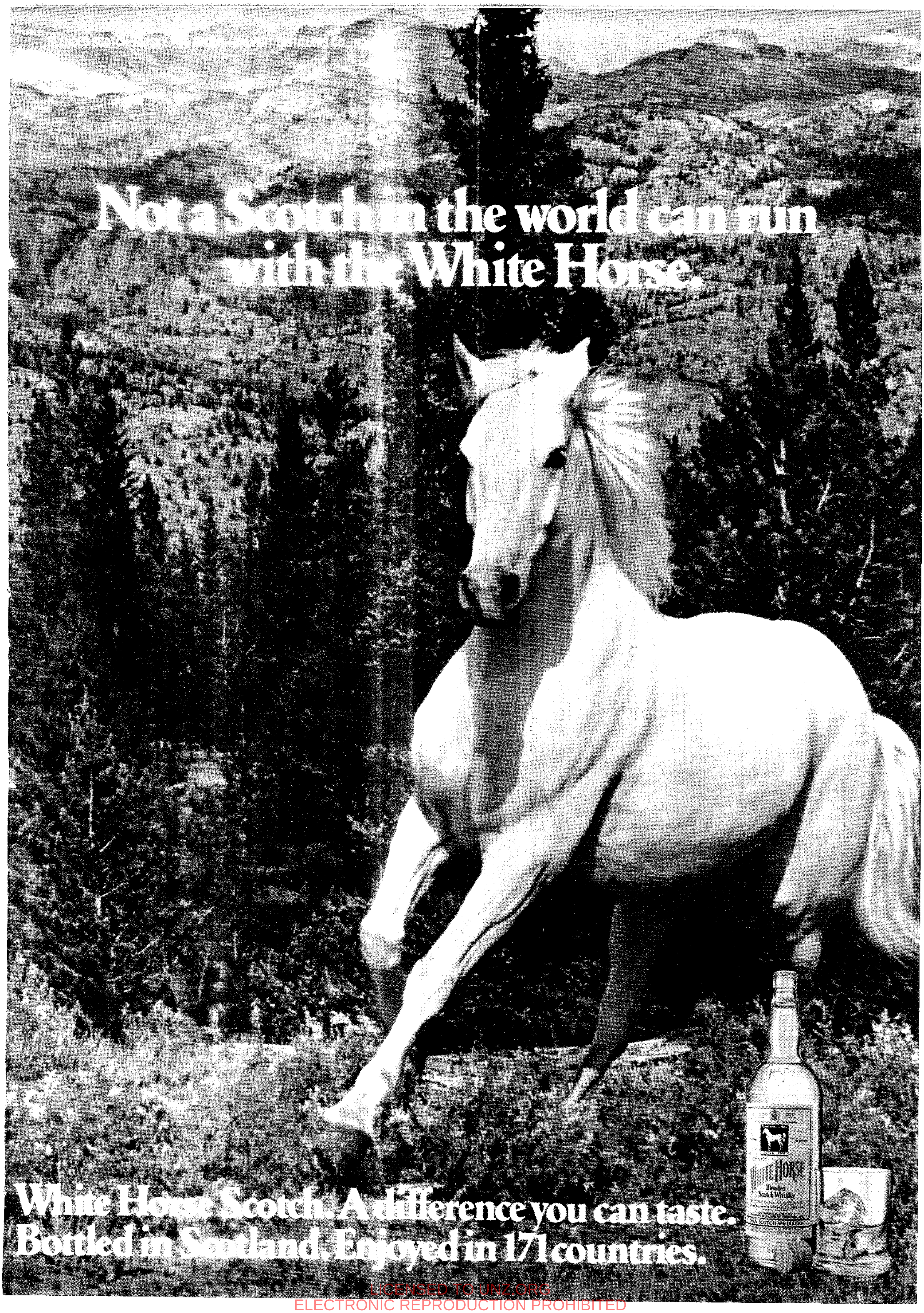
**The Two of Us** (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

**An Unmarried Woman**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Aug. 17.)

**Viva Italia!**—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the face of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

**A Woman at Her Window**—A French picture set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. (6/12/78) (New Yorker; through Aug. 22.)

**Young Frankenstein** (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (59th St. East, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 18.)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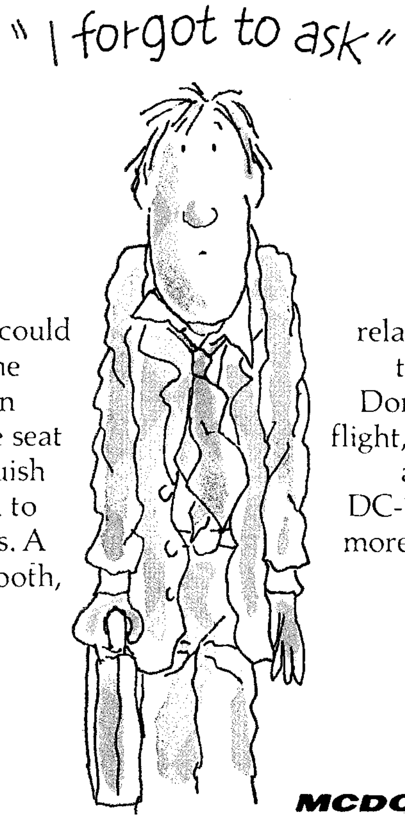

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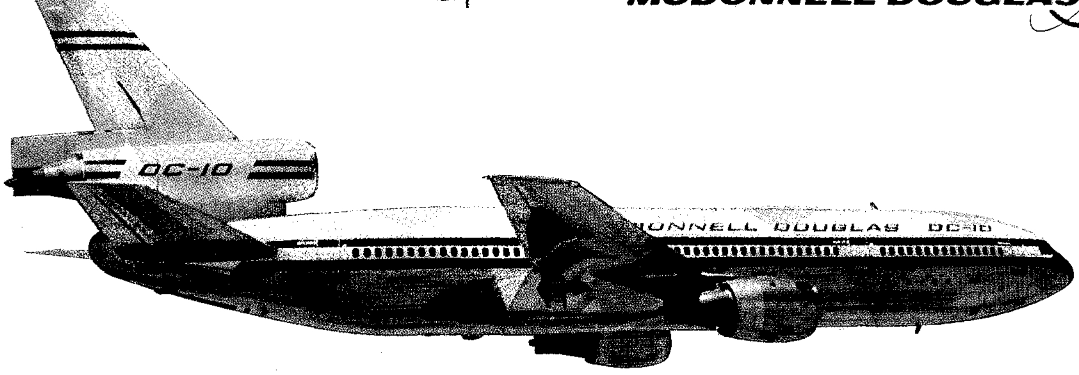

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHILE Alexander Solzhenitsyn remained in the Soviet Union, it was possible for us in the United States to regard him as a marvellously steadfast believer in political freedom, but now that we have him here in our midst, airing his views on American politics and American society, we have had to revise our impressions. We find that primarily he is the champion not of freedom but of spiritual well-being. The two causes are by no means the same—although it is sometimes claimed that they are. No doubt the claim is made because in our century political freedom has been challenged most frequently by social revolutionaries who have held that the requirements of the body—its need for food and shelter—are paramount. Their charge has been that freedom is a luxurious privilege of the rich and does nothing to help the hungry and the poor. "Can starving people eat free speech?" they ask, and "Can dead men read books?" and "Do poor people want to?" Faced with such questions, the defenders of freedom have sometimes been led to reply that man has a spirit as well as a body, and that freedom caters to spiritual needs. But now Mr. Solzhenitsyn arrives to inform us that freedom leaves the spirit hungry, too. As he sees it, liberty under law—what he calls "legalistic smoothness"—falls short because it does nothing to produce "things higher, warmer, and purer than those offered by today's mass living habits, introduced by the revolting invasion of publicity, by TV stupor, and by intolerable music." In the literal sense, Solzhenitsyn seems right: freedom does not provide any of these things. But the value of freedom does not lie in any precedence that it might be thought to give to spiritual over material goods: the democratic faith has never held that it is all right for people to go hungry as long as their "higher" needs are taken care of. Nor, for that matter, have spiritual movements frequently made freedom an article of their faiths. In earlier centuries, religious zealots were at least as unfriendly to freedom as the dialectical materialists are today. The truth is that freedom has no special affinity with either body or soul. It is a principle of political life which has no part of the human being to call its own—no universal craving to satisfy. In the choices between all aims, all desires, it leaves every decision unsettled and respects only the openness of choice itself. It remains neutral in regard to all causes. At times, it must even enlist in the fight against itself. In fact, any organization that, like the American Civil Liberties Union, devotes itself to political freedom will, inevitably, often find itself in the noble but comical position of having to rush to the aid of organizations whose first act if they were ever to attain power would be to abolish organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union. The A.C.L.U.'s support of the right of the National Socialist Party of America, a neo-Nazi organization, to hold a demonstration in Skokie, Illinois, is only the most recent episode of this sort. The willingness to help one's foes in such cases—to defend even freedom's most dedicated enemies against infringement of their freedom—is not just an anomaly in the vocation of a constitutional democrat; it is the specific test of one's devotion to freedom. In insisting that these adversaries be granted their full rights, and thus that freedom's own cause be given no special advantage under the rules of political competition, the advocates of freedom act in the manner that has always been the only possible outward sign of good faith in the pursuit of a cause: they subject themselves to the rules of behavior that they have recommended for everyone else. In the pursuit of this particular cause, however, the same course of action can be arrived at by a calculation of self-interest: whatever we forbid others to do may one day be forbidden to us. That is why in the Skokie case the Nazis and their like were best opposed in the long run by being supported in the matter at hand.

In short, freedom's strange emptiness—its maddening refusal to favor the body or the soul, to choose between tolerable and intolerable music, or even to tip the scales of the political system against unfreedom and in favor of itself—is not a flaw in freedom but, rather, its essence. Just this lack is its most precious treasure, just this emptiness its surest foundation.

Barbara Shelley

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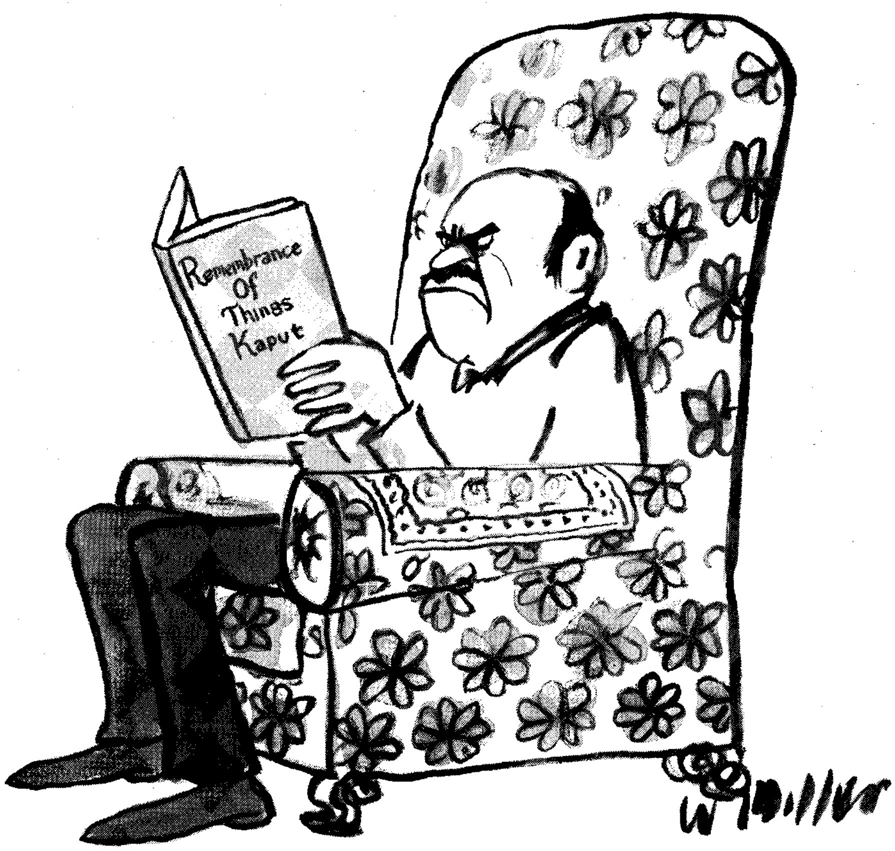
## *Two Ceremonies*

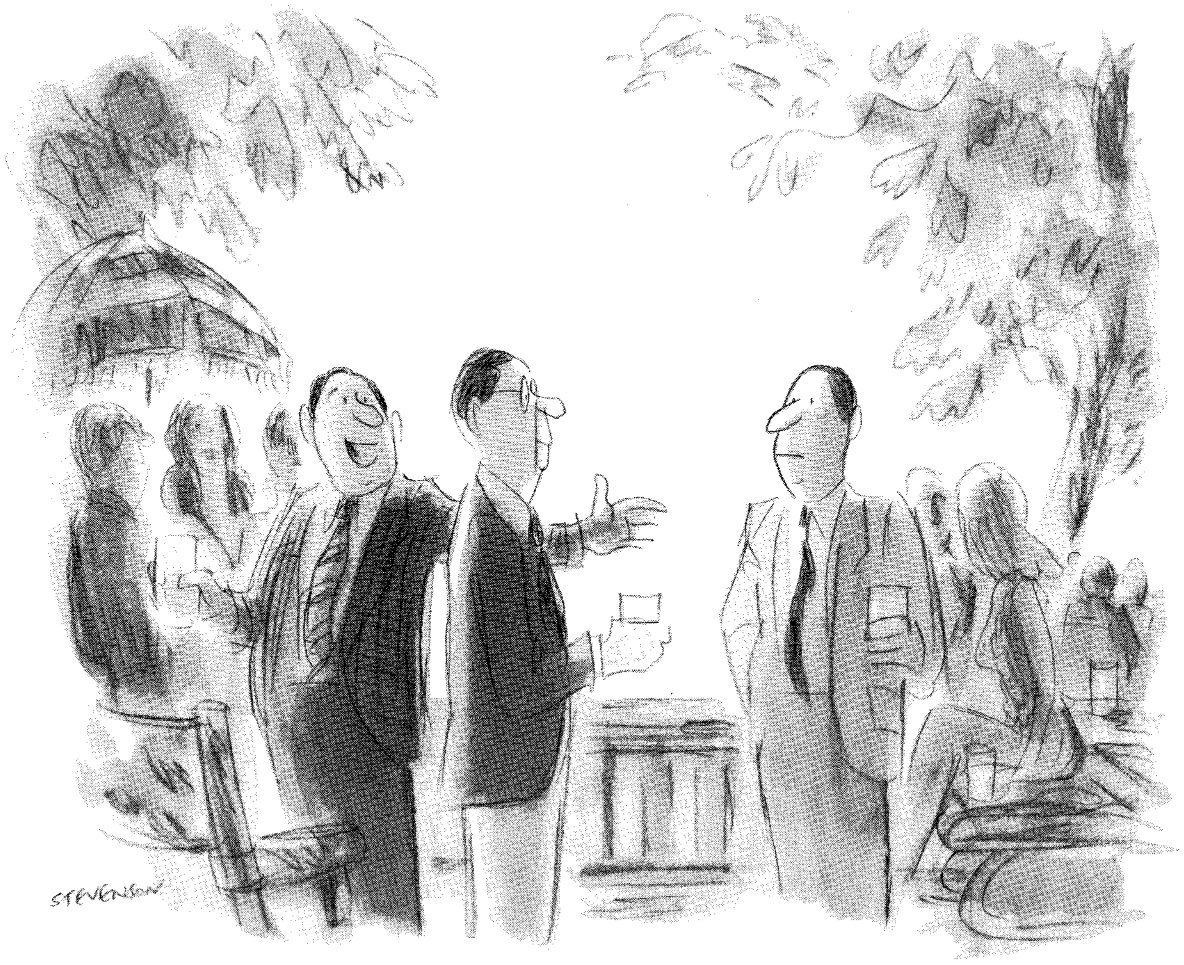
BILL-SIGNING: Among the many happy aspects of the ceremony in front of City Hall last week when the President of the United States signed the bill granting the city one billion six hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of federal loan guarantees over the next four years was the fact that it missed by about twenty-eight hours the strike by Printing Pressmen's Union No. 2 which shut down all three New York daily newspapers on the evening of August 9th. The strike would have reduced the press coverage of the event, and everyone knew that the President's purpose in making such a big show of the bill-signing (the proposal to turn it into a City Hall spectacular came from the White House) was to gain the widest possible attention for this demonstration that the Carter Administration had finally won one on the domestic front. New York officials would also have been depressed by any decrease in the notice given the ceremony, since it was regarded as a symbol of the promise—or, at any rate, the hope—that the city had reached a financial turning point and that the really bad times here were over. Not only did the presses keep rolling through the crucial hours but even the weather coöperated: after eight straight days of intermittent rain, the clouds lifted a short while before Carter arrived, making it even easier for the *News* to hail the event as "A Day in the Sun," and to state in an editorial, "No one begrudges the President his shining hour."

Some unexpected problems did, inevitably, crop up along the way. Very few people think of a visit of the President as having anything to do with eels in the East River, yet on the day of the ceremony, when the Secret Service sent two frogmen down to explore the waters around the Wall Street heliport—where Carter's helicopter was scheduled to land—in order to check for hidden explosives, they reported that there were so many eels in the area that they had trouble figuring out what else was down there. There was also the "Happy Days" problem. During extensive consultations with the White House advance staff, Maureen Connelly, Mayor Koch's press secretary, saying she understood that "Hail to the Chief" was out these days, asked what the band should play instead as the President walked to and from the rostrum. A Carter aide said that for this upbeat New York occasion "Give My Regards to Broadway" would be a good recessional, and added, "As he comes in, make it 'Happy Days.' " Miss Connelly, who is thirty, had never heard "Happy Days Are Here Again" abbreviated in this fashion, and she assumed that the aide was referring to the musical theme from the television show "Happy Days," about the goings on of the Fonz and his friends. She asked if the Carter people really thought the "Happy Days" theme appropriate, and expressed doubt that the local Army band, scheduled to play for the occasion, even knew it. The matter was straightened out after some further cross-purposes conversation, and the Carter advance staff later admitted that, as a result of an identical misunderstanding (in which a generation gap may also have been involved), a surprised President *was* greeted at one stopover point some months ago with the "Happy Days" theme song, which he presumably recognized, since the Fonz is said to be Amy Carter's favorite television figure.

Another problem that arose was the Beame question. Early in the afternoon of the ceremony, a chart was handed out to the press by Koch's office showing the seating arrangements for more than sixty dignitaries from this city, Albany, and Washington who had been invited to sit on the specially built platform in front of City Hall with the President, and it did not include the name of the former mayor. During last year's mayoral election, Koch had frequently described the incumbent mayor as a total incompetent, and had made it clear that he held Beame's inadequacies in large part responsible for the city's severe fiscal troubles, from which the bill being signed that afternoon would help to extricate it. By the time the crowd began to gather, however, there had apparently been second thoughts in the Mayor's office, for a place had been found for Beame beside Donald Manes, the Borough President of Queens, in the third of five rows of chairs on the platform. In the first row were—besides the President, Governor Hugh Carey, and the Mayor—Mrs. Carter; New York State's two senators, Jacob Javits and Daniel Patrick Moynihan; Queens Representative James Delaney, the dean of the city's congressional delegation; and Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal. Koch, the first of the three heads of government to address the crowd, did not mention Beame. However, Carey, who is a candidate for reëlection this year and is believed to be in serious trouble with many of the still very sizable band of Beame boosters who feel that the Governor's maneuverings during last year's municipal election deprived their favorite of a second term, departed from his mimeographed text to add the former mayor's name to his opening salutation, beginning, "President Carter, Mrs. Carter, Mayor Koch, Mayor Abe Beame." This was a fortunate interpolation, since otherwise the only speaker to have a friendly word for New York's former mayor would have been the visiting President, who cherishes Beame as the first big-city mayor to have endorsed him in 1976. According to his staff, the President himself added to his speech a reference to his having conferred about the city's problems, shortly after his election, with Beame, who was then mayor, as well as with Governor Carey. Later, Carter made sure that his picture was taken with his arm around Beame. In his opening salutation, however, the President, whose current problems are not with state and local officials but with Congress, began his list with "Senator Javits, Senator Moynihan," and in the course of his speech he saluted the city's entire congressional delegation as "superb."



The speakers addressed the crowd from a bulletproof rostrum, which had been flown up from Washington and



*"Tell Bob Donnelly about B.T.U. loss in relation to insulating materials while I get a refill."*

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was flown back the next day. The desk at which the President signed the bill was not bulletproof. It was the delicately carved mahogany writing table that had been used by President George Washington from April, 1789, until August, 1790, during the period when New York was the nation's capital. The Presidential offices were then in the old Federal Hall, about ten blocks south of the present City Hall, but, as it happened, the platform on which President Carter signed the new bill was only a few hundred yards from the area, in what was then the city parade ground, where in July of 1776 Washington had sat on horseback while, at his orders, one of his officers read the Declaration of Independence to the troops as the American Revolution began. On the day of Carter's visit, City Hall Park now being the place where New Yorkers come to exercise their right of free speech under the First Amendment, there were again insurrectional sounds. The official speeches were delivered to the cacophonous accompaniment of chanting demonstrators implying that an uprising would be at hand if the President didn't free the Wilmington Ten, end rent control, strengthen rent control, stop the building of Westway, cut off aid to Nicaragua, save the Greek Cypriots, and stamp out nuclear pollution. The loudest noise was that of a delegation from the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, which protested the death of a black civic leader, allegedly at the hands of the police, with a steady rhythmic chant of "Human rights! Human rights! Human rights!"

On the platform, perhaps a hundred feet away, the President was showing that he wasn't going to fool around with the tortuous charade, popular among recent Presidents, of signing a significant bill with a dozen or more pens, which would then be handed out to officials who had played significant roles in getting the bill through. Carter signed the loan-guarantee bill with just two pens, intending one for the Governor and one for the Mayor. Possibly on the ground that constitutionally the city is the creature of the state, the Governor pocketed them both, to Koch's dismay. Carey's purpose, it turned out, was to hand the pens over to White House aides, to be framed for suitable display at City Hall and in Albany. The Governor was not under suspicion in another apparent case of petit larceny from President Washington's writing table. Someone in the Mayor's office had thought it would be a nice touch to provide the President during the ceremony with a handsome crystal paperweight in the shape of a big apple. After the bill was signed, the distinguished public figures who had been sitting behind the President crowded around the desk to try to get into news pictures showing Carter triumphantly holding high the signed document. After they had gone their ways, the crystal big apple was discovered to have gone with them. It was later retrieved, having been found, according to rumor, in the possession of one of the members of the city's congressional delegation, about a dozen of whom had flown up from Washington with the President on Air Force One. For the Secret Service, which had spent the day barring from City Hall anyone not fully cleared by its operatives, the exigencies of Presidential protection had given way to the exigencies of politics, and agents now stood at the door waving through as eligible to go up and meet the President any person carrying one of a total of seventeen hundred printed invitations sent out by the Mayor's office. The President and Mrs. Carter shook hands with members of the State Legislature and the City Council, district leaders, labor leaders, old pols, Democratic county bosses, and valued contributors to Mayor Koch's mayoral campaign for the next forty minutes, before taking off for a night on the big town.

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CHRISTENING: Marco Polo, Herbert H. Lehman, Louisa May Alcott, Davy Crockett, Thomas A. Edison, Molly Pitcher, Izaak Walton, George M. Pullman—and now E. M. Frimbo, which was christened last month at a small Sunday-afternoon ceremony in Grand Ledge, Michigan, a town surrounded, as is usual in Michigan midsummers, by fine crops of Queen Anne's lace and bouncing Bet. E. M. Frimbo weighs a hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds, is seventy-nine feet five and one-eighth inches long, is painted bright yellow, has a kitchen at one end and a bookstall at the other, and is now in the middle of a six-month journey that will take it through ten states, during which it will probably serve something like twenty-five hundred breakfasts of scrambled eggs and sausage, all cooked to order. The Chessie System, a railroad that embraces the Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Western Maryland railroads, had such a good time last year celebrating its sesquicentennial by running the third-of-a-mile-long, steam-hauled passenger train in which E. M. Frimbo is now imbedded over all its lines that it decided this year to celebrate its sesquicentennial-et-unum and do the whole thing over again.

E. M. Frimbo was christened by E. M. Frimbo himself, the world's most redoubtable railroad buff, and we attended, because it was the first time a railroad car had ever been named after a friend of ours. The Chessie Steam Special had come out to Grand Ledge from Detroit via Lansing that morning with a thousand and twenty-nine passengers, and would be returning within the hour. "I suppose," a local reporter said to Mr. Frimbo, who was busy unwrapping a bottle of Taittinger Blanc de Blancs for ceremonial use, "that this is the first time a railway car has been named after a living person."

"Well," said Frimbo, pulling a long face, "Marco Polo is gone. And so is Louisa May Alcott. And . . ."

"Enough of that!" commanded the cheerful voice of William Howes, the dapper Chessie System vice-president in charge of the six-month excursion. "Let's get on with the ceremony."

But instead of cracking the bottle against the side of the car Frimbo eased out the cork and said, "Will somebody please give me a small glass? This champagne is too good to use all of it to baptize even a car named E. M. Frimbo."

The car is numbered eleven, because it is the eleventh from the giant steam locomotive, and under the numeral is painted E. M. Frimbo's signature. "I christen thee E. M. Frimbo," said E. M. Frimbo, moistening both numeral and name with a dab of champers.

"Did Frimbo paint on that signature himself?" a photographer asked Howie Samelson, a full-bearded man in his late twenties—the co-proprietor (with his wife) of the New York railroadiana shop Broadway Limited, and the owner and operator (with a full-time staff of six) of E. M. Frimbo, whose eponym was passing around glasses of Taittinger.

"No," said Samelson. "But it's an excellent forgery. We couldn't go to Frimbo, because we wanted it to be a surprise, so a friend of mine, after much searching, found his signature on a postcard at an auction of railroad memorabilia. This whole train is that kind of coöperative venture. Chessie supplied today's champagne. My chef took a leave from his job with a freight-car-loading company in Chicago when he found out that the Chessie Steam Special would travel over tracks that Frimbo had travelled on and he had not, and I'm on board a lot of the time, too, instead of home minding the shop. Several of the cars have been lent by railway clubs, and the State of West Virginia—Lord knows why—owns one of the dormitory cars that sleep the twenty-three people permanently assigned to the train. Ross Rowland, the New York commodities broker who invented the American Freedom Train, owns the locomotive and the parlor car and the observation car, and he's driving the locomotive today. And when the steam locomotive was being refitted at the B. & O. shops in Baltimore, Bill Howes took off his vice-presidential three-piece suit and watch chain to work on, and mostly under, her. E. M. Frimbo itself is a 1948 B. & O. coach that eleven years ago was rebuilt as a food-bar car to replace a diner on some of the B. & O. Washington-Chicago trains. I bought it this spring in time to convert it into a food-bar-bookshop-souvenir car, and it'll be available to special trains all over the country in the years to come."

As Frimbo walked back with us to our large swivel armchairs in Car No. 20, Ross Rowland's fine, old-fashioned parlor car, he was waylaid by well-wishers, some of them members of the railway club at S.U.—Michigan State University. "Did you know that we have our own steam locomotive?" the club's president asked Frimbo.

"Yes, I remember her well," said Frimbo. "The draftsmen at the Lima Locomotive Works, which built her, in 1941, could make any old freight locomotive look as graceful as an America's Cup yacht, and they gave her the silhouette of a mighty greyhound. It's nice to know that you have both girl and boy undergraduates doing the dirty work of restoring her to order, and I'd be delighted to come out and ride in her cab when she's ready."

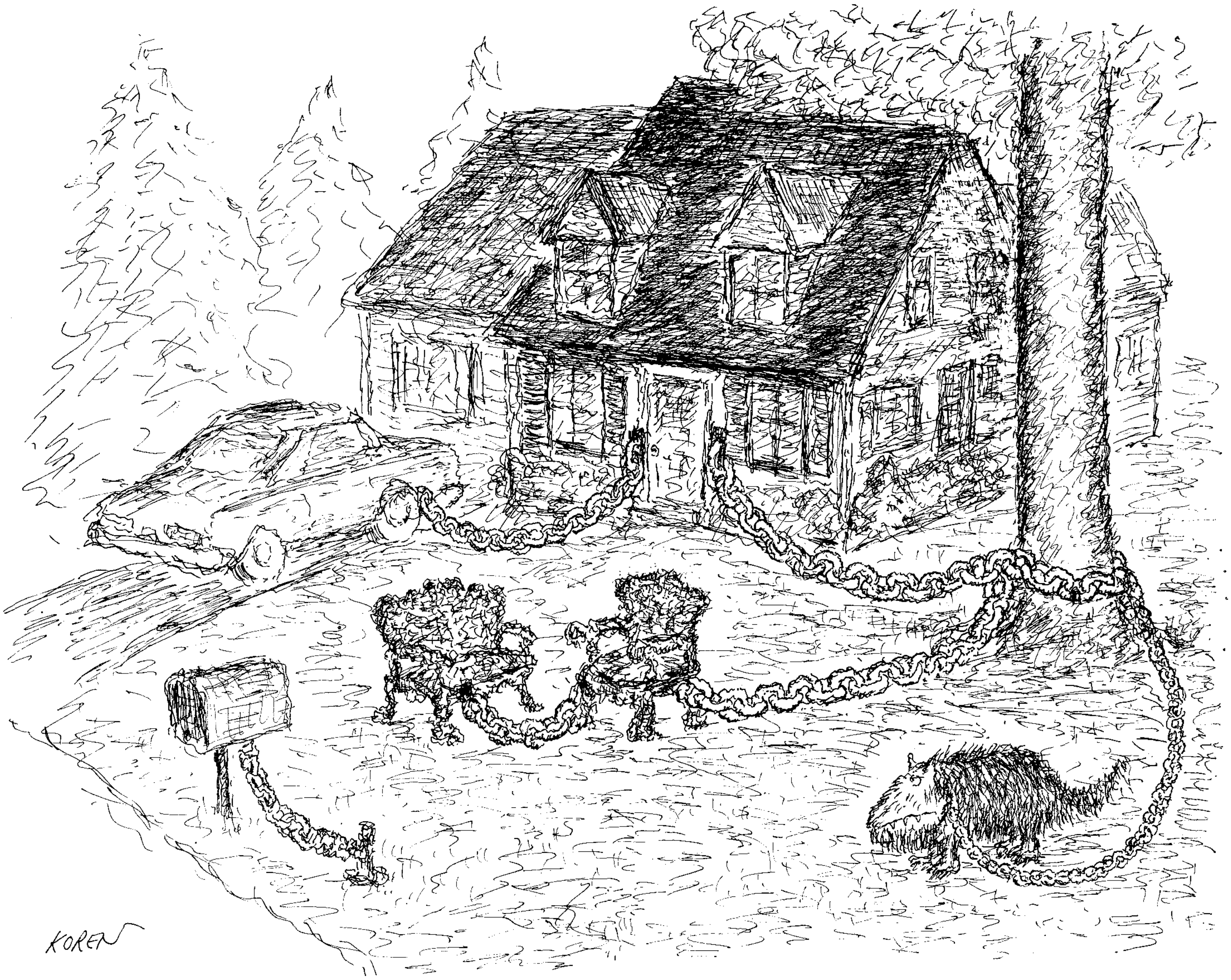
Sinking back in his overstuffed parlor-car chair, Frimbo said, "I never miss the chance to ride in the cab of a steam locomotive. That's why I wasn't riding with you on the way up. Ross Rowland, while he was driving the locomotive this morning, gave me a bit of private news. He and my friend George Pins, that New York lawyer who owns a clutch of Pullman cars, are conspiring to run all of them, together with this parlor car and the open-platform observation car behind us, from Penn Station in New York to Atlantic City five nights a week for first-class passengers only, starting in the middle of November. Their train will leave New York at a normal businessmen's hour in the late afternoon, but it won't start back until around half past five in the morning, an hour convenient for passengers who want to be active until the casino in that city shuts down for its siesta. They'll serve a very fine breakfast cooked on board. See you there and then."

Frimbo went on, "Today's been a good day, and totally unexpected. After all, I'm not really used to being reincarnated, and you just never know how these things are going to turn out. I might have become a candy bar, like Reggie Jackson, or a New York State Thruway, like Thomas E. Dewey. I would much rather roll through the centuries as a scrambled-egg-and-bookstall railway car."

### *Typewriter Man*

A REPORTER visiting the English countryside writes:

I've been staying in deepest Yorkshire, working on a borrowed typewriter—an ancient and boxy Imperial, whose gleaming coal-black dignity would qualify it for a country undertaker's office work. When something inside this venerable engine snapped, like the intimate elastic of an elderly aunt, I couldn't think where to turn. Had the machine been a tractor or a baling machine, Mr. Sleightholme, from Rigg Farm, would have come round to help in a jiffy. But there aren't many



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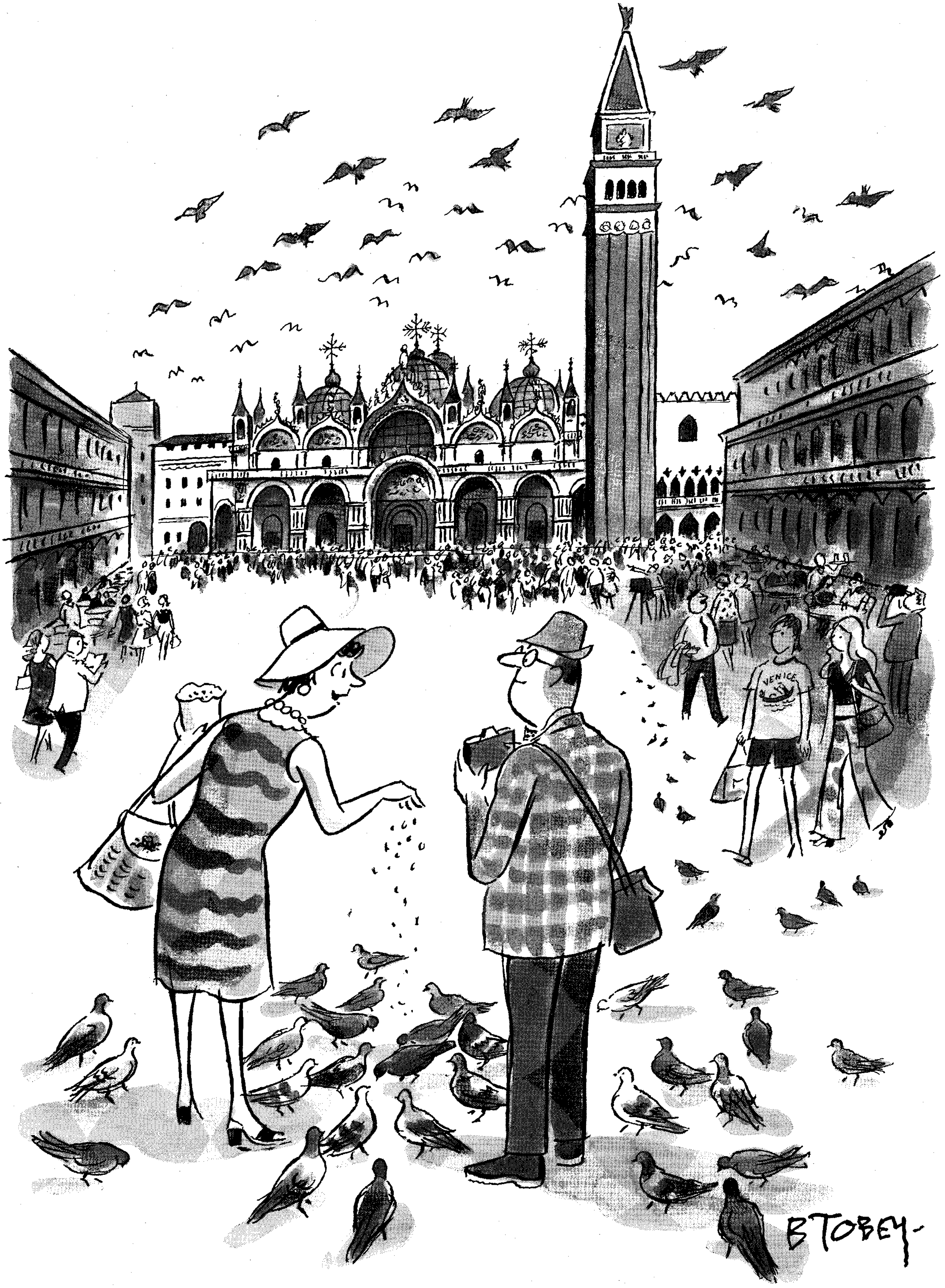
people in this neighborhood who have experience of typewriters. A friend remembered a woman acquaintance who sometimes does some typing. "Well," she said doubtfully when I called her up, "if you're really stuck, I suppose you *could* try Mr. Todd, at No. 3, The Esplanade, Robin Hood's Bay."

I bowled along the twisting country lanes in an old Morris. The typewriter sat squat on the seat beside me, like a large black dog peering into the verges of meadowsweet and poppies for a glimpse of a scampering rabbit. I parked at the top of the cliff at Robin Hood's Bay. This used to be a fishing port and a rumrunners' haunt, and later made a living from its appeal to amateur artists in search of the picturesque. For centuries, tiers of rose-covered cottages, no roomier than fishing boats, have kept a precarious toehold in narrow alleys that drop sharply to the North Sea. Wishing I had a donkey to bear the load, I carried the typewriter down a cobbled incline that was more like a staircase than like a street. High up on a cottage gable end, next to a Dickensian glass street lantern, I spotted a hand-painted sign that read "The Esplanade." This seemed a very grand term for what lay before me, which was a narrow flagstone footpath, but I turned onto it. Shifting my grip on the typewriter, I managed to reach a heavy brass knocker on the door of No. 3. A small white-haired man, nearer ninety than eighty, admitted me. I ducked under a low lintel and stepped directly into a wood-panelled sitting room the size of a closet. Mr. Todd's knees buckled slightly as he took my burden from me. In a frail voice, he told me that he was really retired from the typewriter-repairing business but that he had worked with good old Imperials for forty years or more. He got out a mahogany box of tools, kept as carefully as a master carpenter's chisels. If I'd care to return in an hour, he'd see what he could do to help me out.

I wandered down through the maze of the village to the beach, where I whiled away the time watching the English by the sea. The sun shone fitfully on children in woollen bathing suits building sand castles and on solemn couples studying these constructions from over the tops of library books. When I had clambered panting up again to Mr. Todd, I could tell by the twinkle of pride in his eye that he'd been able to do the trick. Mrs. Todd was in the little room as well—a woman only slightly her husband's junior, sitting contentedly reading the poetry of Shelley. The snapped elastic was righted, and so were other things, which I hadn't known were wrong. A slip of paper in the typewriter retold the legend of the quick brown fox. Mr. Todd solicited a fee as small as his person and his living quarters. We chatted, and I told him I was a writer. A look of satisfaction came over him. He glanced at his wife, then leaned conspiratorially closer to me. "In that case," he said, clearly revelling in the chance to use a half-forgotten language, "I expect you'll often have occasion to slip into what we call *double space*."


VENICE
B TOBEY

"*You know, Henry, I'd never think of feeding the pigeons in Central Park!*"

# Z~ING & BEING

(A HORIZONTAL ALTERNATIVE TO THE BEST-SELLER BY DR. GEORGE SHEEHAN)

THERE are times when I am not sure whether I am a sleeper who spends some of his time awake or someone who is often awake but spends much of his time asleep. I like to think of my sleeping and waking selves as two parts of an inseparable unit, like bunk beds: What is the lower half without the upper, and, especially, what is the upper half without the lower?

I have made a vocation of slumber because I am not much good at anything else. When I was younger, I was a somnolent outsider. A torpid pariah. A dopey misfit. A user of many synonyms. I was always trying to explain myself, to make excuses for myself. Those who listened to me always ended up saying, "Why not give it a rest?" But I fooled them. I took them seriously. I became an endurance sleeper. I sleep. Without excuses. Without apology. A lot. As much as I can. And then some more.

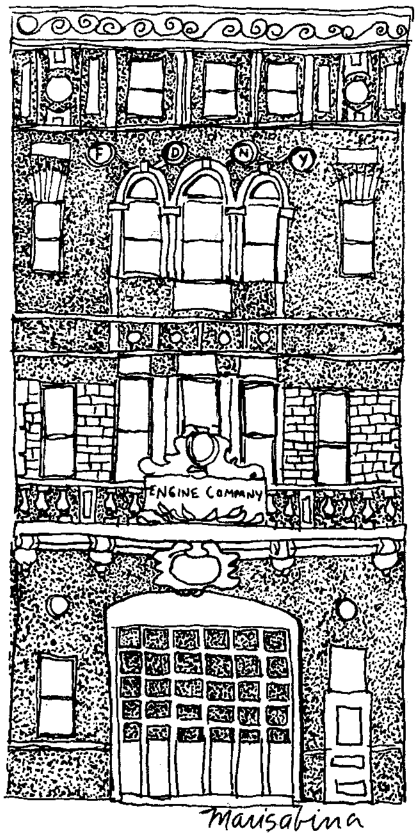
"You must wake and call me early," said the poet Tennyson. I have to disagree. "Do not disturb" is my watchword. It is in sleep that I come nearest to what I have set as my goal—a state of existence apparently so monotonous, an activity so incomprehensibly unproductive, a life so devoid of what others call meaning that people might ask of me, "Haven't you taken this whole thing a little too far?" Too far is the saint's way. Too far is the artist's way. And too far, as Frank Sinatra has said, is "my way."

In slumber, the endurance sleeper seeks to reconcile mind and body in pure oblivion. What is a snore but the tocsin of the two halves of a divided self rubbing against each other? What is a pillow if not the anvil of Morpheus? What does "REM" stand for but "Ragout of Existential Metaphors"?

The quest for poetry and dignity in sleep has kept me apart from others. I am still an outsider, regarded with suspicion, misunderstanding, and bewilderment. "Wrap a bedsheet round him thrice," Coleridge would have sung had he known me. But in the wee hours of many a crisp fall morning, with Gammy's patchwork quilt spread over me like a knight's caparison, I have found my own personal truth, and if I can't seem to make much of it when I wake up and try to write it down, I can always go back to sleep.

IT'S easy to spot a "napper." He will turn up for an endurance sleep with monogrammed silk pajamas, contoured linen sheets from Bloomingdale's, and a brand-new Flents Siesta Shield. (The serious sleeper favors raggedy old prep-school T-shirts and loosely tucked, honest percale bedclothes that may have seen a couple of nights' wear. If he has to ward off the morning light, he'll use anything at hand—an old sock, two halves of an eggshell, the cat.) A napper will open his eyes after seven or eight hours and find that he has lost the will to go on. He may have meant to do some real sack time, his intentions may have been the best, but at seven-thirty or so he'll thrash around for a few minutes and then backslide into full wakefulness. Content with a meagre "good night's rest," he will bounce out of bed. He will promise himself to stay the distance next time. To work a little harder on those delta waves. To repress his biorhythms. But at seven-thirty the next morning it will be the same story all over again. It's easy to spot a napper.

For any sleeper, the first eight hours are a breeze. A mere refreshing snoozle. You coast along, dead to the world, not a care in your head—theta delta REM, theta delta REM, theta delta REM—as if there weren't a rooster or a Seth Thomas anywhere. The next two hours are a little harder. You fight off semiconsciousness easily enough, though, and return to find a new level of slumber—the deep TMS (Too Much Sleep) miasma. Here, after a mere ten hours, the amateur ear-pounder will drop by the wayside. Or, to be more exact, he will get up from the wayside. He will spend most of his waking time in a fog, scratching his head and rubbing his eyes, wandering around in a daze and forgetting to return important phone calls. The amateur sleeper (as distinct from the napper) is the saddest figure in sleepdom. He tries to emulate the giants of the world of sleep—Sleeping Beauty, Rip Van Winkle, Sleepy the Dwarf, George Washington, the three-toed sloth, George Pullman, the sleeping yo-yo, La Sonnambula—but, as we say, "He doesn't have the lids."



If you get past the first ten hours, you will face a couple of hours in which, as Milton said, "rest can never dwell." You may whimper and toss fitfully. Still unconscious, you may lie stomach down and grab your ankles with your hands and gnash your teeth at the pillow; some endurance sleepers at this stage have even been known to imitate the gestures of shaving, dressing, and fork-separating an English muffin—all without waking.

Then at about twelve or thirteen hours you hit the barrier that will test every fibre of your resolve to become a true endurance sleeper. The white water of the bedroom. The eiderdown Everest. We serious sleepers have a name for it—Lunch. Lunch is not a meal. Lunch for the endurance sleeper is the cross, the rack, and the wheel all rolled into one. Every nerve screams reveille, every organ pleads for mercy, every muscle, like Yeats, says, "I will arise and go now." But the true sleeper at this point will dig in. He will be sleeping not on a mattress, as it appears, but on guts and heart and will. If he has done his training well—his four-o'clock naps, his head-on-the-office-desk dozes, his TV nods—he'll get past Lunch. And once past, he will coast into afternoon-snooze time, and from there on it's just a few snores until dinner. When he wakens, he will find Pride and Honor lying on either side of him.

KNOW this: I do not sleep to rest. I do not sleep to awaken. I do not sleep to be famous. I do not sleep to avoid the dentist. I sleep to sleep. Do you find this strange? Then we cannot be friends. But there are other rewards. In time, I believe, history will say of me, echoing Falstaff, "He was not only sleepy in himself but the cause of sleep in others."

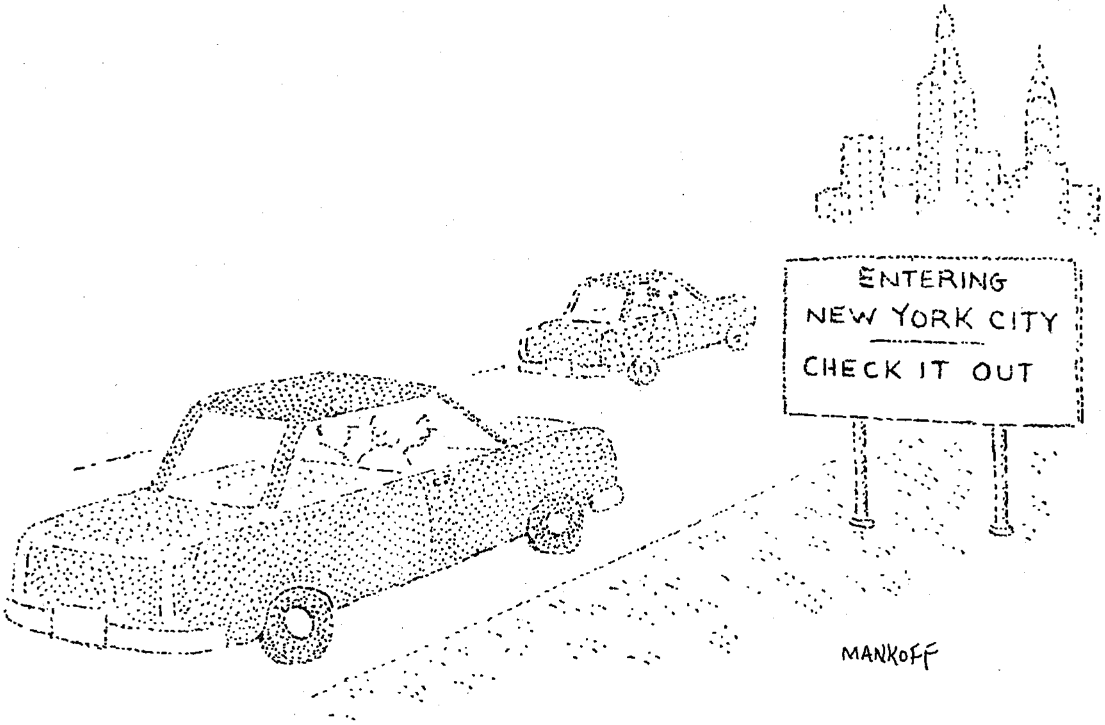
—DANIEL MENAKER

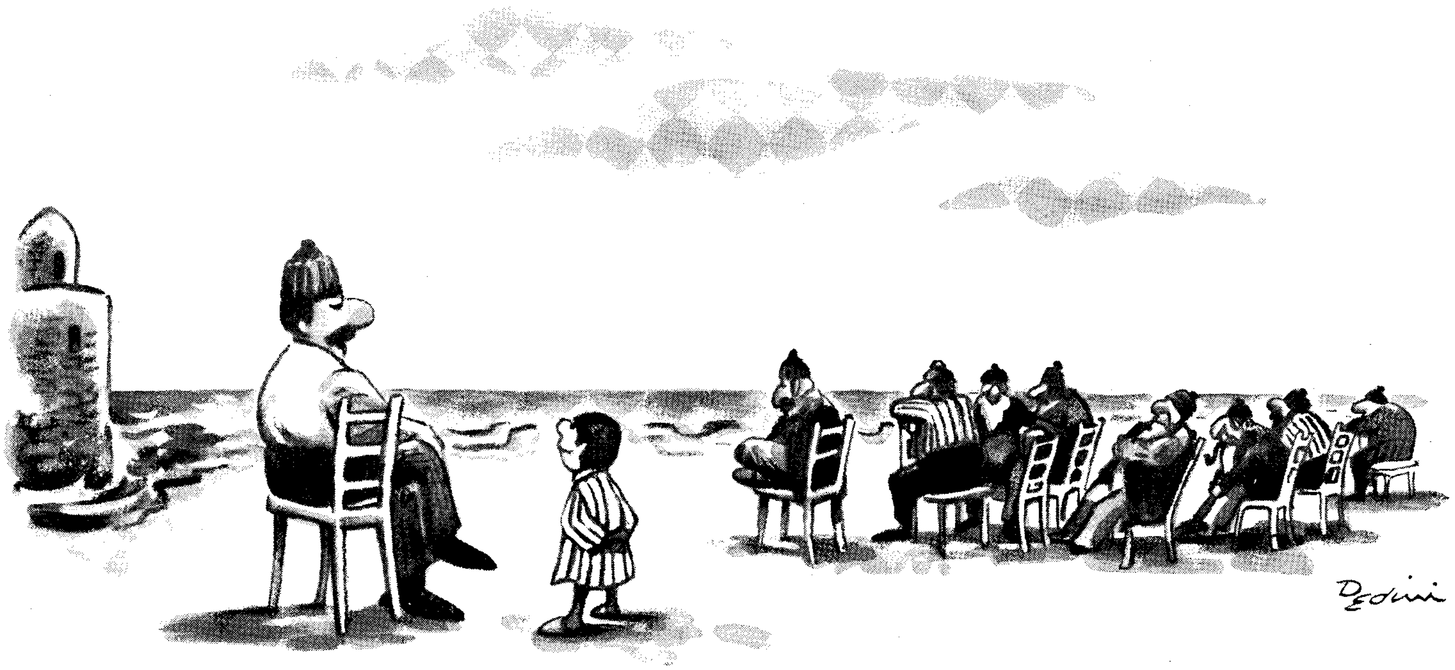
# THREE ILLUMINATIONS IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN AUTHOR

THOUGH Henry Bech, the author, in his middle years had all but ceased to write, his books continued, as if ironically, to live, to cast shuddering shadows toward the center of his life, where that thing called his reputation cowered. To have once imagined and composed fiction, it seemed, laid him under an indelible curse of unreality. The phone rang in the middle of the night and it was a kid on a beer trip wanting to argue about the ambivalent attitude toward Jewishness expressed (his professor felt) in "Brother Pig." "Embrace your ethnicity, man," Bech was advised. He hung up, tried to estimate the hour from the yellowness of the Manhattan night sky, and as the yellow turned to dawn's pearl gray succumbed to the petulant embrace of interrupted sleep. Next morning, he looked to himself, in the bathroom mirror, like one of those chinless misty visitors from "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." His once leonine head, and the frizzing hair expressive of cerebral energy, and the jowls testimonial to companionable bourbon taken in midnight discourse with Philip Rahv were all being whittled by time, its relentless weazening. The phone rang and it was a distant dean, suddenly a buddy, inviting him to become a commencement speaker in Kansas. "Let me be brutally frank," the dean said in his square-shouldered voice. "The seniors' committee voted you in unanimously, once Ken Kesey turned us down. Well, there was one girl who had to be talked around. But it turned out she had never read your stuff, just Kate Millett's condemnation of the rape bits in 'Travel Light.' We gave her an old copy of 'When the Saints,' and now she's your staunchest fan. I don't want to put any unfair pressure on, but you don't want to break that girl's heart. Or do you?"

"I do," Bech solemnly affirmed. But since the dean denied him the passing grade of a laugh, the author had to talk on, digging himself deeper into the bottomless apology his unproductive life had become. He heard himself, unreally, consenting. The date was months away, and nuclear holocaust might intervene. He hung up, reflecting upon the marvellous time warps of the literary life. You stay young and merely promising forever. An eighteen-year-old reads a twenty-year-old book and in his innocent mind you are born afresh, your pen just lifted from the page. Bech could rattle around forever amid the persisting echoes, being "himself," going to parties and openings in his Henry Bech mask. Though he had stopped writing books, books were written about him, by tireless Jesuits and blowsy Midwestern women. There were not only Bech experts but Bech collectors. Indeed, his phone over the lengthening years had no more faithful agitator than that foremost collector of Bechiana, Marvin Federbusch, of Cedar Meadow, Pennsylvania.

The calls had begun to come through shortly after the publication of his first novel, in 1955. Would Mr. Bech be so kind as to consider signing a first edition if it were mailed with a stamped, self-addressed padded envelope? Of course, the young author agreed, flattered by the suggestion that there had been a second edition and somewhat amused by the other man's voice, which was peculiarly rich and slow, avuncular and patient, with a careful accent Bech associated with his own German-Jewish forebears. Germanic thoroughness characterized, too, the bibliographical rigor as, through the years, the invisible Federbusch kept up with Bech's once burgeoning production and even acquired such ephemera as Bech's high-school yearbook and those wartime copies of *Collier's* in which his first short stories had appeared. As Bech's creativity—stymied within the mazy ambitions of his work in progress, tentatively titled "Think Big"—ceased to supply objects for collection, a little flurry of reprinting occurred, and unexpected foreign languages (Korean, Turkish) shyly nudged forward and engorged some one of those early works which Bech's celebrated impotence had slowly elevated to the status of minor classics. Federbusch kept a retinue of dealers busy tracking down these oddments, and all came in time to the author's drafty, underpopulated apartment at Ninety-ninth and Riverside for him to sign and send back. Bech learned a lot about himself this way. He learned that in Serbo-Croatian he was bound with Washington Irving as a Hudson Valley regionalist. He learned that the Japanese had managed to issue more books by him than he had written, and that the Hungarians had published on beige paper a bulky symposium upon him, Kerouac, and Isaac Asimov. On his Brazilian jackets Bech looked swarthy, on his Finnish pale and icy-eyed. All these gaudy volumes, stemmed from Federbusch and returned to Federbusch; the collector's voice gradually deepened over the years to a granular, all-forgiving grandfatherliness. Though Bech as man and artist had turned skimpy and scattered, Federbusch was out there in the blue beyond the Hudson gathering up what pieces of the wreck were salvageable. What Federbusch didn't treasure was dross, and fell into the West Side gutters to be stirred





*"Generations of our people have sat by the sea, my son. When you are older and have sat by the sea, you will understand."*

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to gray dust by the spring winds.

The author in these thin times supported himself by appearing at colleges. There, he was hauled from the creative-writing class to the faculty cocktail party to the John D. Benefactor Memorial Auditorium and thence, baffled applause still ringing in his ears, back to the Holiday Inn. Once, in central Pennsylvania, where the gloomy little hilltop schools are stocked with starch-fed students blinking like pupfish with their recent emergence from fundamentalism, Bech found himself with an idle afternoon, a rented car, and a map that said he was not far from Cedar Meadow. The fancy took him to visit Federbusch. He became, in his mind's eye, a god descending, whimsical as Zeus, radiant as Apollo. The region needed radiance; the heavy ghost of coal hung everywhere. Cedar Meadow must have been named in a fit of rural nostalgia, for the town was a close-built brick huddle centered on a black river and a few gaunt factories. The unexpected reality of this place, so elaborate and layered in its way, so El Grecoesque and sad between its timbered hills, beneath its grimy clouds, so remote in its raw totality from the flattering bookishness that had been up to now its sole purchase on Bech's mind, nearly led him to drive through it, up its mean steep streets and down, and on to tomorrow's Holiday Inn, near a Mennonite normal school.

But he passed a street whose name, Belleview, had been rendered resonant by twenty years of return book envelopes: Marvin Federbusch, 117 Belleview. The haggard street climbed toward its nominal view past retaining walls topped with stone spikes; on the corners there were grocery stores of a type Bech remembered from the thirties, in the upper Bronx. The corroded aluminum numerals 117 marked what seemed to be a topless flight of cement steps. Bech parked, and climbed, and came to a narrow house of red-painted bricks. The view from the porch was of similar houses close-packed as dominoes arrayed to topple, and of industrial smokestacks rising from the river valley, and of bluish hills gouged by abandoned quarrying. The doorbell rattled; a small woman in her sixties answered it. "My brother's having his rest," she said. She was shapelessly dressed in faded dark cotton; her features seemed to be slightly rolling around in her face, like those little brass beads one maddeningly tries as a child to settle in their cardboard holes, in those dexterity-teasing toys that used to come with Cracker Jack.

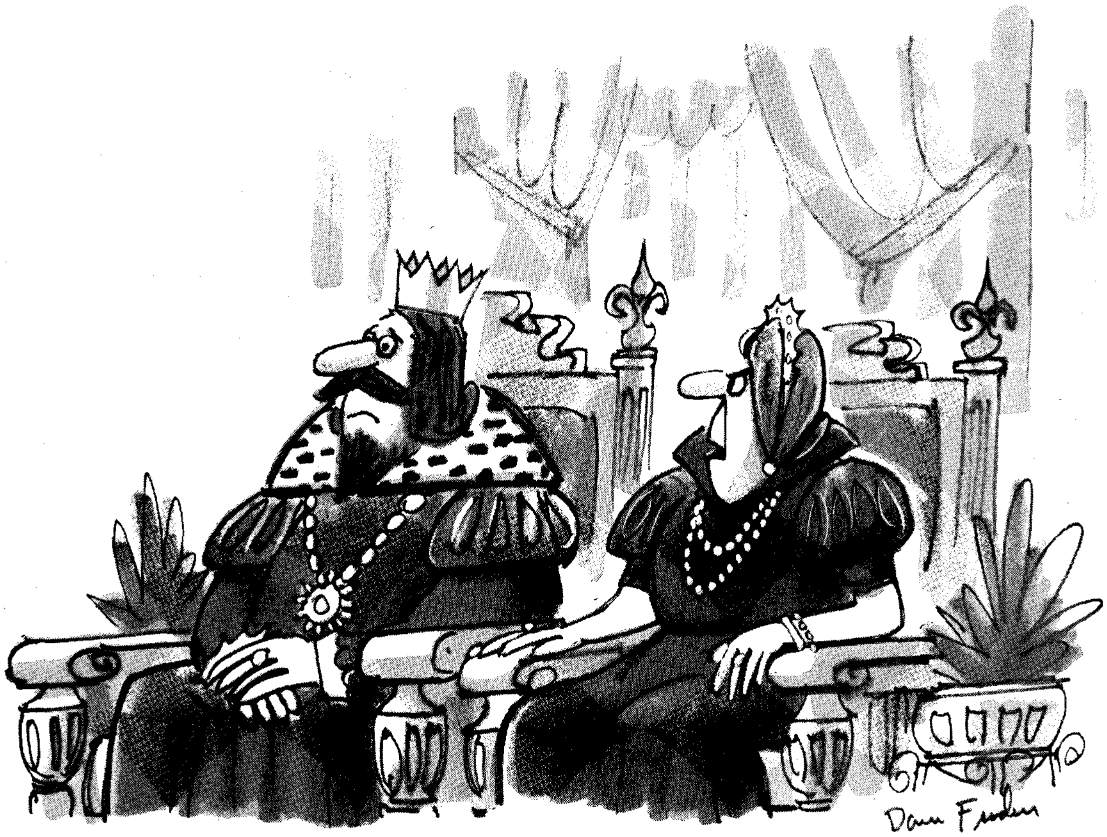
"Could you tell him Henry Bech is here?"

Without another word, and without admitting him to the house, she turned away. Federbusch was so slow to arrive, Bech supposed that his name had not been conveyed correctly, or that the collector could not believe that the object of two decades of devotion had appeared in person.

But Federbusch, when he came at last, knew quite well who Bech was. "You look older than your jackets," he said, offering a wan smile and a cold, hard handshake.

This was the voice, but the man looked nothing like it—sallow and sour, yet younger than he should have been, not an ounce of friendly fat on him, in dark trousers, white shirt, and suspenders. He was red-eyed from his nap, and his hair, barely flecked by gray, stood straight up. The lower half of his face had been tugged into deep creases by the drawstrings of some old concluded sorrow. "It's nice of you to come around," he said, as if Bech had just stepped around the corner—as if Cedar Meadow were not the bleak far rim of the world but very near its center. "Come on in, why don'tcha?"

Within, the house held a pickled slice of the past. Nothing had been thrown away; invisible hands, presumably those of the sister, kept everything in order—the glossy knickknacks and the doilies and the wedding photos of their dead parents and the landscapes a dead aunt had painted by number and the little crystal dishes of mints that were not, Bech discovered to his surprise, stale. Oppressive ranks of *Publishers Weeklys* lay immaculate on a lace-covered table, beneath an overdressed window whose sill supported wax daffodils. In the corners of the room, exposed plumbing pipes had been papered in the same paper as the walls. The ceilings, though high, had been



*"Do you know what your problem is? You can only move one square at a time."*

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papered, too. Kafka was right, Bech saw: life is a matter of burrows. The sister scuttled upstairs. "Good mints," Bech called after her. Federbusch beside him was giving off a strange withered scent—the delicate stink of affront. Bech guessed he had been too frankly looking around, and said, to cover, "I don't see my books."

Even this missed the right note. His host intoned, in the sonorous voice Bech now heard as funereal, "They're kept in a closet, so the sun won't fade the jackets."

A room beyond this stagnant front parlor had a wall of closet doors. Federbusch opened one, hastily closed it, and opened another. Here indeed was a trove of Bechiana—old Bech in démodé fifties jackets, reprinted Bech in jazzy seventies paperbacks with the silver lettering of witchcraft novels, Bech in French and German, Danish and Portuguese, Bech anthologized, analyzed, and de-luxized, Bech laid to rest. The books were not erect in rows but stacked on their sides like lumber, like dubious ingots, in this lightless closet along with—treachery!—similarly exhaustive, tightly packed, and beautifully unread collections of Roth, Mailer, Barth, Capote . . . The closet door was shut before Bech could catalogue every one of the bedfellows the promiscuous Federbusch had captivated.

"I don't have any children myself," the man was saying mournfully, "but for my brother's boys it'll make a wonderful inheritance someday."

"I can hardly wait," Bech said. But his thoughts were sad. Oh, our obscene tragedies, our dreadfully musty private lives! How wrong he had been to poke into this burrow, how right Federbusch was to smell hurt! The greedy author, not content with adoration in two dimensions, had offered himself in a fatal third, and maimed his recording angel. "My dealer just sent some new Penguins," Federbusch said, mumbling in shame, "and it would save postage if . . ." Bech signed the paperbacks and wound his way through ravaged hills to the college, where he mocked the students' naïve faith and humiliated himself with drunkenness. But no atonement would erase his affront to Federbusch, who never troubled his telephone again.

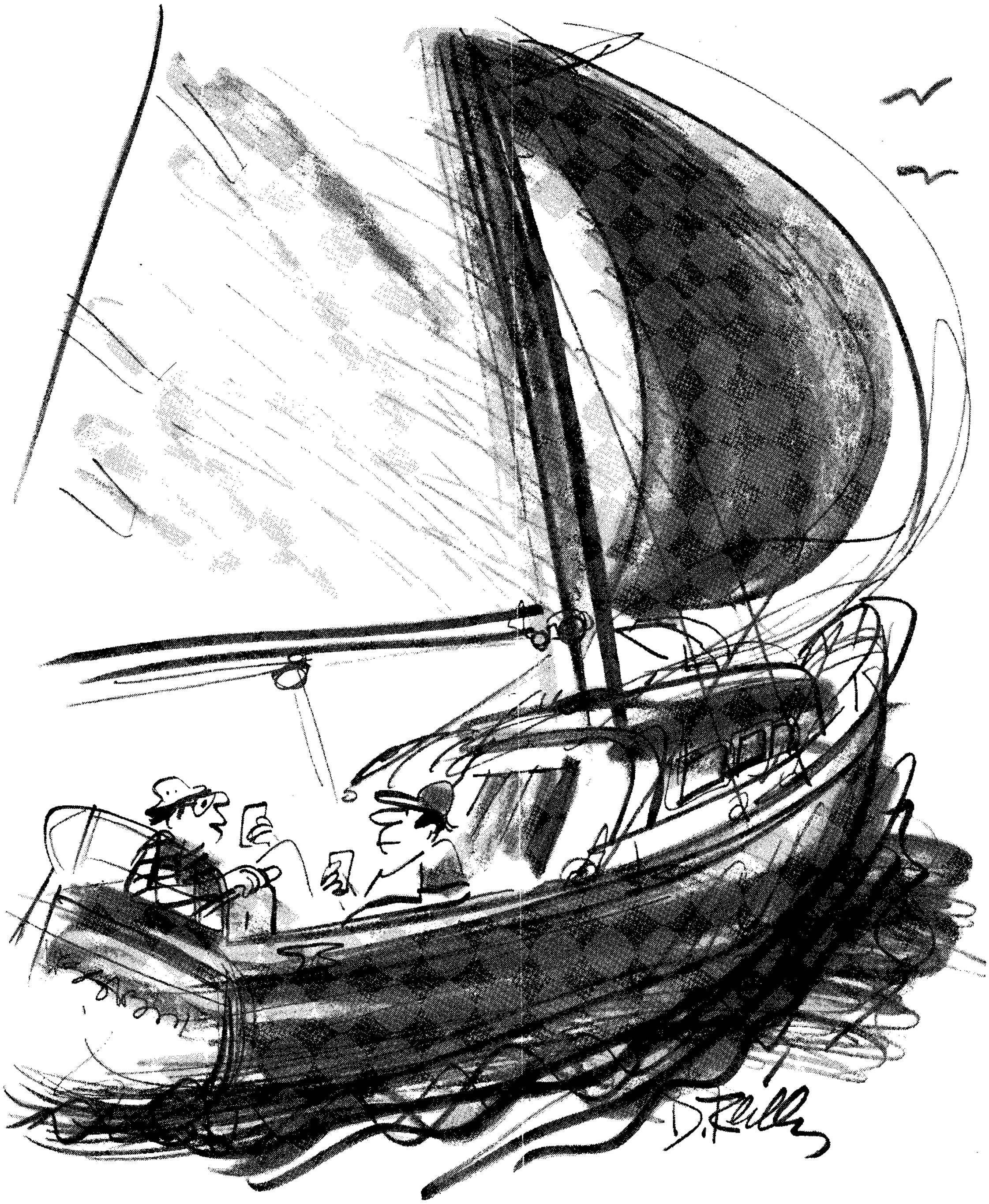
IN the days when Bech was still attempting to complete "Think Big," there came to him a female character who might redeem the project, restore its lost momentum and focus. She was at first the meagerest wisp of a vision, a moon face shining with a certain lightly perspiring brightness over the lost horizon of his plot. The pallor of this face was a Gentile pallor, bearing the kiss of Nordic fogs and frosts, which ill consorted with the urban, and perforce Jewish, hurly-burly he was trying to organize. Great novels begin with tiny hints—the sliver of madeleine melting in Proust's mouth, the shade of louse-gray Flaubert had in mind for Mme. Bovary—and Bech had begun his messy accumulation of pages with little more than a hum, a hum that kept dying away, a hum perhaps spiritual twin to the rumble of the I.R.T. under Broadway as it was felt two blocks to the west, on the sixth floor, by a bored bachelor. Now this hum, the background radiation to the universe he was trying to create, was pierced by an eerie piping from this vague moon face.

Well, the woman would have to be attractive; women in fiction always are. From the roundness of her face, its innocent pressing frontality, would flow a certain "bossiness," a slightly impervious crispness that would set her at odds with the more subtle, ironical, conflicted, slippery intelligentsia who had already established power positions in the corporate structure of his virtually bankrupt fantasy. Since this moony young—for the crispness, this lettuce taste of hers, bespoke either youth or intense refrigeration—woman stood outside the strong family and business ties already established, she would have to be a mistress. But whose? Bech thought of assigning her to Tad Greenbaum, the six-foot-four, copiously freckled, deceptively boyish dynamo who had parlayed a onetime gagwriter's servitude into a daytime-television empire. But Tad already had a mistress—stormy, raven-haired, profoundly neurotic Thelma Stern. Also, by some delicate gleam of aversion the moon face refused to adhere to Greenbaum. Bech offered her instead to Thelma's brother Dolf, the crooked lawyer, with his silken mustaches, his betraying stammer, and his great clean glass desk. Bech even put the two of them into bed together; he loved describing mussed sheets, and the sea-fern look of trees seen from the window of a sixth-floor apartment, and the way the chimney pots of the adjacent roofs resemble tin men in black pajamas engaged in slow-motion burglary. But though the metaphors prospered, the relationship didn't take. No man was good enough for this woman, unless it were Bech himself. She must have a name. Moon face, Moira—no, he already had a Thelma, his new lady was cooler, aloof . . . doom, Poe, Lenore. *And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"* Lenore would do. Her work?—that kindly bossiness, that confident frontality. The best he could think of was to make her an assistant producer for his imaginary network; but that wasn't right, it didn't account for her supernatural serenity.

She became as real to him as the nightglow on his ceiling during insomnia. He wrote scenes of her dressing and undressing, in the space between the mussed bedsheets and the window overlooking treetops and chimney pots; he conjured up a scene where Lenore primly lost her temper and told Tad Greenbaum he was a tyrant. Tad fired her, then sent Thelma around to persuade her not to write an exposé for *TV Tidbits*. Experimenting with that curious androgynous cool Lenore possessed, Bech put her into bed with Thelma, to see what happened. Plenty happened, perhaps more gratifying to the author than to either character; if he as a male voyeur had not been present, they might have exchanged verbal parries and left each other untouched. Still, Thelma, Bech had previously arranged, had become pregnant by her ex-husband, and could not be allowed a Sapphic passion that would pull Lenore down into the plot. The moon face hung above it, still detached but infusing its tangle with a glow, a calm, a hope that this misbegotten world of Bech's might gather momentum. She seemed, Lenore, to be drawing closer.

One night, reading at the New School, he became conscious of her in the corner of his eye. Over by the far wall, at the edge of the ocean of reading-attending faces—the terrible tide of the up-and-coming, in their thuggish denims and bristling beards, all their boyhood misdemeanors and girlhood grievances still to unpack into print, and the editors thirsty to drink their fresh blood, their contemporary slant—Bech noticed a round female face, luminous, raptly silent. He tried to focus on her, lost his place in the manuscript, and read the same sentence twice. It echoed in his ears, and the audience tittered; they were embarrassed for him, this old dead whale embalmed in the anthologies and still trying to spout. He kept his eyes on his pages then, and when he lifted his gaze at last, to relieved applause, Lenore had vanished, or else he had lost the place in the hall where she had been seated.

A week later, at his reading at the Y.M.H.A., she had moved closer, into the third or fourth row, her wide, white, lightly perspiring face pressing upward in its intensity of attention, refusing to laugh even when those all around her did. Instead, she solemnly lowered her face now and then to her lap, and made a note. Afterward, in



*"Life can be good, I've found. It all depends on the product, the media mix, and the demographics."*

that unscheduled moment of siege that follows a reading, she came behind stage and waited her turn in the pushing crowd of autograph-seekers. When at last he dared turn to her, she had her notebook out. Was this truly Lenore? Though he had failed to imagine some details—the little gold hoop earrings, and the tidy yet full-bodied and somehow sensually casual way she had bundled her hair at the back of her head—her physical presence flooded the translucent, changeable skin of his invention with a numbing fullness. He reflexively grabbed at her notebook, thinking she wanted him to sign it, but she held on firmly, and said to him, “I thought you’d like to know, I noted three words you mispronounced. ‘Hectare’ is accented on the first syllable and the ‘e’ isn’t sounded. In ‘flaccid’ the first ‘c’ is hard. And ‘sponge’ is like ‘monkey’—the ‘o’ has the quality of a short ‘u’.”

“Who are you?” Bech asked her.

“A devotee.” She smiled, emphasizing the long double ‘e’. Another devotee pulled Bech’s elbow on his other side, and when he turned back, Lenore was gone. *Darkness there and nothing more.*

He revised what he had written. The scene with Thelma was sacred filth, dream matter, not to be touched; but the professional capacities of the fair one had come clearer—she was a schoolteacher. A teacher of little children, children in the first-to-fourth-grade range, in some way unusual, whether unusually bright or with learning disabilities he couldn’t at first decide. But as he wrote, following Lenore into her clothes and the elevator and along the steam-damp, slightly tipping streets of West Side Manhattan, the name above the entrance of the building she entered became legible: she taught in a Rudolf Steiner school. Her connection with the other characters of “Think Big” must be, therefore, through their children. Bech rummaged back through the manuscript to discover whether he had given Dolf Stern and his long-suffering wife, Imogene, boys or girls for children, and what ages. He should have made a chart. Faulkner and Sinclair Lewis used to. But Bech had always resisted those practical aids which might interfere with the essential literary process of daydreaming; to this realm of willful wisps Lenore belonged. She would have wide hips: the revelation came to him as he slipped a week’s worth of wastepaper into a plastic garbage bag. But did the woman who had come up to him, in fact, have wide hips? It had been so quick, so magical, he had been conscious only of her torso in the crowd. He must see her again, as research.

When she approached him again, in the great hot white tent annually erected for the spring ceremonial of the American Academy on those heights beyond Harlem, she was wearing a peasant skirt and braless purple bodice, to hasten in the summer. For dress-up she had added a pink straw hat; the uplifted gesture with which she kept the hat in place opened up a new dimension in the character of Lenore. She had been raised amid greenery, on a Hardyesque farm in northwestern Connecticut. Her hips were indeed wide, though her waist was slender. The sultriness of the tent, the spillage of liquor from flexible plastic cups, the heavy breathing of Bech’s fellow-immortals made a romantic broth in which her voice was scarcely audible.

## COCKAIGNE

### (Homage to Pieter Bruegel, the Elder)

Below the hill, between a gorge and azure maritime horizon,
Is a trench of darkening cowslip, edelweiss,
And burdock. Also, there’s a village, north to south,
Amber like the light of the Gospels: a fat goose
Is being shivered under the knife; children are playing
Knuckles in the square;
And there is the seal
Of a leper’s annealed yellow mouth. Two boys above him

Straddle a sooty stack of a chimney; they are
Topsy-turvy, winnowing feathers in a strong wind
That jumps the Protestant martyrs dangling
From gallows, the webs of cloudwheels, or
The rotten crossed poles of a country crucifix. The Spanish

Inquisition stations horsemen in wine-red cloaks
Below these limestone sites of execution . . .
I have walked that stretch of the canal between the two
Green windmills. And, then, visited the tavern:

Christophe Plantin, friend to genius, and myself
Are drinking through the night, his wife
Is unfaithful! I tell him it’s the times,
And to accept each betrayal as a treaty—it’s a gift,

Like sitting under pines,
So sleepy that I might, again,
Be bleeding inside; below me, on the sea,
Ships are lighting fires in those big iron dishes
Made popular by the Greeks.
I leave Christophe for a pitcher of brine in cream. The ulcer
Is otherwise treated with leeches.
The weddings of peasants become weird, golden

With an underpainting of desperation and taxes. Where are the magi?
Below the docked tree there are three men lounging—
A farmer, a scholar, and a knight. The collector Niclaes Klaus
Describes the three as inert petals swollen with rain but still
Sucking at the stalk—that is not it!
They are just awkward skaters, in May,
Supported by a revolving
Vertical plane at the center of the painting.
They are foreshortened by the sensations of the morning, and
By cockaigne.
To see their situation you must first witness,
In grisaille, the burning of the diseased in the cities, or
The long massacre of children down a snowy lane, or even

The virgin in her quilted coat carrying in her pail
A landlord’s gift, the surplus of fresh sudsy milk . . .

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There will be a late Twelfth Night waffle
For each of her nine brothers and sisters.

The dead Calvinist beggars are lively in their webbed towers,
In gallows, and anywhere
That the wind is unravelling magpies or ravens . . .

King Philip's flesh-poles are made of silver poplars,
Felled in October—dragged like apostles
Through the slashing wheat fields of Flanders. . . .

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There are five vermillion figures on the pond. They glide
Across the ice toward the wooden chute of the Falls.
Snow lifts off the steeple, tumbling straight
Into the open mouths of children, who spin up
Against the masonry of the small chapel.
The funeral procession turns to the sea,
Descending into the churchyard where an Elder

Stands with a blue candle that has melted
Entirely into its saucer; the flame blossoms,
Crosses the surface like a magpie pushed by a sudden breeze.
Christophe Plantin's

Suicide came on a dark, dark day. He had brewed
Henbane with the seeds of the Saint Ignatius bean.
His eyes were ribboned internally with bleeding . . .

I have never painted, I confess,

A female nude—unless you've inspected
My canvas of "Dulle Griet," where, just above
The black sickle moon, a nude couple, in summer,
Are sitting out on the water . . . They were the innocents.

Only two! Christophe must now be at liberty
To perch in snow on the hill
And peer down on us, on rooftops with their mud and stone

Pottles in which the doves will roost.
I have gazed down the cows' path to the churchyard—there,
My friend lies in his lavender gravecloth.

Christophe,
Take with you the sweet scent of woodsmoke, burning
Bayberry and cedars, take the joyous light of December's
    noonday,

But also
Take with you, in your dark winnowing,
These red languishing silks of the joy of skating!

—Norman Dubie

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He had to stoop, to see under her hat and read her lips. She said, "Mr. Bech, I've been working up my nerve to ask, would you ever consider coming and talking to my students? They're so sweet and confused, I try to expose them to people with values, any values. I had a porno film director, a friend of a friend, in the other day. Just be yourself." Her eyes were dyed indigo by the shadow of the hat, and her lips, questing, had a curvaceous pucker he had never imagined.

Bech noticed, too, a dark-haired young woman standing near Lenore, wearing no makeup and a man's suit coat. A friend, or the friend of a friend? Perhaps neither; the young woman, seeing the conversation about to deepen, drifted away. Bech asked, "How old are your students?"

"Well, they're in the third grade now, but it's a Steiner school—"

"I know."

"—and I move up with them. You might be a little wasted on them now, maybe we should wait a few years, until they're in fifth."

"And I've had time to work on my pronunciation."

"I do apologize if that seemed rude. It's just a shock, to realize that a master of words doesn't hear them in his head the way you do." As she said this, her own pronunciation was slightly slurring.

Perhaps it was the late-afternoon gin, perhaps the exhilaration of having just received a medal (the Melville Medal, awarded every five years to that American author who has maintained the most meaningful silence), but this encounter enchanted Bech. The questing moon face perspiring in the violet shade of the pink hat, the happy clatter around him of writers not writing, the thrusting smell of May penetrating the tent walls, the little electric push of a fresh personality, all felt too good to be true. He felt, deliciously, overpowered, as reality always overpowers fiction.

He asked her, "But will we still be in touch, when your sweet confused students are in the fifth grade?"

"Mr. Bech, that's up to you." In the shade of her hat, she lowered her eyes.

"How do you feel about dinner, if we can find our way out of this tent?"

"The two of us?"

"Who else?" Of course, he was thinking, with the voice of reason that dismally mutters through every euphoria, there is a rational explanation. God forbid there wouldn't be a rational explanation. I have conjured this creature, by eye-glance and inflection, from the blank crowds just as I conjured her, less persuasively, from blank paper. "What did you say your name was?"

"Ellen," she said.

So he had got that slightly wrong. He had been slightly wrong in a hundred details, the months revealed. Their affair did not last until her students were in the fifth grade. It was his literary side, it turned out, his textbook presence, that she loved. Also, she really did—his instincts had been right in this—see the male sex as second-rate. Still, she gave him enough of herself to eclipse, to crush, the character called Lenore, and once again "Think Big" ground to a grateful halt.

AN irresistible invitation came to Bech. A subsidiary of the Superoil Corporation called Superbooks had launched a series of signed classics; for

*Momentary View from a Railroad Train*

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an edition of "Brother Pig" bound in genuine pigskin Bech was invited to sign twenty-eight thousand five hundred tip-in sheets of high-rag-content paper, at the rate of ninety-eight cents a sheet. He was to do this, furthermore, during a delightful two-week holiday on a Caribbean island. He should take with him a person to pull the sheets as he signed them. This "puller" could be a friend, or someone hired in the locality. All this was explained to Bech by a hollow-voiced man calling from corporation headquarters—a thousand-acre variant of Disneyland somewhere in Delaware.

As always in the face of good fortune, Bech tended to cringe. "Do I have to have a puller?" he asked. "I've never had an agent. I hate people reading over my shoulder."

"The answer to your question," the man from Superbooks said, "is one-hundred-per-cent affirmative. From our experience, without a puller efficiency tapers disastrously. As I say, we can hire one on the spot and train her."

Bech imagined her, a svelte little Carib who had been flown to emergency secretarial school, but doubted he could satisfy her after the first proud rush. So he asked Norma Latchett to be his puller.

Her reply was inevitable. "Super," she said.

In weary truth, Bech and Norma had passed beyond the end of their long romance into a limbo of heterosexual palship haunted by silently howling abandoned hopes. They would never marry, never be fruitful. The little island of San Poco was a fit stage for their end drama—the palm trees bedraggled and battered from careless storage in the prop room, the tin-and-tarpaper houses tacked together for a short run, the boards underfoot barely covered by a sandy thin soil resembling coffee grounds, the sea a piece of rippling silk, the sunshine as harsh, white, and constant as overhead spotlights. The beach resort where Bech and Norma and the twenty-eight thousand five hundred pieces of paper were housed had been built by pouring cement over inflated balloons that were then collapsed and dragged out the door; the resulting structures were windowless. All along the curve of one dark wall the brown boxes containing five hundred sheets each were banked. Superoil's invisible minions had placed in the center of the hemisphere a long Masonite table, bland as a torturer's rack, and cartons of felt-tip pens. Bech never used felt-tip pens, preferring the manly gouge and sudden dry death of ballpoints. Nevertheless, he sat right down in his winter suit and ripped through a box, to see how it went.

It went like a breeze. Arrows, to be trimmed away by the binder, pointed to the area he must inscribe. Norma, as if still auditioning for the role of helpmate, pulled the sheets with a sweet deftness from underneath his wrists. Then they undressed—since he had last seen her naked, her body had softened, touchingly, and his body, too, had a tallowish slump that seemed unfamiliar—and went out to swim in the lukewarm, late-afternoon sea. From its gentle surface the lowering sun struck coins of corporate happiness; Bech blessed Superoil as he floated, hairy belly up.

Wake, eat, swim, sun, sign, eat, sun, sign, drink, eat, dance, sleep. Thus their days passed. Their skins darkened. Bech became as swarthy as his Brazilian jacket photos. The stack of boxes of signed sheets slowly grew on the other side of the cement dome. They had to maintain an average of two thousand signatures a day. As Norma's tolerance for sun increased, she begrudged the time indoors, and seemed to Bech to be accelerating her pulling, so that more than once the concluding "h" got botched. "You're slowing up," she told him, in self-defense, the third time this happened in one session.

"I'm just trying to give the poor bastards their ninety-eight cents' worth," he said. "Maybe you should pay attention to me, instead of trying to pull and read at the same time." She had taken to reading a novel at their signing table—a novel by, as it happened, a young writer who had, in the words of one critic, "made all previous American-Jewish writing look like so much tasteless matzo dough."

"I don't need to pay attention," she said. "I can hear it now; there's a rhythm. Mm-diddle-um-*um*, boomity-boom. You lift your pen in the middle of 'Henry' and then hurry the 'Bech.' You love your first name and hate your last—why is that?"

"The 'B' is becoming harder and harder," he admitted. "Also the 'e' and the 'c' are converging. Old Miss O'Dwyer at P.S. 87 tried to teach me the Palmer penmanship method once. She said you should write with your whole arm, not just your fingers."

"You're too old to change now; just keep doing it your way."

"I've decided she was right. These are ugly signatures. *Ugly.*"

"For God's sake, Henry, don't try to make them works of art; all Superbooks wants is for you to keep touching the pen to the paper."

"Superbooks wants super signatures," he said. "At least they want signatures that show an author at peace with himself. Look at my big 'H's. They've turned into backward 'N's. And then the little 'h' at the end keeps tailing down. That's a sign of discouragement. Napoleon, you know, after Waterloo, every treaty he signed, his signature dragged down right off the page. The parchment."

"Well, you're not Napoleon, you're just an unemployed self-employed who's keeping me out of the sun."

"You'll get skin cancer. Relax. Eleven hundred more and we'll go have a piña colada."

"You're fussing over them, I can't stand it! You just *romped* through those early boxes."

"I was younger then. I didn't understand my signature so well. For being so short, it has a lot of ups and downs. Suppose I was Robert Penn Warren. Suppose I was Solzhenitsyn."

"Suppose you were Æ, I'd still be sitting here in this damn dark igloo. You know, it's getting to my shoulders. The pauses between are the worst—the tension."

"Go out in the sun. Read your pimply genius. I'll be my own puller."

"Now you're trying to hurt my feelings."

"I'll be fine. I know my own rhythm."

"The Henry Bech backward crawl. I'll see this through if it kills us both."

He attempted a signature, hated the "nry," and slashed a big "X" across the sheet. "Your vibes are destroying me," he said.

"That was ninety-eight cents," Norma said, standing in protest.

"Yeah, and here's the sales tax," Bech said, and X'd out the preceding signature, whose jerky "ch" linkage had disturbed him as he did it, though he had decided to let it pass. He crumpled the sheet into a ball and hit her with it squarely between the two pieces of her bathing suit.

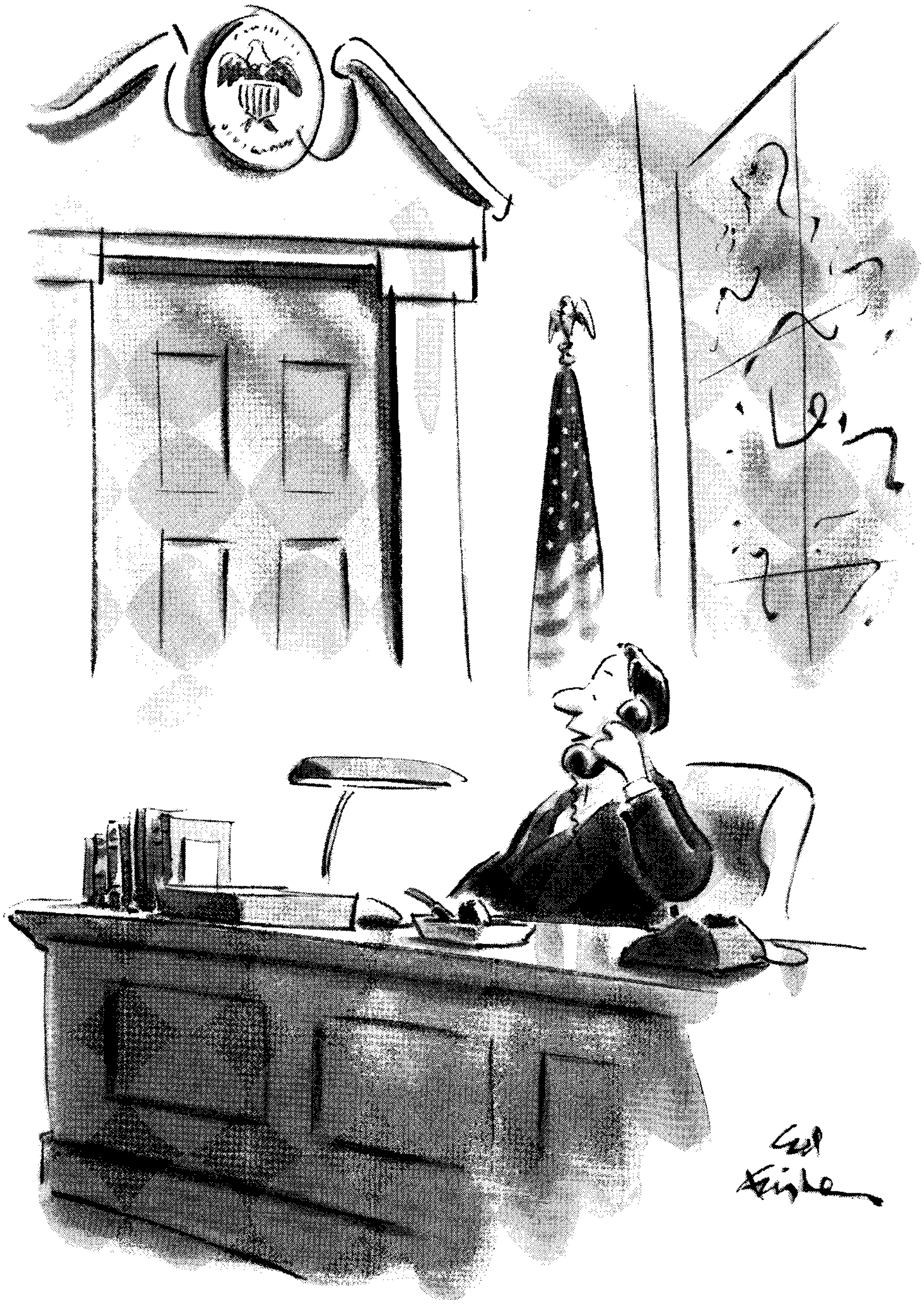
After this, when they sat down on opposite sides of the long table, fear of this quarrel being repeated clotted their rapport. Fear of impotence seized his hand. The small digital muscles, asked to perform the same task thousands upon thousands of times, were rebelling. Sabotage appeared on the assembly line. Extra squiggles produced "Hennry," and the "B" of "Bech" would come out horribly cramped, like a symptom of a mental disease. While the sun poured down, and the other resort guests could be heard tinkling and babbling at the thatched beach bar not far away, the space between his first and last name widened as some uncappable pressure welled up between them. The whole signature kept drifting outside the arrows. Their daily quota fell below two thousand, to seventeen hundred, then to three boxes, and then they stopped counting boxes.

"We *must* sign them all here," Norma pleaded. "They're too heavy to take away with us." Their two weeks were drawing to a close, and the wall of unopened boxes seemed to grow, rustling, in the night. They sliced them open with a blade from Bech's razor; he cut his forefinger and had to pinch the pen through a Band-Aid. The pens themselves, so apparently identical at first, revealed large differences to his touch, and as many as six had to be discarded before he found one that was not too light or heavy, whose flow and his were halfway congenial. Even so, one signature in five came out defective, while Norma groaned and tried to massage her own shoulders. "I think it's writer's cramp," she said.

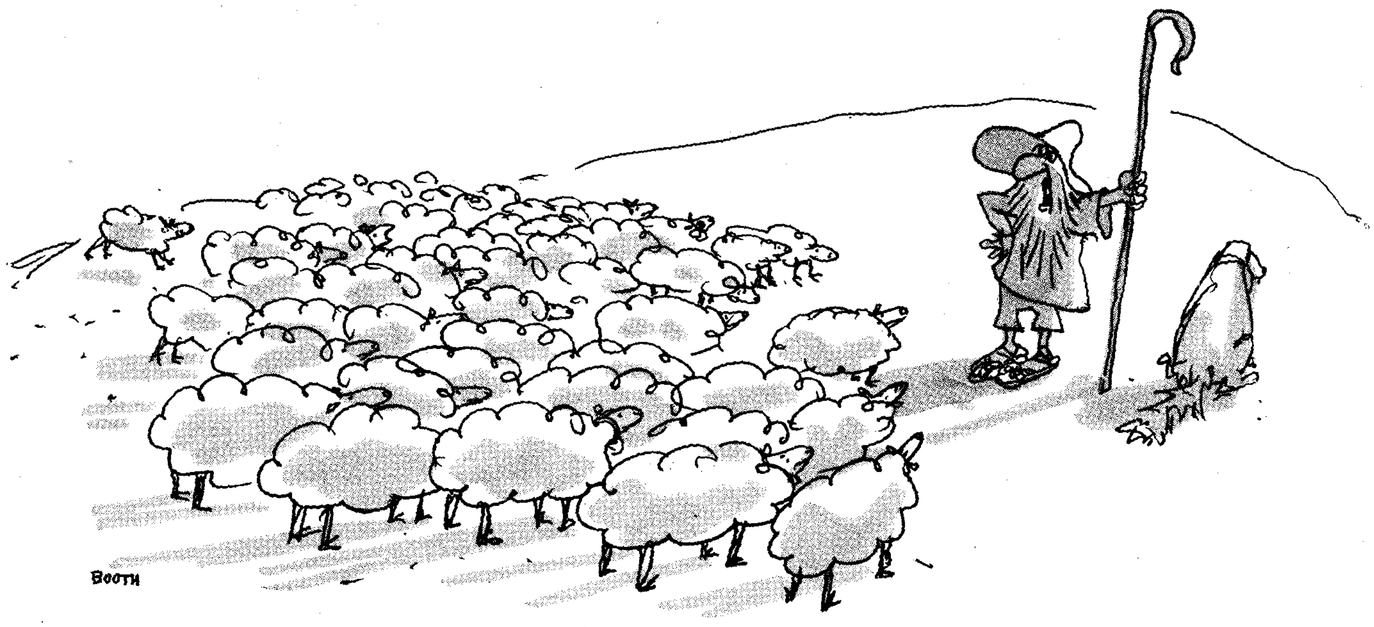
"There's a paradox," he said. "You know, toward the end of his career Hogan would absolutely freeze over a one-foot putt."

"Don't make conversation," Norma begged. "Just inscribe."

The loudspeaking system strung through the palm trees interrupted its millionth rendition of "Yellow Bird" to announce his name. Over the phone in the manager's office, the man from Su-



*"I'm sorry, this is the West African desk, but I can take a message for the Central European desk."*



*"Thank you for your prompt coöperation."*

peroil said, "We figured you'd be a hundred-per-cent done by tomorrow, so we've arranged for a courier to jet in and ship the sheets to our bindery in Oregon."

"We've run into some snags," Bech told him. "Also, the pullers are restive."

The voice went a shade more hollow. "What percentage would you say is still to be executed?"

"Hard to say. The boxes have grown big as freight cars. At first they were the size of matchboxes. Maybe there's ten left."

"The jet's been commissioned; it can't be cancelled. Do the best you can, and bring the rest back in your luggage."

"Luggage!" Norma scoffed, back at the igloo. "I'd just as soon try to pack a coral reef. And I refuse to ruin my last full day here."

Bech worked all afternoon by himself, while she sauntered on the beach and fell in with a pair of scuba divers. "Max wanted me to go underwater with him, but I was scared our hoses would get tangled," she reported. "How many did you do?"

"Maybe a box. I kept getting dizzy." It was true; his signature had become a cataclysmic terrain of crags and abysses. His fingers traced the seismograph of a constant earthquake. Deep in the strata of time, a hot magma heaved. Who was this Henry Bech? What had led him up, up from his seat in his row in Miss O'Dwyer's penmanship class, to this impudent presumptive scrawl of fame?

Norma inspected his work. "These are wild," she said. "There's only one thing to do: get some piña coladas and stay up all night. I'm game."

"That makes one of us."

"You bastard. I've ruined my life waiting for you to do *some*thing and you're going to do this. Then that's it. That's the last thing I'll ever see you through."

"As Joan of Arc often said to the Dauphin."

Bech's dream-forgetting mechanism drew a merciful curtain over the events of that night. At one point, after the last trip to the bar had produced a bottle of rum and a six-pack of grape soda, his signature reached up from the page and tried to drag him down into it. Then he seemed to be pummelling Norma, but his fist sank in her slack belly as in muddy water. She plucked an arrow from an unsigned sheet and fended him off. The haggard dawn revealed one box still to be opened, and a tranquil sea dyed solid Day-Glo. They walked along the arc of beach holding inky hands. "Bech, Bech," the little waves whispered, mispronouncing the "ch." He and Norma fell asleep diagonally on the bed, amid sliced cardboard. The commotion at their louvered door woke them to a surge of parched nausea. Two black men were loading the boxes onto a trolley. The bundles of opened and resealed wrapping paper looked altogether strange, indecent, and perishable out in the air, among the stark matinal verities of sky and sand and sea. Bathers gathered curiously about the pyramid, this monstrous accumulation hatched in their cement egg. To Bech's exhaustion and hangover was added a sensation of shame, the same shame he felt in bookstores, or after vomiting. One of the black men asked him, "This all there is, mon?"

"There's one more box," Bech admitted. For the first time in two weeks, a cloud covered the sun.

"Big jet from the state of Delaware at the airport waiting for Sea Breeze taxi deliver all these boxes," the other black man explained. Rain, in gleaming globular drops each big enough to fill a shot glass, suddenly began to fall. The people in bathing suits scattered. The cardboard darkened. The black men trundled away the mountain of Bech's signatures, promising to return for the last box.

In the dank igloo, Norma had placed the final sheaf of five hundred sheets, trim and pure, in the center of the table. She seated herself on her side, ready to pull. Groggily Bech sat down, under the dome drumming with the downpour. The arrows on the top sheet pointed inward. Clever female fingers slipped under a corner, alert to ease it away. The two San Poco taximen returned, their shirts sopping, and stood along one wall, silent with awe of the cultural ritual they were about to witness. Bech lifted a pen. All was poised, and the expectant blankness of the paper seemed an utter bliss to the author, as he gazed deep into the negative perfection to which his career had been brought. He could not even write his own name. —JOHN UPDIKE

# REFLECTIONS

## SUMMER PLACES

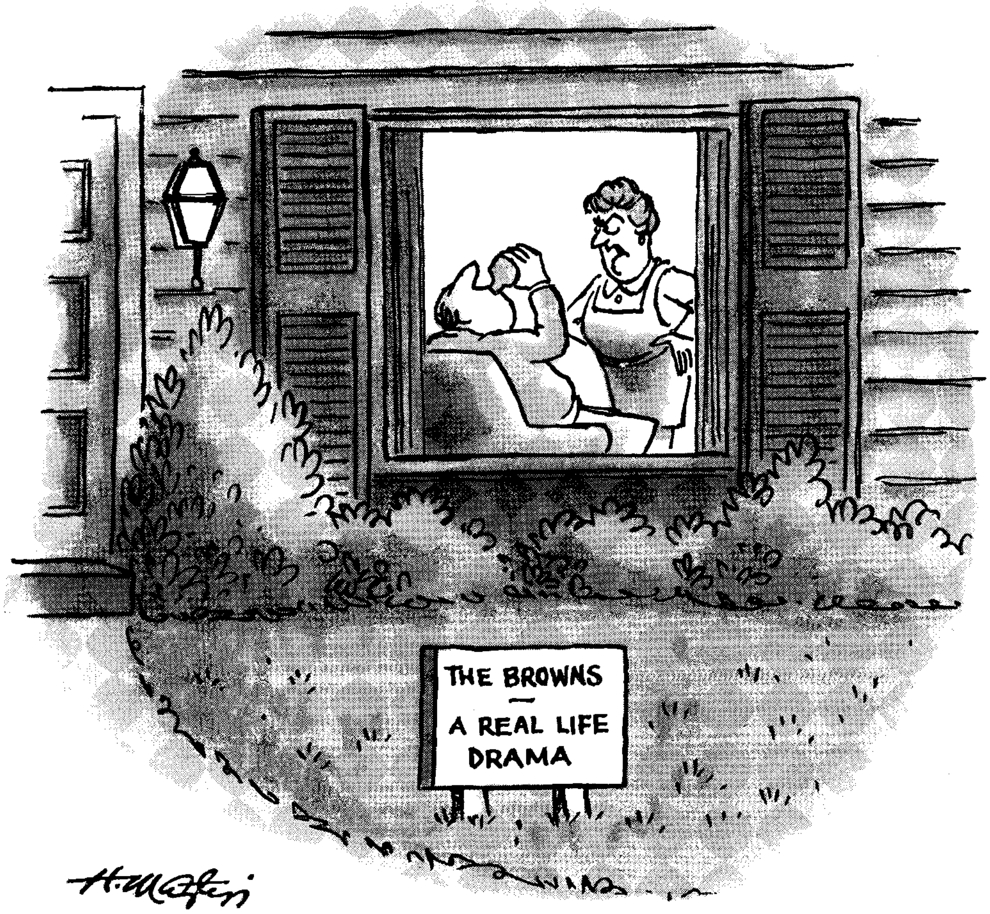
SUMMER places: to me the words are among the most haunting in the language. The sound of their mingled syllables seems to hint that something exceptionally pleasurable is just about to happen. All my life, the words have been charged with the promise of wonders; now they are charged also with the remembered promise of wonders that occurred long since and go on blazing in memory with an undiminished freshness. I have only to say "summer places" and I am pitched back at once into the bright greens and yellows of my earliest childhood: a happy, headlong journey, and one that, no matter how often I am prompted to take it, holds welcome surprises.

It strikes me as curious that so much of my recollection of childhood should concern itself with summer. In our North Temperate Zone, summer is but one of four seasons—a matter of a few delectable weeks of sun and flowering—and yet I know very well that I am not alone in finding that memories of summer are both far more numerous and far more vivid than memories of any other season. It is a time of adventure, of taking chances, of letting go. In summer places by the sea, the windows and doors of the big houses stand open to every breeze; sand drifts over the sills and thresholds, is grainy under one's bare feet on the boardwalks that march on rickety high stilts among the dunes. In the mountains, the air pours its invisible Niagaras through the tops of trees, making them sing, and at night fires burn and crumble on the stone hearths; lying in bed at a window open to the stars, a child listens, with a shiver of contentment, to the wolf-like howling of a farmer's dog somewhere far down the valley as he falls asleep.

WHEN shiploads of settlers reached the North American continent in the seventeenth century, the wilderness began at the very shores off which they dropped anchor. A short stretch of sand, rock, and brambles, and then they faced what must have seemed to them an impenetrable forest, extending no man knew how far westward. In the event, the forest was penetrable after all; trees were girdled and burned, or chopped down for lumber and fuel, and fields and pastures were laid bare to the sun. The climate was a surprise and a disappointment, being hotter in summer and colder in winter than the climate they had been accustomed to in the Old World, but they shouldered that burden without much protest. It wasn't, after all, in pursuit of fine weather that they had sailed in their cockleshell ships week after week across the inimical Atlantic. Moreover, all extremes of nature were equal manifestations of God's mysterious goodness; what couldn't be admired in His handiwork must be borne with resignation. "God's will be done" embraced pestilence, fire, flood, drought, and ice.

By the late eighteenth century, in the broad, gently rising sweep of land between the Atlantic and the wrinkled, ancient Appalachian range there were hundreds of thousands of acres of flourishing farmlands and thousands of prosperous villages and towns. There were even a few large cities, in which could be found wealthy individuals eager to avoid, in the hot season, the stench and noise and recurrent maladies of urban life. With astonishing speed, the lonely wilderness that had struck terror to the hearts of the first English, French, and Spanish settlers became a source of inspiration to their descendants. In a mere handful of generations, people went from fearing solitude to seeking it; having built cities as crowded and uncomfortable and disease-ridden as those they had left behind in Europe, they cast about for a means of escaping them. And so the first summer places came into existence. Sometimes they were called retreats and sometimes they were called pavilions, and nearly always they had it in common that they pretended to be simpler, and closer to nature, than they really were. What they shared above all was a certain intention, which translated itself into a certain tone: they were to be both carefree and health-giving.

From the start, the link with health was a crucial one. Frivolous social occasions were frowned on, especially in New England and among the Quakers to the south, but if a social occasion was seen to be based on a man's need to restore his health, that was plainly a different matter. In this respect, the colonists were able to follow an example set for them in the New World as well as in the Old. In Europe, people with the means to do so had been taking the waters for centuries, not to say millennia. The city of Bath, in Eng-



*"Oil, oil, oil! Doesn't anyone ever talk about baseball anymore?"*

• •

land, was a fashionable watering place in the seventeen-hundreds, and it had been no less fashionable among the Romans living in England some fifteen hundred years earlier. Bath boasts the only hot mineral springs in the British Isles, but there are scores of mineral springs on the Continent, both hot and cold, around which fashionable resorts developed over the centuries. The German word *Bad* means both "bath" and "watering place," and is part of hundreds of German place names. Baden-Baden, for example, was the official bathing station for the Roman legions quartered in what is now Strasbourg, and in the time of Marcus Aurelius it was a thriving outpost of the Roman Empire; one can therefore say without exaggeration that it has been a popular resort for some two thousand years. Spa, in Belgium, was so well thought of by wealthy eighteenth-century travellers enjoying a cure there that the name of the town quickly became a lower-case English noun. If taking the waters had long been a commonplace in Europe, it had also been a commonplace in North America. For countless generations before the white man arrived, Indians had made it a practice to visit mineral springs and, in summer, to set up encampments by them. It is commonly held that the first town in the American colonies to become a popular summer resort was Stafford Springs, in the sandy eastern reaches of Connecticut; and its popularity in the early eighteenth century was based on the reputation of its mineral springs. The Indians in that vicinity had generously called the springs to the attention of settlers trudging down into the Connecticut forest from the Massachusetts Bay Colony a hundred years earlier; soon these settlers returned the Indians' kindness by shouldering them aside and asserting possession of the springs, which remained an attraction to "society" until well into the nineteenth century.

Farther to the south were Yellow Springs and Bath Springs, both in Pennsylvania, which claim to date back to the seventeen-twenties. The innumerable springs of the Virginias, of which Hot Springs and White Sulphur Springs are probably the best known, had become popular by the middle of the eighteenth century. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of cities, towns, and villages scattered through the fifty states have Springs as a part of their name; there are even a few towns content to be known solely as Springs. In most cases, the springs are not mineral and do not pretend to promote health; providing an abundance of fresh water for drinking and cooking purposes, they were convenient sites to settle by. Mineral springs vied with each other in boasting not only that they would help to preserve the health of visitors but that they were capable of curing an astounding variety of ailments, internal and external. George Washington accompanied his brother Lawrence to Berkeley Springs, in Virginia, when Lawrence was dying of tuberculosis; like many other mortally

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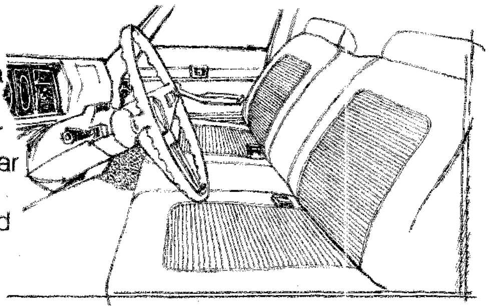

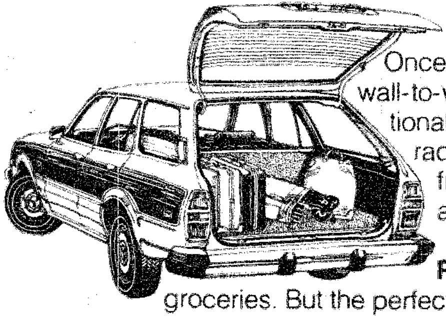

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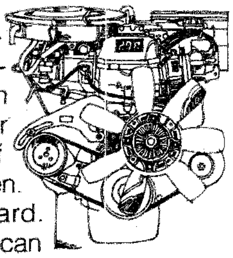

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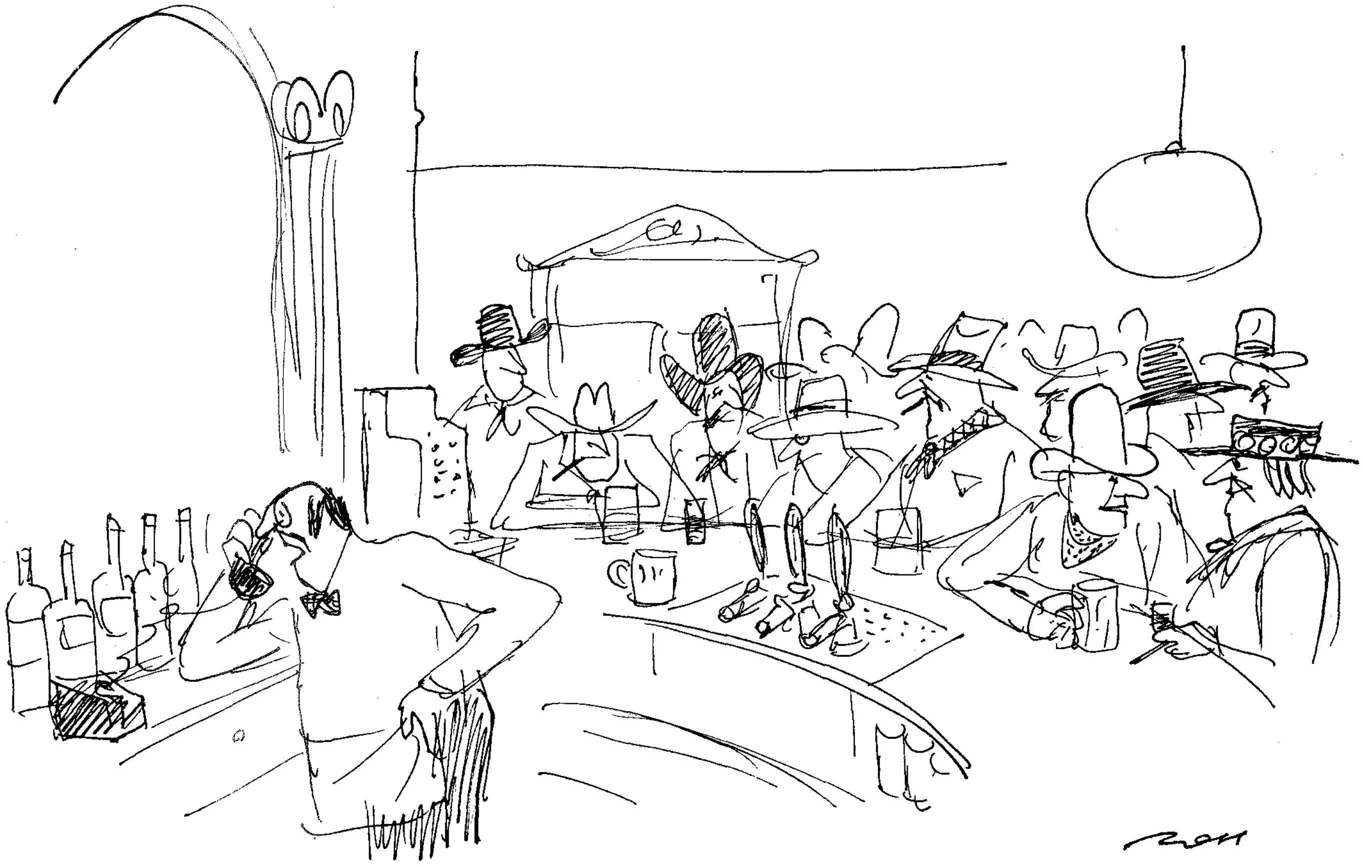


*"Sorry, lady, there's no one here named Tex."*

• •

ill people in that period, he went to the springs in the hope of being saved. Ironically, it must often have been the case that people in good health who made a practice of visiting spas would contract in the course of their visits some of the very diseases they were bent on avoiding, for in the days before germs were known to exist nobody hesitated to bathe with invalids and drink with them from a common tin cup.

Resorts that owed their existence to the pursuit of health tended to encourage an emphasis upon religion and temperance as well. If one wished to strengthen oneself both physically and spiritually, an obvious means to this end was much heartfelt hymn singing and penitence, unaccompanied by alcohol. Little by little, however, thoughts of an abstinent hereafter gave way to a concern for things of a happier, more down-to-earth nature, such as partygoing, party-giving, matchmaking, horse racing, and gambling. In town after town, race tracks and casinos—known to their enemies as gambling hells—rose within sight of the local medicinal springs, giving visitors an immediate choice of very different recreations. In Saratoga, for example, Richard Canfield's famous gambling house (now preserved as a museum and civic center) stands only a few yards away from the Congress Spring, the most popular of the town's early springs: Sodom and Gomorrah serenely confronting Bethesda.

DURING the nineteenth century, as the population of the country kept doubling and the national wealth increased at an even greater rate, real-estate speculators began to seek out advantageous sites for summer resorts from coast to coast and from the lakes and forests of Canada to the beaches of the Gulf of Mexico. In the hot summers characteristic of the North American continent, one could escape the fiery caldrons of cities only by a laborious journey into the mountains or to some breezy shore, whether of lake or river or ocean. This late in the twentieth century, it is hard for us to realize how much effort our ancestors had to devote to outwitting heat. For us, the now commonplace miracle of air-conditioning makes it possible to achieve whatever climate we like by merely fiddling with a set of dials. Even without air-conditioning, we can mitigate the fierceness of our summers by dressing scantily and eating prudently little. In the nineteenth century, people put on nearly as much clothing in summer as they did in winter, and in no matter what season there were, especially for women, layers of suffocating undergarments to contend with; fresh air, to say nothing of sunlight, was rarely allowed to reach the bare skin of a woman. As for meals, they were murderously ample, both winter and summer: thick soups, meat, fish, breads, pies, cakes, and ice cream, with boxes of chocolates and other candy always at hand. By the time prosperous middle-class men and women were in their thirties, they were beginning to be overweight; by their forties, they were often dangerously corpulent. No wonder that after a big luncheon or dinner they were content to sit semi-comatose on the verandas of summer houses or summer hotels, listlessly fanning themselves, or, more wisely, to retire to their rooms for a nap while the prolonged act of digestion took place. Except for the young and slender, any strenuous exercise was out of the question; one might go as far as to undertake a carriage ride through the green countryside or along the shore, but even a dip in the sea required an effort that to many vacationers seemed not worth making. Better to drowse in peace than to risk sunstroke and drowning.

The site of one's summer place depended primarily on the means of

*"I'll tell you what we're looking for here, Dunsworth. We're looking for people who aren't afraid to get their hands dirty."*

• •

transportation available. As these means changed from decade to decade, so did places where people found it desirable to build summer cottages. Because travel by water was the cheapest and most convenient method of transportation in the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth, a large number of summer resorts grew up around such readily accessible New England seaports as Newport, Portsmouth, and Portland. Even in the days of sail, Charleston shipowners, merchants, and planters had close commercial ties with Newport, and so they were among the first people to settle their families there in summer, at a safe distance from the sultry, malarial climate at home.

While some antebellum Charlestonians were summering at Newport, others were settling in a summer place that, though much less distant, was much more uncomfortable to reach: they travelled by coach and on horseback across South Carolina to the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where, on a two-thousand-foot-high plateau at Flat Rock, North Carolina (a favorite gathering place in ancient times of the Cherokee Nation), they founded in the eighteen-twenties a summer colony that many of their descendants continue to frequent today. The wealthy lowland settlers brought with them a small army of slaves, who helped clear the land and build substantial houses; soon an Episcopal church was constructed, and given the appropriate name of St. John-in-the-Wilderness. The district came to be known as the Little Charleston of the Mountains, and, with dances and much visiting back and forth, every effort was made to imitate the mode of life of English country gentry. Not that business was altogether forgotten; many of the settlers were bankers, and they were well aware that, in addition to its salubrious climate, Flat Rock had the advantage of being on the route of a highway that was expected someday to link the states opening up beyond the Great Smokies—Tennessee, Kentucky, and so on—with the Eastern seaboard. Over that road would pass the garnered wealth of the interior, and, ideally, its terminus would prove to be Charleston. As it happened, the dreamed-of highway yielded to a dreamed-of railroad, the building of which was long postponed by the Civil War and its aftermath. When, in the eighteen-eighties, railroad lines were at last being pushed through the high valleys of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge, Flat Rock was considered to be of little importance; commerce had passed it by. Thus, to its good fortune, it remains today very like what it was a hundred and fifty years ago—a small summer resort hidden away in a cool green mountain forest.

THE coming of steam transportation, manifested first in ships, brought a notable increase in speed of travel and in the reliability of scheduled times of arrival and departure. These were both important factors in the increasing popularity of a nineteenth-century innovation: summer vacations, to be taken and enjoyed not merely by schoolchildren but by prosperous middle-class working adults as well. The rich, having plenty of leisure, had always been able to accommodate themselves readily to the vagaries of sail and stagecoach, but most people had jobs to attend to and, if they took off time from them, were obliged to follow strict schedules. Moreover, in the nineteenth century one customarily worked six days a week; to gain the equivalent of an extra two-day weekend during one's vacation required much juggling of timetables. (Looking back from the nineteen-seventies, we are startled to observe how much at the mercy of timetables our ancestors were; it wasn't until the automobile became a common form of transportation that people were finally free to come and go as they pleased.)

Public transportation held little attraction for the very rich, who preferred making their way in their own luxurious steam yachts to such exclusive landfalls as Bar Harbor, Murray Bay, and the Thousand Islands. As for the ordinary vacationer, he depended on one or another of hundreds of steamship lines that kept boats running punctually, on strict schedules, up and down the Atlantic Coast and its adjacent rivers, from the St. Lawrence to the St. Johns, in Florida. On the Gulf of Mexico, steamers carried passengers to summer places at Point Clear, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, and Pass Christian; other steamers churned with their immense, clattering paddle wheels the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, carrying passengers away from the heat and fevers of New Orleans to sleepy inland towns like Mandeville and Covington, sheltered by ancient forest trees and cooled by breezes off the lake. By the beginning of the twentieth century, there can scarcely have been a sizable body of water anywhere on the continent which didn't have at least one small, white-painted steamer proudly afloat on it—a steamer that in many cases had been hauled in sections long distances overland and assembled on the spot by men who might never before have seen a steamboat. Of the intricate network of steamship lines that once provided water transport for vacationers everywhere in North America, nearly all have vanished; only a few score ferries remain, serving those islands—Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Catalina, and the like—which lie unbridgeably far from the mainland.

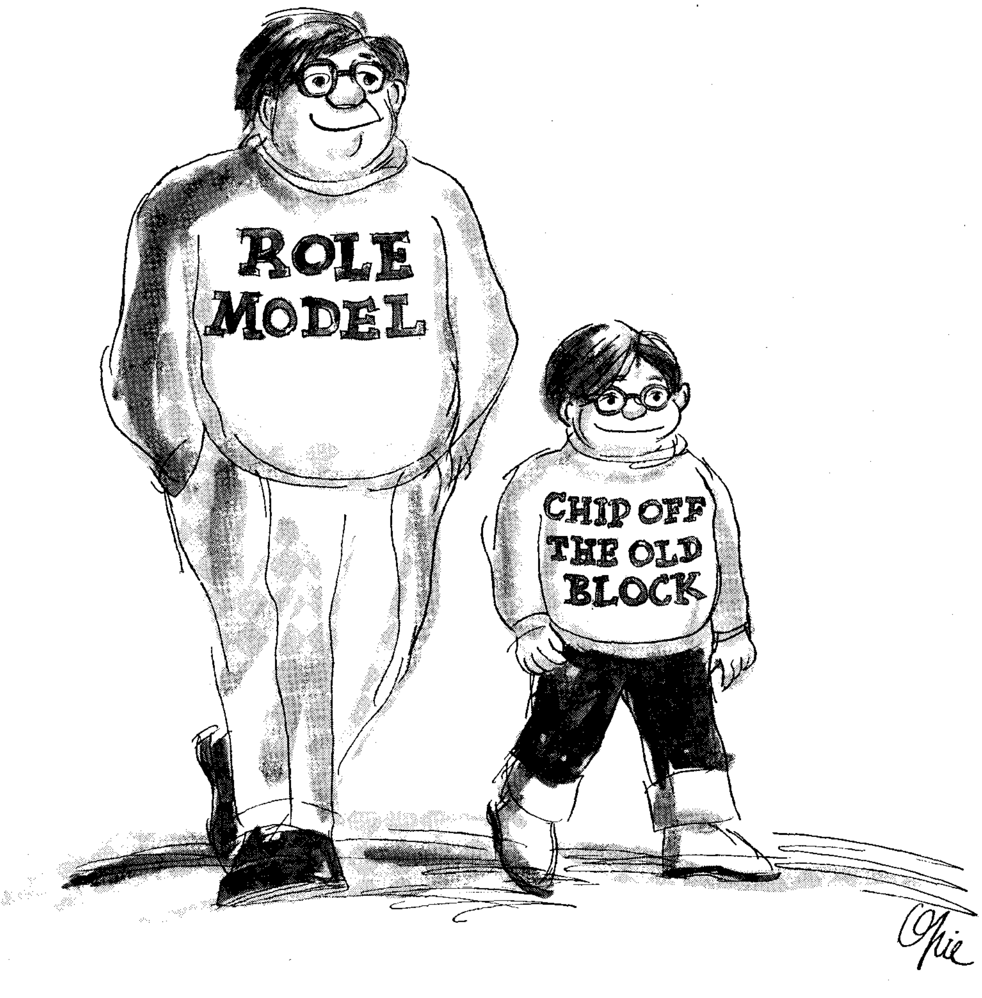
The bond between summer places and religion continued to strengthen through most of the nineteenth century. God provided the occasion for the founding of summer colonies, and Mammon turned the colonies into an occasion for profitable real-estate development. Every summer, thousands of the faithful travelled by steamer to the Methodist camp meeting held at Oak Bluffs, on Martha's Vineyard. There, at first in dormitory tents strewn with hay for bedding and later in snug little wooden cottages with pretty jigsaw Gothic decoration, "the days of prayer and meditation" were eventually transformed into "seasons of elaboration and bustle." (Such, at any rate, was the disapproving observation of a journalist writing about Oak Bluffs in the eighteen-sixties.) Other celebrated camp meetings were held at sites along the New Jersey shore and along the shores of the Great Lakes. Gradually, the religious groups mingled their purposes with those of the nonsectarian Chautauqua movement, which was founded in a grove on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, in western New York State, just over a hundred years ago, and quickly spread throughout the country. Chautauquas placed strong emphasis upon plain living and high thinking; lectures were given by learned figures, prayer and song were encouraged, and alcohol was, of course, forbidden. The fashionable summer resort of Point O' Woods, on Fire Island, New York, was once a Chautauqua colony; to this day, if liquor were to be sold at Point O' Woods title would revert to the estate of the original owner.

The coming of railroads had an even more profound effect on the siting of summer places than the coming of steamships had had in an earlier generation. Many spots of great natural beauty which were far from any navigable body of water proved easily accessible by train. Theretofore impenetrable mountain ranges opened up as the rails were laid which would eventually span the continent; on a smaller scale, railroads that came into being in order to serve cities within comparatively close range of one another (the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, for example) made available for profitable real-estate development dozens of picturesque villages along their rights-of-way. The religious colonists were quick to adjust themselves to the new technology; they saw that railroads would be useful to them and also that they would be useful to railroads. An organization called the Methodist State Camp Ground Association hit upon a likely site for a summer encampment on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, not far from the small city of Petoskey. The association took care to interest the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad Company in the project, and the company, foreseeing a large increase in passenger traffic on the Petoskey branch, offered the association what newspapers of the day referred to as "valuable donations of land and money." (Railroad companies had plenty of land at their disposal; it was money that they were reluctant to give away.) The trustees of the Methodist State Camp Ground Association, reporting on the site of what would one day be the village of Bay View, wrote, in part:

> It is accessible alike to the Upper and Lower Peninsulas. It is at the head of the inland navigation route, through Burt and Mullet lakes to Cheboygan, which offers superior advantages to the excursionists. It is on one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the country. It falls properly within the Mackinaw region, which must be through all time the great summer resort of the northwest. It is directly on the line of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, which has extensive connections with many other leading railroad lines throughout the State and country. Petoskey can therefore be reached by boat or rail from all points, south and east, with the greatest ease. Tickets can be purchased in all the principal cities of the country, which will carry the passengers directly to the camp ground, a fact which can be stated of no other camp ground in America. The region of Petoskey is known to be a *Sanitarium* for hay fever, asthma, and catarrhal affections, while the whole country for scores of miles in almost every direction offers facilities for recreation which are simply endless.

Few advertising men could have outdone those Methodist men of God when it came to writing seductive promotion copy. The village of Bay View was founded within a few months of the publication of their report, and in 1975 it celebrated its hundredth birthday.

ALMOST from the beginning, the railroads were aware that they could greatly increase passenger traffic, especially over long distances and in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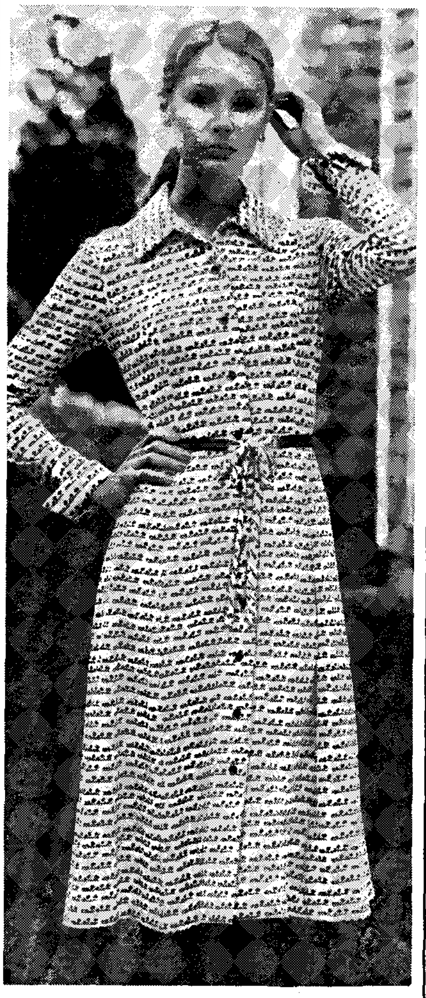

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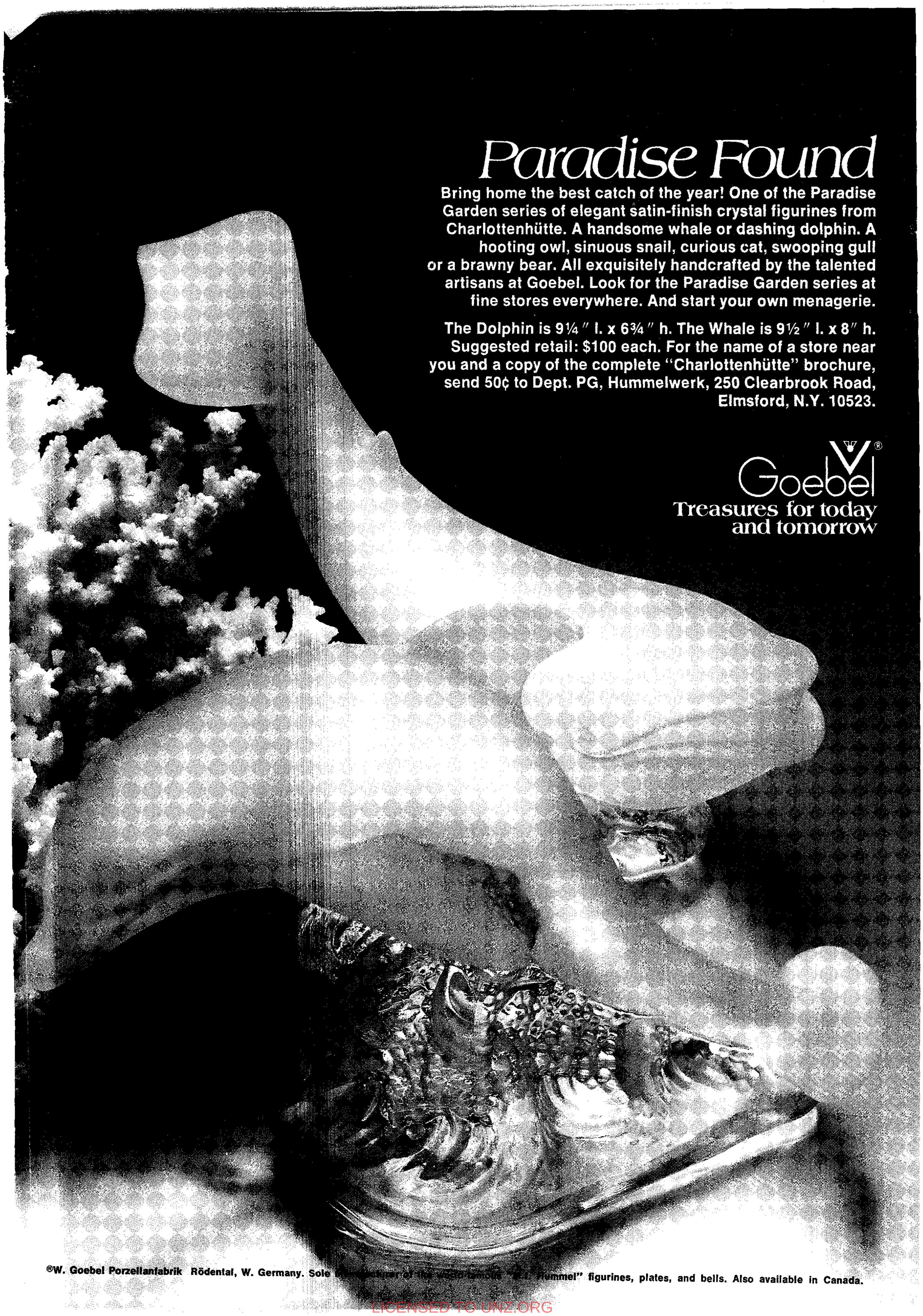
thinly populated areas, by building resort hotels in scenic settings adjacent to the tracks. Surveyors laying out rights-of-way were instructed to keep their eyes peeled for likely situations, which, ideally, would include a lofty view, a lake, a waterfall, or a mineral spring; architects were encouraged to devise hotels that were romantic confections of stone, wood, and glass, all the more astonishing in their luxury because of their unexpectedness. Perhaps the most startling example of how to invent a popular resort overnight by means of skillful public relations was the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's ingenious exploitation of the beauty—and the intimidating isolation—of the Canadian Rockies. The company had gained political and financial backing in large measure because the young Dominion needed to forge a visible link between East and farthest West; but the expense of building a railroad over arduous mountain terrain, long stretches of which provided no sources of revenue from either freight or passengers, threatened to bankrupt the company. (A measure of the boldness of the undertaking is the fact that when the Canadian Pacific set out to build its line across the continent Canada had a population of around four million; when the United States built its first transcontinental line it had a population of forty million.) William Cornelius Van Horne, the man in charge of driving the line through the Canadian Rockies, made an epigram out of his difficulties: "We can't export the scenery—we'll import the tourists." And this the vigorous, ebullient Van Horne proceeded to do. As Esther Fraser tells the story in her book "The Canadian Rockies," in the eighteen-eighties Van Horne lured scores of artists, writers, and photographers into the Rockies and prompted them to spread word of the district's alpine beauty. Though up to that time nobody had ever been known to play among those lonely peaks, Van Horne didn't hesitate to describe them in elaborate brochures as "The Mountain Playground of the World." Posters on billboards around the globe boasted of "Parisian Politeness on the Canadian Pacific," and the Canadian Pacific trains were indeed among the most de-luxe in existence. On a spectacular site once humbly known as Siding 29 and renamed Banff, the celebrated New York architect Bruce Price was commissioned to design a vast hotel in a vaguely French style, which would stand high on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain. A mineral spring having been found nearby, the hotel was given the commercially advantageous name of the Banff Springs Hotel. Soon Van Horne was advertising it as "The Finest Hotel on the North American Continent." Whether the claim to "finest" was true or false—and it was certainly closer to true than to false—it had its intended effect: thousands of trippers poured into Banff and, later, under the same prodding of superlatives, into the resorts of Lake Louise and Jasper Park.

With a rapidity that owed less to good business sense than to a speculative fever not unlike that of the South Sea Bubble, railroads wove an ever more complicated cat's cradle of tracks across the continent. Millions of acres of open country and wilderness, whether in the Maritime Provinces, in the Adirondacks, in the Far West, or along the Big Sur, were made accessible to the public for the first time. A cult of the forest sprang up among the very rich: at the same moment, and with the same unprecedented extravagance, Pierre Lorillard was building his seven-thousand-acre Tuxedo Park in the Ramapo Mountains, George Vanderbilt was building Biltmore House in the Great Smokies (it was easily the biggest and most attractive country house ever built in America, set in an estate of well over a hundred thousand acres), and the promoter William West Durant was preparing in the Adirondacks a series of playfully rustic "camps" for Morgans, Vanderbilts, and Huntingtons, while out on the West Coast the Hearsts were accumulating the land that eventually provided the twenty-six-mile-long Pacific shoreline of San Simeon.

The author of a guidebook, "The Northern Lakes of Canada," published in the eighteen-eighties, entitles his opening chapter "A Little Farther On" and begins at once to chide his readers:

> It may fairly be said that there is scarcely a tourist who lands on the shores of America, who does not visit Niagara Falls, and there are thousands of inhabitants of this Continent who feel impelled to follow their example.
>
> Not to have seen Niagara in these days of rapid communication, is to admit one's self to be behind the age, therefore, it is, that as in Europe, the old saying is, "All the roads lead to Rome," so on this continent all the routes lead to Niagara Falls, and everybody can go there if they will.
>
> The object of this little sketch may frankly be avowed to be that when the visitor shall have reached Niagara, it may, by telling him truthfully what there is beyond, encourage him to come a *little farther on*... into the interior of the



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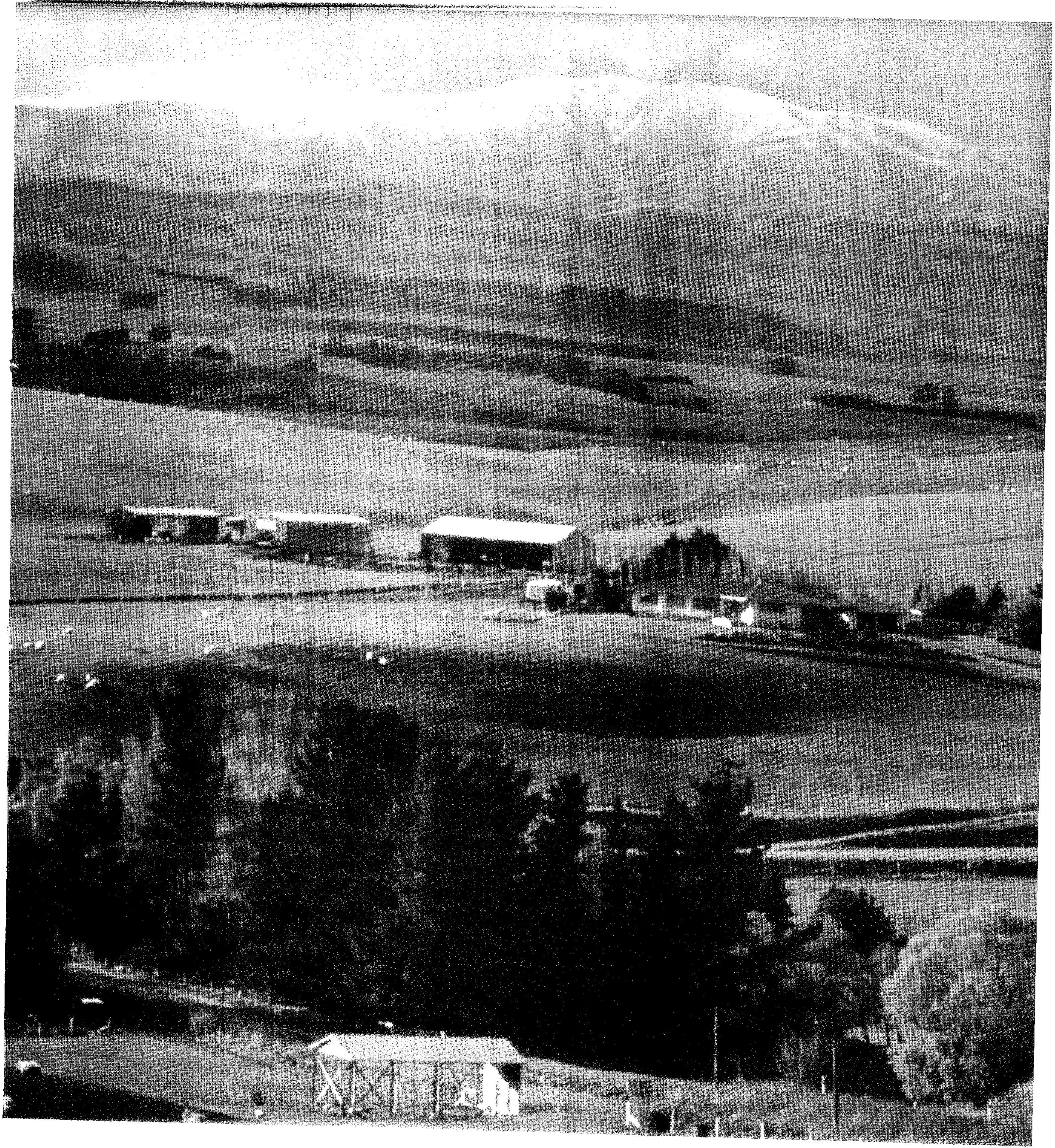

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treated like honored guests. Almost like house guests. And one of the nicest ways to tour the country is with the people who live here.

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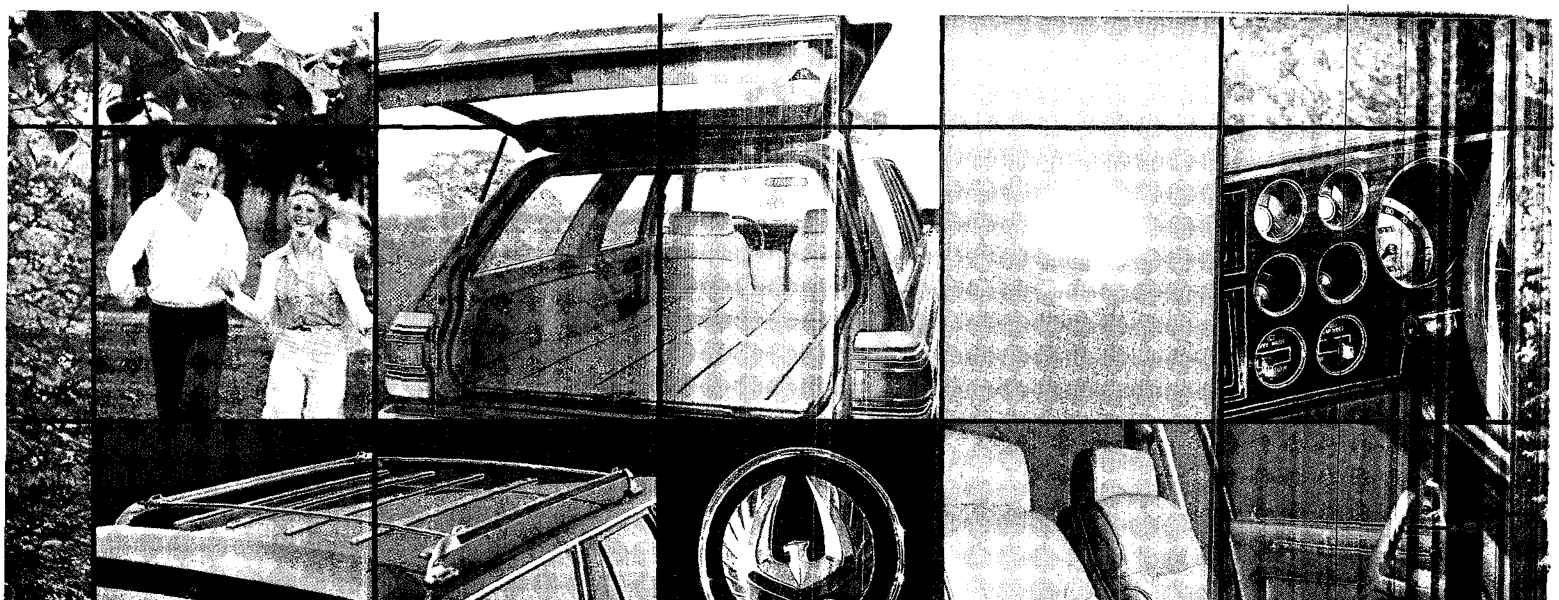

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country, to the "Northern Lakes of Canada," where primeval forests jostle close with summer hotels, and nature can be studied and enjoyed, freed from the artificialities of everyday city life.

The author is especially eloquent on the subject of the Lakes of Muskoka, in the Highlands of Ontario, north of Toronto:

> The District of the Lakes of Muskoka, is a region of many, many lakes of all sizes and forms, where canoeing and boating from hamlet to hamlet along the shores, combines the safety of a scattered population with the wildness of uncultivated wastes. This is no matter of choice or taste with the hardy settler, for nature has so accumulated the rocks and wilds along the shores that only at intervening spots can sufficient breadth of soil be found on which to farm. The Hotels are not great caravansaries, but moderate houses where plain meals, fresh milk, cleanly rooms and *comfortable* as distinguished from *elegant* accompaniments, are joined with *moderate* as distinguished from *high priced* charges.

As the book proceeds, the italics multiply, for—like Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific—the author is an evangelist. (He is also, not by coincidence, the ticket agent for the Northern & North-Western Railway, "the great and only line running to the far-famed Muskoka District.") Throughout the nineties and well past the turn of the century, the lakes of the Muskoka country—Lake Muskoka itself, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph—enjoyed boom times. Many who came as tourists decided to establish summer places there; hundreds of shingle-and-stone cottages, with attendant docks and boathouses, rose along the wooded shores. A large proportion of the new settlers were wealthy Americans, some of them from New York and, surprisingly, a greater number from Pittsburgh. A glance at a railroad map of the time explains the Pittsburghers' presence: by rail, it was far simpler to get from Pittsburgh to the Muskoka Lakes than to get to summer resorts along the New England coast.

As long as railroads were the primary means of transportation on the continent, summer places were likely to spring up in their vicinity. This state of affairs was not without its drawbacks. For example, when the Adirondack Railroad was first contemplated, back in the eighteen-sixties, the *Times* commented, "Within an easy day's ride of our great city, as steam teaches us to measure distance, is a tract of country fitted to make a Central Park for the world. . . . [With the completion of the railroad] the Adirondack region will become a suburb of New York." Fortunately for the Adirondacks, the *Times's* prophecy was radically over-optimistic, but it was nevertheless the case that by 1900 there were few corners of the continent, however remote, that hadn't come within reach of rail, and hence been threatened with a popularity that might destroy them.

FIRST ships, then trains, and then automobiles. It was thought that the automobile, having begun as a toy of the very rich, would remain inaccessibly expensive, requiring, in addition to its initial high cost, a chauffeur to keep it in order and drive it; but by dint of mass production and a series of inventions like the electric self-starter it soon became both comparatively cheap to buy and maintain and comparatively easy to handle. By the nineteen-twenties, it was a commonplace adjunct of middle-class life and, at least in America, was beginning to prove a necessity for the blue-collar worker as well. (A sign of this change was the gradual supplanting of the patrician word "automobile" by the plebeian word "car.") For the first time in history, millions of people were free to travel ad lib, over distances long or short, without consulting timetables or buying tickets. On a whim, they could take to the open road, which as the years passed was transformed at public expense into a network of highways far more complex than the earlier network of railroad lines.

The leisure time of the working classes was increasing along with their capacity for taking advantage of it. In consequence, sports, travel, and other pastimes that had once been reserved for the wealthy were eagerly adopted by artisans and small shopkeepers. Both in Canada and in the United States, immense stretches of empty land were for sale cheap, and wave after wave of a new kind of summer people came to colonize them. Not for these summer people a château in the Great Smokies, exquisitely imitating Blois and Amboise, or an Italianate palazzo in Newport, grander than the original that inspired it; the new summer people built cozy cottages—sometimes, indeed, they were only shanties—that stood herded together on narrow plots, not simply because the buyers of the properties were people of small means and could afford nothing grander but also because they were city dwellers, who were accustomed to, and enjoyed, close contact with their neighbors. In their newly acquired summer places, they fished and swam and sunbathed within a few feet of one another and were content to be doing so, since for

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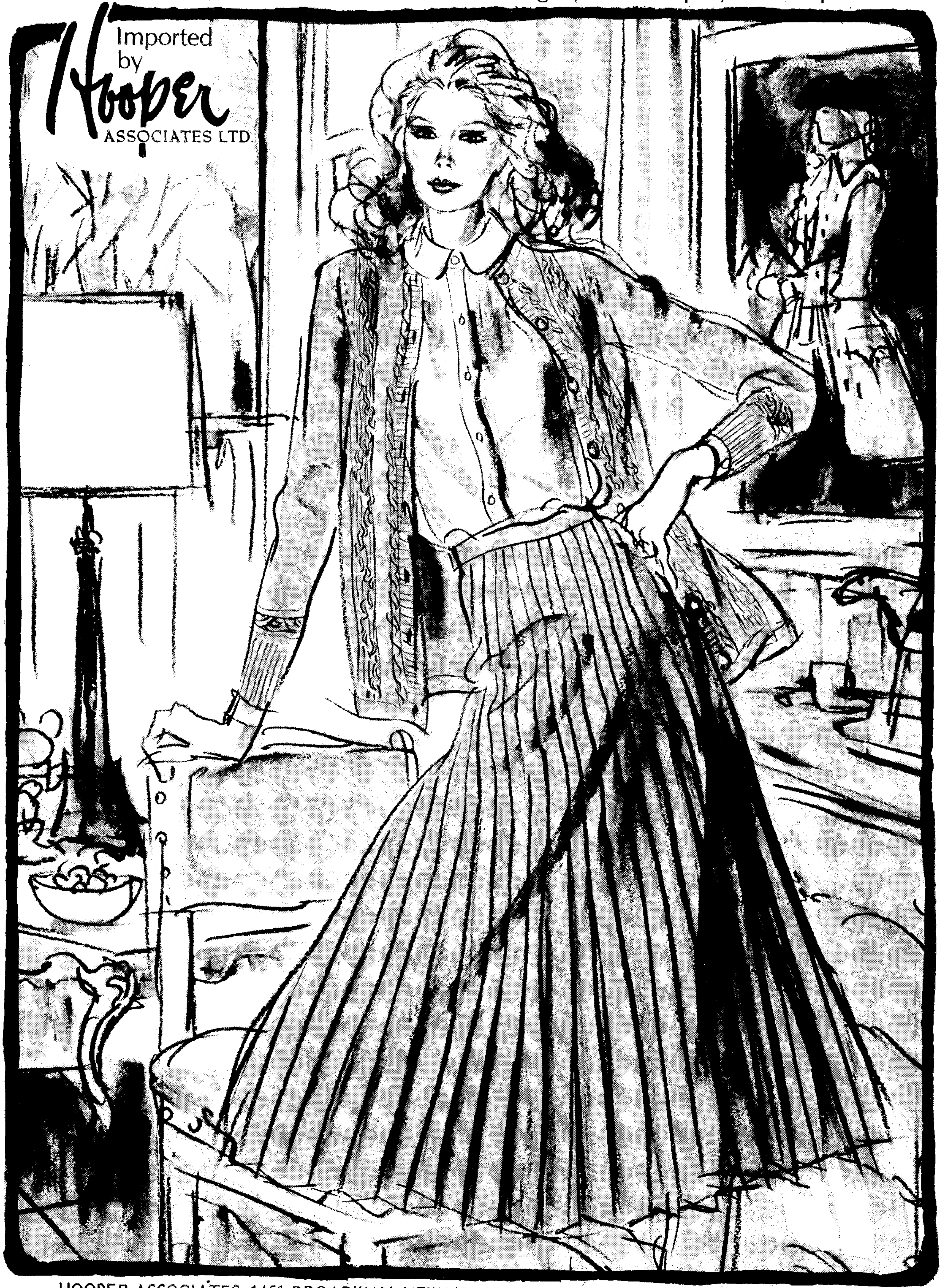
them solitude held a hint of menace. The thought of being surrounded by a limitless, unpopulated expanse of field or forest made their hearts quail; they liked looking out at night and seeing, through a nearby scrim of trees, a lighted window. Whatever else the darkness might contain, there lay safety.

The democratization of summer places is a continuing phenomenon of the twentieth century—to such an extent that people begin to speak less and less of summer places and more and more of second homes. With prosperity comes multiplicity: If one is good, surely two are better? Still, the difference in nomenclature suggests a profound change of outlook: a second house implies something about as important as a second car or a second topcoat. Certainly the new phrase doesn't evoke the image, charged with romance, of a sanctuary to which one journeys in order to escape both the heat of summer and the burden of winter's responsibilities. That kind of sanctuary still exists, and so does solitude, but at a price. To be truly isolated nowadays, one must seek out areas unapproachable by train or car. And here we encounter the fourth great revolution in methods of transportation: flight. If one is rich enough to own a private plane, then one has one's pick of a thousand, or ten thousand, remote sites: a scatteration of rocky islands in Georgian Bay; a box canyon in New Mexico, green with willows; a pocket handkerchief of pasture somewhere in the High Sierra. Even commercial flights have put new summer places within easy reach of the traveller; by air from New York one is as close today to a ranch in Wyoming as one would have been to a camp in the Catskills a hundred years ago. Measured in hours, the distance between Toronto and Vancouver amounts to what was once the distance between Toronto and Ottawa. For the traveller, the world shrinks and the choice of destinations expands.

SINCE early childhood, I have been haunted by summer places. They are the agreeable ghosts that accompany me through the winter and help me to survive its bitter humors. They are robust and yet tenderhearted ghosts, not shadowy, unfeeling ones, and I hold out my hands to them for warmth. As I grow older, these ghosts of mine remain ever the same age, ever youthfully on tiptoe. It is morning with them: there is dew on the tops of the hedges among which they

Same time, this year—fall renews the beautiful relationship of cashmere, pleats plus leaf-crisp blouse. Color-cued for a '78 reunion: **bleyle** knife-pleated skirt of 100% "Valora" wool knit; cable-banded cashmere cardigan; collared polyester crepe blouse.



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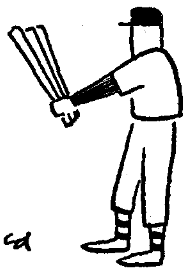
stand, and somewhere, far off, a glint of sea.

Going back and back in time, I encounter the first of my ghosts—a house we rented one summer on a curve of sandy Connecticut shore looking out over Long Island Sound. It was a big, high-roofed, dark-red house, with many chimneys and dormer windows like dogs' heads barking out of every gable. The kitchen wing had been added on to again and again: one walked from kitchen to pantry to storeroom to porch to lean-to, in which bicycles, fish poles, and other summer gear were kept, and then on to the woodshed and the latticed laundry yard, where, after a swim, the woollen bathing suits of those days would be hung on a clothesline to dry—which, hour after hour, in spite of the sun, they refused to do. (At the time, children were forbidden to put on wet bathing suits, because it was thought that their cold clamminess would chill the kidneys.) I must have been three or four that year of the dark-red house, and for me the chief event of the summer was being allowed to stay up very late for the birthday party of a grownup male member of the family. A bonfire burned on the lawn in his honor, lighting the undersides of the leaves of the maple trees that rose all around it, and in the fiery dark the men attending the party were engaged in a game of tug-of-war. I was allowed to hold the slack end of the rope, in a safe position behind my stalwart father, the anchorman, and when, after a fierce struggle, his side won the contest, I was picked up and carried in triumph on his shoulders about the fire. Then everyone was singing, "The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be, *ain't* what she used to be," and I was falling asleep in my mother's arms, not knowing what a mare was, feeling puzzled by the reiterated "she"—the person for whom the party was being given was obviously a he—and feeling still more puzzled by the word "ain't," which I already sensed the social incorrectness of: it was a word heard in the kitchen, a word not ever to be used by me, yet there it was, being mysteriously bawled aloud in the summer night by my parents and uncles and aunts and cousins, under all those stars.



My second ghost is a house that my parents built a year or so later, in the same little town on the Connecticut shore. The roads of that town were of tar, which year after year had been poured out in successive thin layers over the age-old sand of the district, and on exceptionally hot days the tar would melt and the surface of the roads would erupt in tiny, cone-shaped islands of sand, from which, to my astonishment, ants would emerge to go about their business. Impossible to walk barefoot on the hot tar; making one's way to the local ice-cream-and-candy store, one leaped heroically from sandy island to sandy island. An electric trolley line ran through the woods on a narrow right-of-way a couple of hundred yards from our house; almost silent and yet very powerful, the open summer trolleys, with their varnished oak-and-mahogany seats and shiny brass fittings, rocked along at high speed through foliage that, as one leaned recklessly out over the wooden running boards, brushed in a green blur against one's cheeks and half-shut eyes.

During the summer, the family would make excursions by trolley to a nearby amusement park called Savin Rock. (The name was always pronounced "seven rock," and again I experienced a child's difficulty with the waywardness of language: why wasn't "rock" in the plural if there were seven of them?) At Savin Rock were flying horses and a roller coaster and something called Snap-the-Whip and an Old Red Mill, through whose winding, water-filled passageways one floated in a tub, in total darkness, until, rounding a bend, one would suddenly come upon a hideous, dangling skeleton. Little girls would scream, and little boys would bite their lips and utter never a sound. And in a sideshow at Savin Rock was a black man in an iron cage, billed as "The Wild Man of Borneo." He was naked except for a length of mangy leopard skin about his loins, and from time to time he would jump to his feet, rattle the bars of his cage, and shout some incomprehensible mumbo-jumbo. Years later, I learned that he was one of a number of hard-drinking gardeners whom the summer people regularly hired and no less regularly fired between June and September; this particular gardener found sitting idle in a cage in a tent pleasanter than mowing lawns and weeding flower beds out under a blazing sun. He liked shouting, too, because the more he shouted the more Irish whiskey would be doled out to him after work by the impresario of the sideshow. One day, my father, on an impulse, climbed up onto the platform beside the cage. He was a well-

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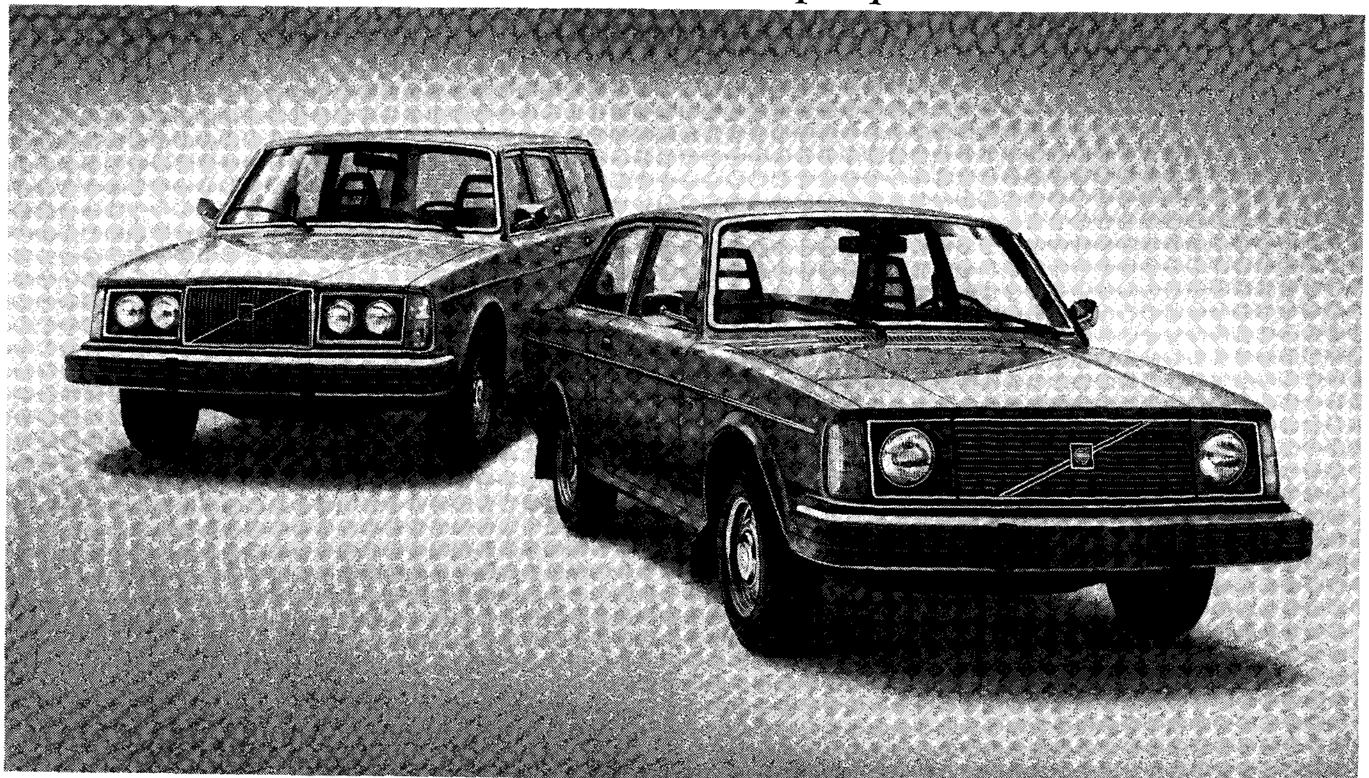

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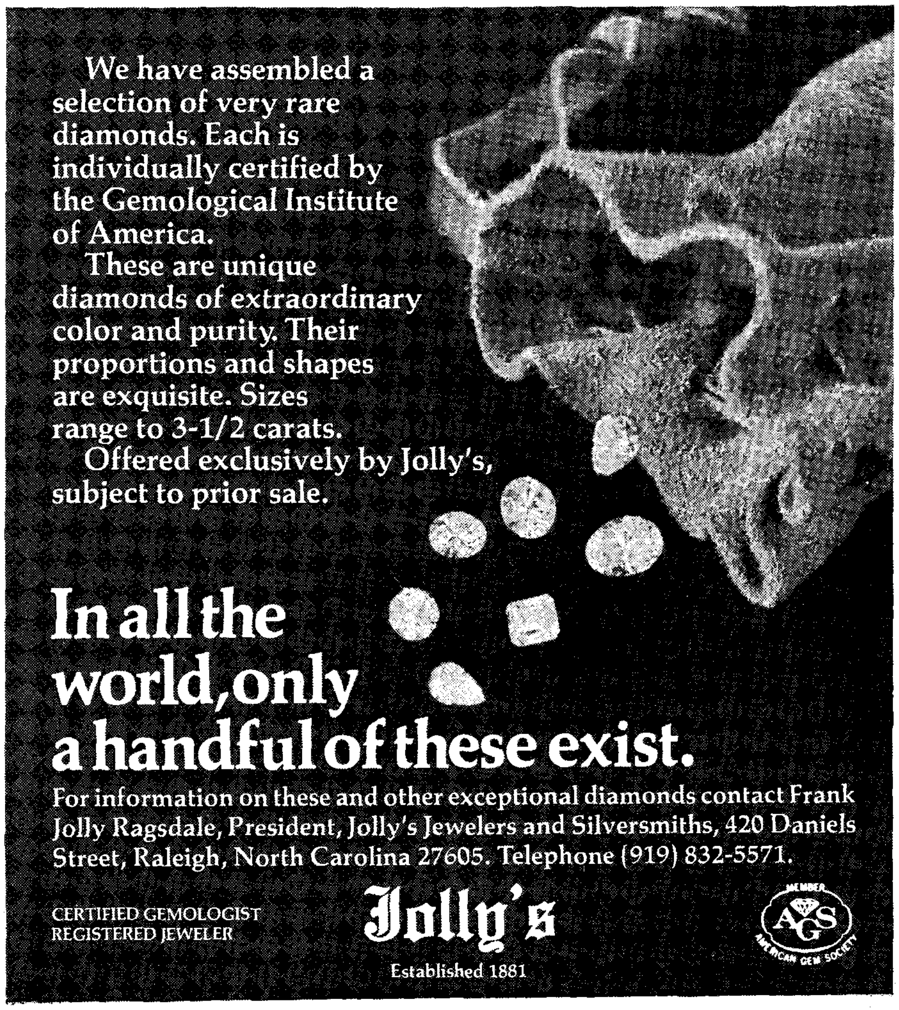

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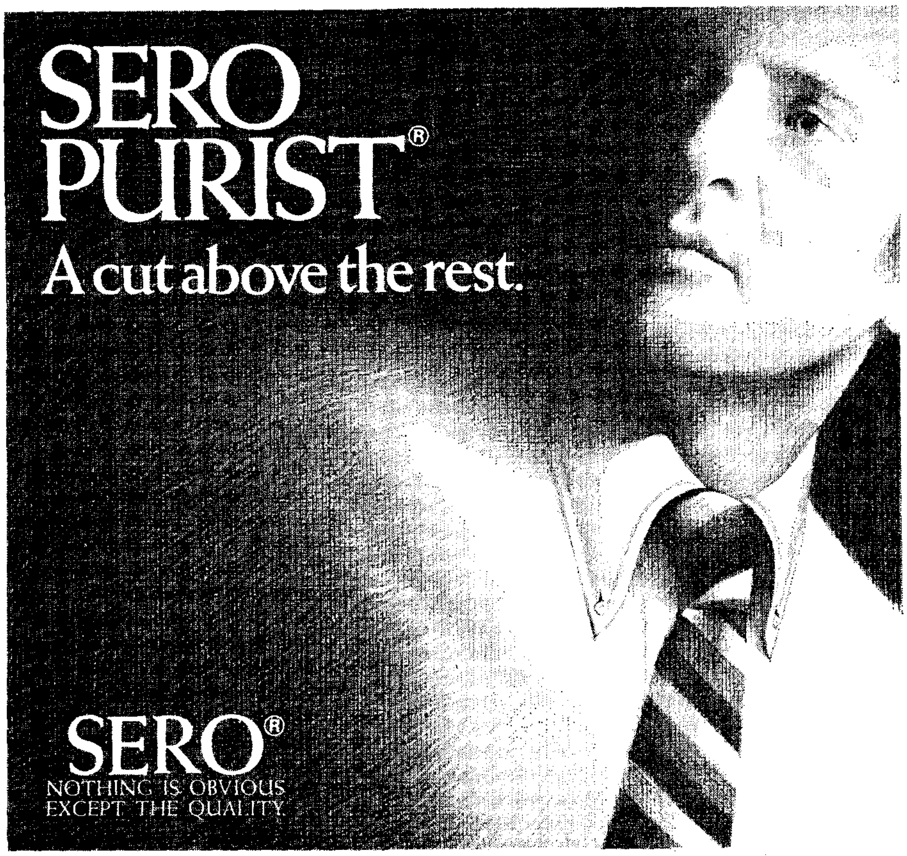
known physician and surgeon in Connecticut, and many people in the crowd immediately recognized him. A handsome, blue-eyed man of commanding presence, he was dressed that day all in white, with a jaunty straw boater upon his head. He took a cardboard megaphone from the sideshow barker and announced to the crowd that he had just completed a thorough examination of the Wild Man of Borneo, and that he was happy to vouch for the fact that the Wild Man was indeed the genuine article, and represented an astonishing throwback in human physiology covering a period of well over fifty thousand years. Upon which the Wild Man, who had often been hired and fired by my father, jumped to his feet, rattled the bars of his cage, and shouted "Jameson! Jameson!" in what seemed to the crowd an authentically ferocious Borneo-ese accent. Oh, but I was proud of my father that day!

My parents may have built their new house because they were tired of renting houses inconvenient to their purposes, or else because by then they wanted to show off a little; though never one to boast, my father was not averse to letting the world measure the extent of his worldly success by the evidence of cars, houses, and trips abroad. The house they built was larger and sturdier than most of the cottages in town; it was a house that one could have lived in comfortably in winter, with a big living room panelled in chestnut, and a screened porch full of the latest fashion in wicker chairs and sofas, which (wonderful to a child) went on whispering to one another for a long time after people had got up and walked away from them. Upstairs, there were several bedrooms, each painted a different color, and a sleeping porch screened on three sides and containing a row of white-painted iron cots, one for each child. The third floor of the house was an open attic, stiflingly hot by day and slow to cool at night. The pine roofers overhead and the planks of the floor were of new lumber, which oozed a gummy sap as the temperature rose. For us, who moved on to other summer places, that attic was never to be the treasure house of cast-off clothing and abandoned furniture which most family attics become; of its scanty contents I recall only a few dozen bright-colored Japanese lanterns, left over from a gala housewarming.

The night of the housewarming, we children were all abed on the sleeping porch. Guests had been invited to attend the party in costume, and one of the guests, an old friend of the family, came out to say hello to us, where we lay listening in the dark. He was dressed as Harlequin, in black and white silk lozenges from head to foot, and he wore a white mask. As he bent over my little sister's cot to give her a good-night kiss, he took off his mask, and at first all that she could see of him was an immense, bristling black mustache. She shrieked and burst into tears at this grotesque presence, and the embarrassed guest hurried away. An orchestra was playing on the ground floor, so no one could hear her crying; no one would come to console her. "Scaredy-cat!" I called from my nearby cot, eager to enhance her misery. "Scaredy-cat, scaredy-cat!"

All summer, lying on the porch at night, we strove to stay awake long enough to share in a certain marvellous event: at ten o'clock, far out on the Sound, the night boat travelling between New York and Hartford would turn the beam of its searchlight inward to seek out our house on the shore. The captain of the boat was a patient of my father's (everyone, so it appeared to me in those days, was a patient of my father's), and his daily bathing of our house with light was a seafaring man's natural way of paying homage. We children would stare up at the varnished matchwood ceiling of the porch, inky black one moment and, the next moment, as bright as day; still another moment, and the beam would swing off skyward, avoiding our neighbors' houses, and the dark would come rushing back in over us. How could one doubt the good fortune of a family in which such things were possible?

CHILDHOOD and summertime have much in common, but childhood passes, and, whether we welcome the changes or not, our summers are transformed; the wonders, when they come, are wonders of a different kind. The mercy of memory lies in letting us keep what we have lost: I have before my eyes, fifty years later, the brown dancing bear who, chained to his keeper, strolled once a summer on his hind legs through the town, holding out a tambourine for coins; the Italian organ-grinder and his capering monkey, dressed in red and gold; and those bad-tempered creatures—parrots, ponies, and peacocks—that we admired but kept a wary distance from. Sooner, perhaps, than we are ready for it, we pass from being children to being parents of children, heads of households, builders and preservers of summer places for the next rung in the



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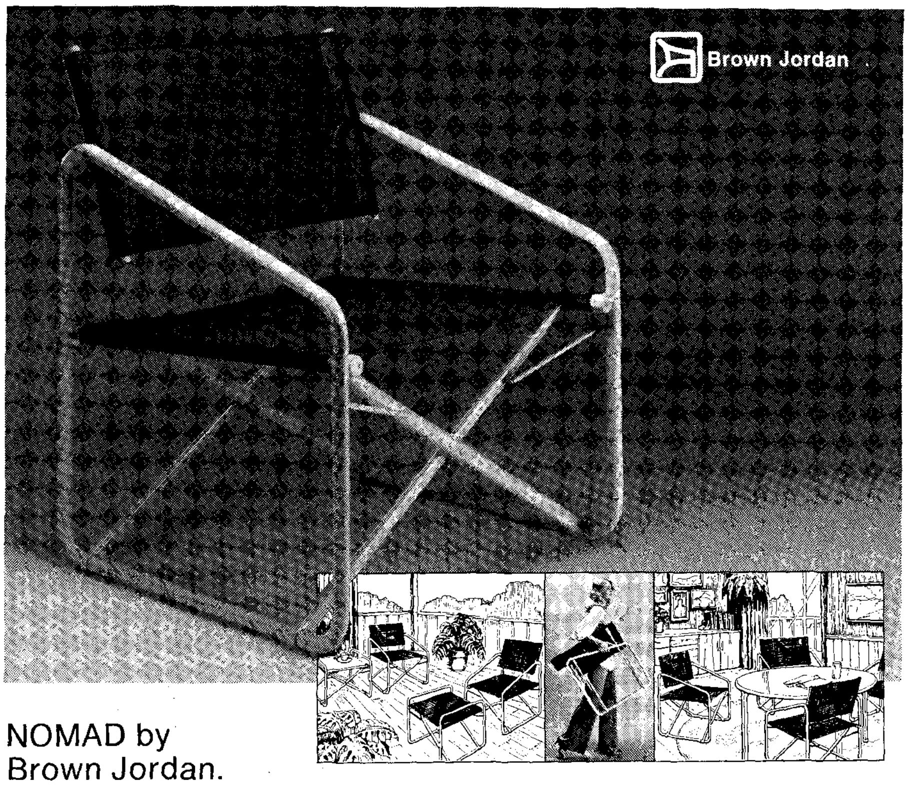

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ever-lengthening ladder of generations. The woodland paths that my children and grandchildren labor to keep open in summer were blazed and cleared upward of a hundred years ago by one of their great-great-grandfathers. The lake where they swim was a favorite retreat of his; he would ride his horse to it on a Sunday morning, dismount, undress among the laurels on the shore, take a long swim (his horse swimming along beside him), then jump out onto the bank, dry himself, dress, and ride back into town in time for church—a grave, white-bearded man wearing his best black Sunday suit. The church, like the lake, is just as it used to be, and so is the old clapboard house in which he lived and the maple fourposter in which he slept.

When, at some midsummer family festival, we raise our glasses and propose our traditional toast—"To our beloved absent ones, wherever they may be!"—we are drinking to the dead as well as to the living, and they seem, that innumerable host, to crowd all round us. One begins to approach then, however tentatively, an explanation of the mystery that I mentioned at the start of this essay—the mystery of why the fleeting summers of our childhood claim such a disproportionately large share of our memories. May it not be because more of the fabric of family affection is woven in summer than in any other season? When we are at our summer places, are we not more open to ourselves and to one another than we are anywhere else? Are we not readier then to risk the give-and-take by which ordinary family affection may be hammered, with luck, into family love? There is something at work upon us during those long summer days, drawing us close, making us happy in our closeness. Walk the shaded veranda—surely that secret something is there at the next turning. Or surely it is in the gazebo on the rocky height above the river, or beyond the open bedroom window, where at twilight the white muslin curtains blow inward. Whatever it may be, it draws us on, and we are glad to follow.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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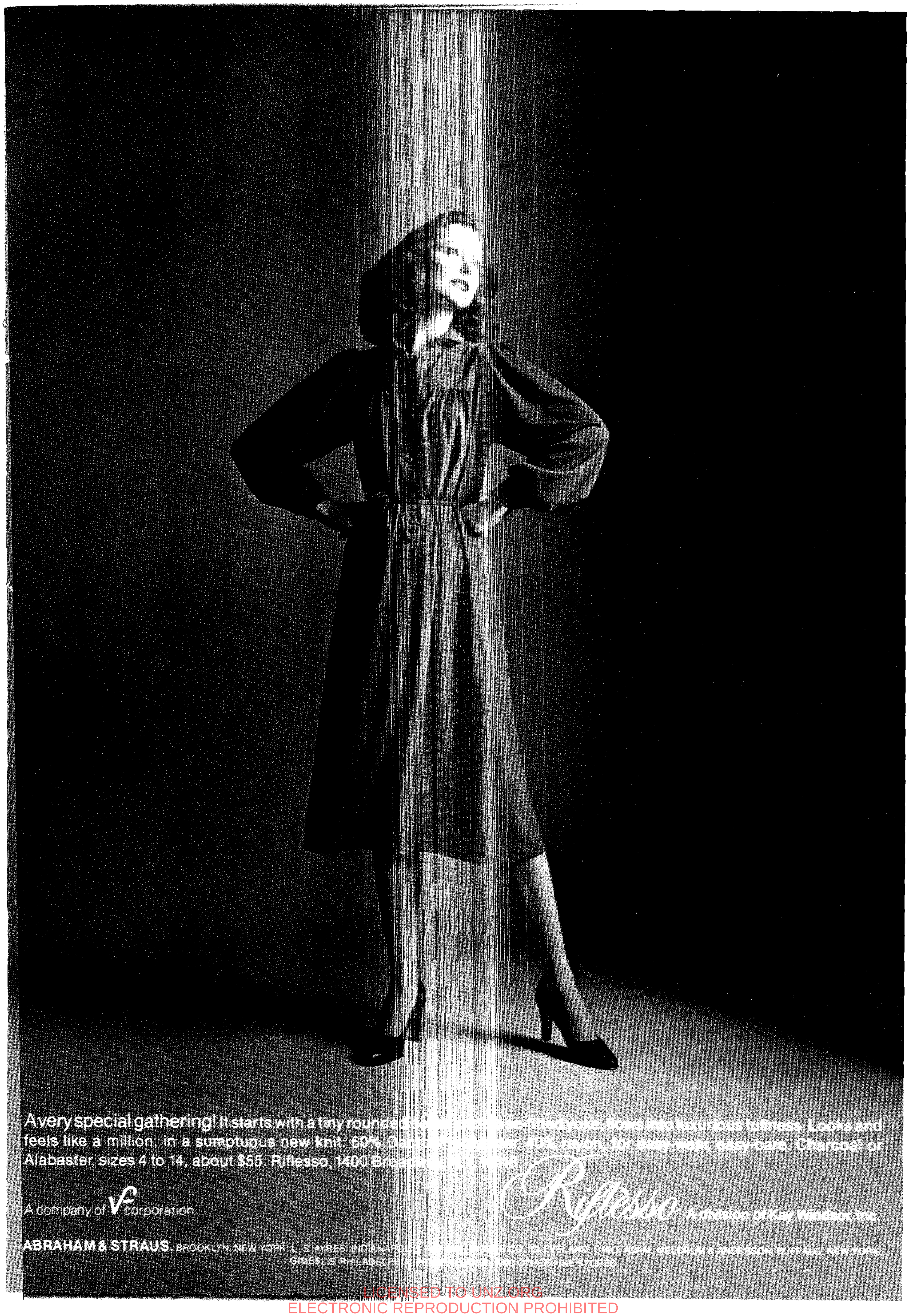

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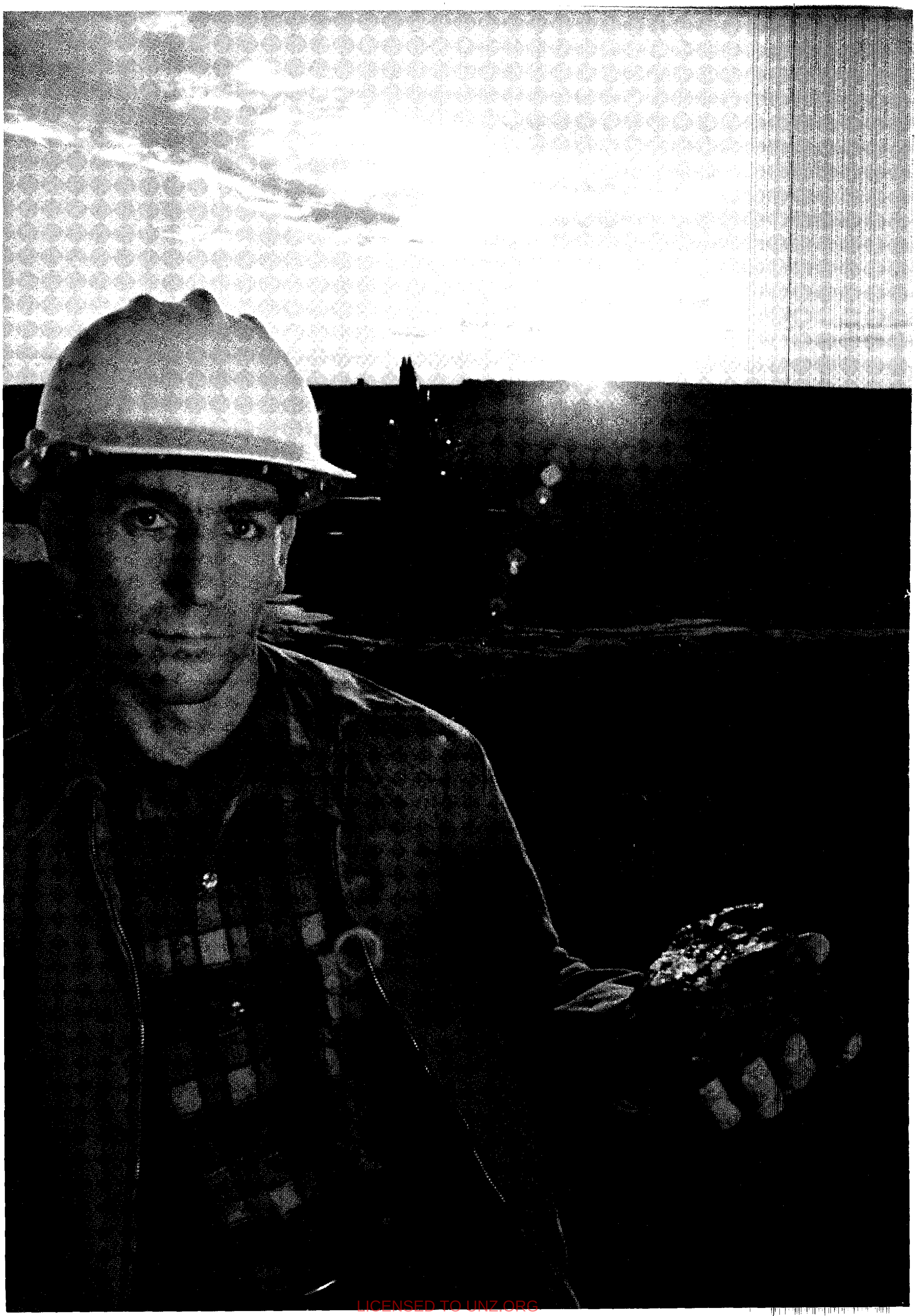

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There's still plenty of coal left. And today, we have better ways of extracting it. Safer, more efficient ways of burning it. If we start developing our coal reserves now, we can make a smooth transition to other energy sources such as solar energy or nuclear fusion—both with unlimited energy potential. If we wait around, we may be in trouble.

The way I see it, sometimes you have to dig up an old idea before you can come up with a new one.

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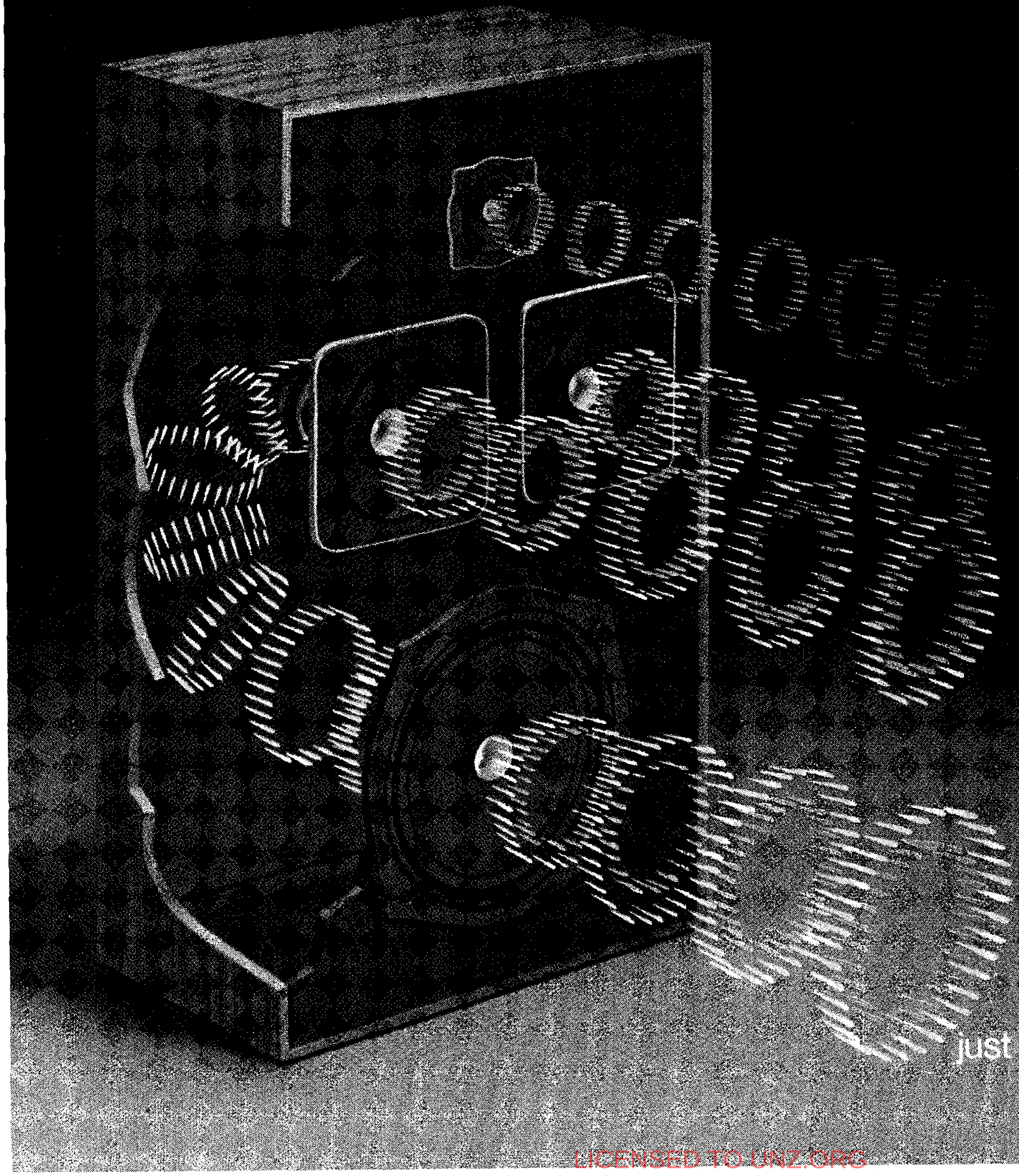

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# TO ROME

SURPRISINGLY for late August, the month of the tourists, an afternoon bus from Florence to Rome was practically empty. Three or four Germans sat in the front, some Frenchwomen had commandeered the rear seat, and a few travellers of less certain nationality were scattered through the middle section. One of these, though he was an American, was distinguishable from the rest principally by his extreme youth; he was perhaps no more than seventeen. He had no camera, no dark glasses, no guidebooks. He wore an ordinary crumpled summer suit and carried one small valise, which he had placed in the rack above him. His name was Norman Pettigrew, and he was suffering abominably from a stomach disorder that he had contracted in Florence while examining the artistic treasures there. For several days, he had been lurching from bed to masterpiece and back, determined to miss as little as possible in the time he had allowed himself before leaving for Rome. He had seen less than he meant to, but his illness had heightened his awareness of what he saw, and his imagination, always unruly, was by now keyed to a flashing pace.

He was a thin boy, and fever had tautened his face to a drawn intensity most pleasing to ladies. In Florence, the landlady had served him in bed with hot broths and chilled drinks, and frequently plumped his pillows and turned his sheets. Although her face had not been pretty, her dark eyes had sparkled when she spoke. Carried away once, she had danced him a little jig in her loose shift; he had been breathless and confused, and wondered that she did not shave her armpits. Perhaps this had also been the habit in ancient Rome, he thought. Certainly, acceptance of unusual customs was the rule in those days. Had not Julius Caesar himself once calmly eaten his asparagus with sweet ointment instead of the usual oil, and chided his companions when they complained?

Norman Pettigrew was going to Rome for the first time in his life, and the event more than sustained him through the gripings and roarings of his body. Ever since he was a child, he had read of Rome and pondered the qualities of purpose, daring, and manliness that so moved him about that civilization. Seeing the city was to be the high point of his travels, and he exulted in the remarkable speed of the bus as it moved south on the ancient road.

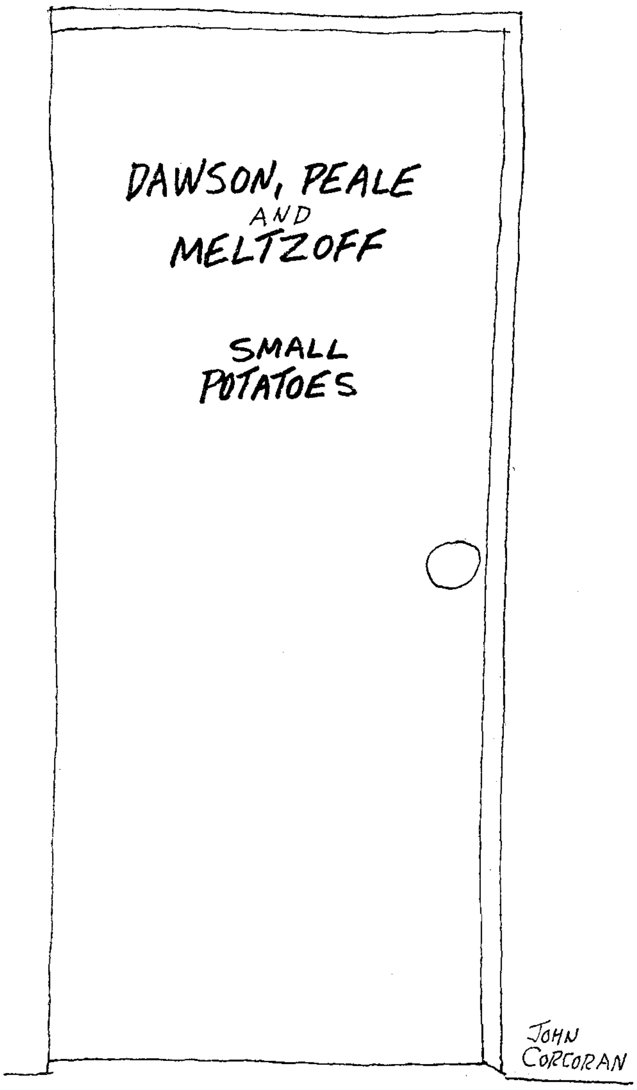
From time to time, however, the bus would slow down or stop briefly while a young girl in front, speaking through a microphone, pointed out sights of interest in French, German, English, and Italian. A monastery here, a rugged castle there, and now a city famous for its saint would evoke comments and explanations from this dark girl with her formidable domination over languages. Norman surmised that he had come, unwittingly, on some sort of capsule tour. The girl was dressed in a stylish costume similar to the one the driver wore, and she had a little cap perched on the top of her long black hair. Norman decided that he must have bought his ticket from a tourist company rather than the regular commercial line. However, he knew the bus was going to Rome and he was unconcerned.

The road passed through hills and high valleys, and the view of the sunlit plains far beyond toward Rome was exquisite. Preoccupied with his own visions, Norman paid no attention whatsoever to the girl and what she was saying. He thought of a Roman legion marching down this road to the city in just such a late afternoon sun. There would be hoarse chanting by the centurions and the trudge of steady feet. Away from the road, on a small rise above the troops, would sit their captain, mounted and motionless in his breastplate and martial tunic. What would he be thinking as he waited there, outlined against the setting sun? Was he bringing home new conquests, or was he returning from a forage in the face of Hannibal's plundering cavalry? Nostalgia for that ancient world filled Norman's heart, and he trembled with excitement at the mightiness of Rome. Once, he remembered, Caesar's army had been surrounded by the ferocious Germans. Some of the Roman officers were frightened, and Caesar called them together and advised them to march off and not risk battle; the Commander himself would take the Tenth Legion alone and fight the barbarians. A deputation from the Tenth was sent to Caesar to thank him for the compliment and the honor of his trust. The other legions blamed their officers for this slight on their valor and followed Caesar into battle of their own accord. The Roman victory had been complete, against enormous odds.

Norman's trembling continued, and he had to acknowledge finally that it also stemmed from another decisive attack of the cramps. He desperately needed to find a bathroom, and wondered if he could ask them to stop the bus. It was terribly embarrassing, for he had no choice but to go up to the girl; she alone spoke English, as far as he knew.

"I am very sorry," he said to her in as low a voice as he could, "but I am a little sick and need to stop for a moment at a toilet. Is it at all possible?"

She looked at him with sympathetic eyes, then turned and had a conference with the driver. She smiled and said, "Yes. I am sorry you



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are not well. In just one minute we pass a *trattoria* and we will stop for you. Are you suffering from indigestion?"

"I am afraid so. I am very sorry," he said through Spartan lips.

"Oh, you mustn't feel sorry. It happens a lot." She laid a comforting hand on his shoulder and tightened her grip when the bus slammed to a stop. They both got down, and she led him into a decrepit roadside café, where she had him guided to the proper place. When he came out, he tipped two or three people effusively, but as he walked back to the bus with the girl he saw curious faces peering at him from the windows, and his relief contended with horrifying discomposure. Still, the girl smiled as they got on, and the driver nodded his head and winked.

THE bus rolled on, and Norman hunched in his seat to avoid further attention. He thought of the days of the Empire. This road was then the artery for Rome's commerce with all of Europe and the route for the guardians of her imperial domain. He could just as well be returning to Rome on horseback, posted back to the city after an arduous assignment with the legions in Britain. The thought pleased him and raised his spirits.

"May I sit down here for a minute? We don't see anything old or famous for a few kilometres, so it's my chance to rest."

Norman was startled to have the girl so close to him again, but she had been very helpful, he thought, and he could put up with the interruption for a while. "Yes," he said. "Please sit down. You certainly speak a lot of languages." She was a very pretty girl, he noticed, and her eyes were very large and black, like the landlady's in Florence. This, coupled with his recent mishap, made him feel unusually shy.

"I speak English best, don't you think?" the girl said. "That's the one I like the best. You are an American, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. I suppose it's not hard to tell."

"Oh, no. You could have been anyone except for the way you talk. I am nineteen. How old are you?"

Norman had never in his life met so many inquisitive women as on this trip. He always seemed to be answering questions about how old he was, and where he was going, and did he like Europe, and what state did he come from.

"Well, I'm nineteen, too," he lied. "Or almost, at least."

"We are the same age, then," she said warmly, and leaned toward him. "You are going to Rome, of course. I am sure

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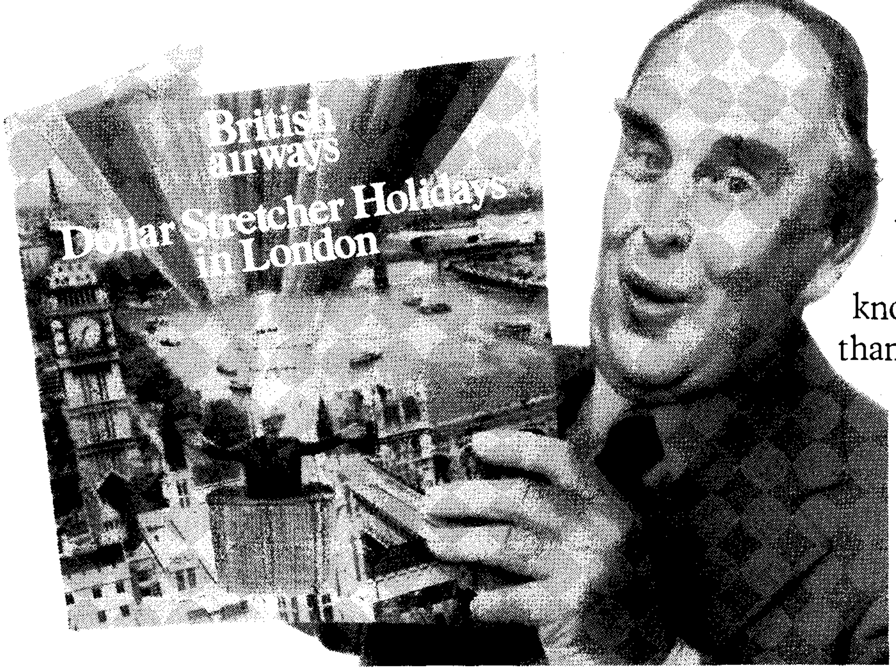
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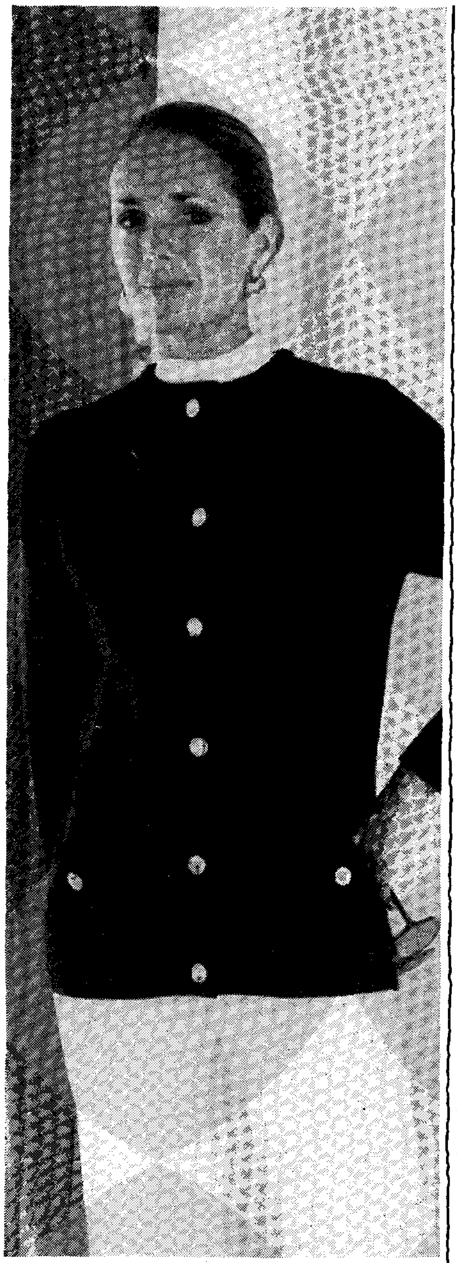

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that you will like Rome. I haven't lived there very long myself. You see, my family lives in Perugia. You know, that's where they make the chocolate."

"I think there also lived a duke there, or a count, who used to stuff and mount his enemies like birds. At least, I seem to remember reading that somewhere," he said modestly. He did not want to appear to be showing off.

"How awful! Do you like history? Oh, wait, I have to go and talk some more." She got up and went to the microphone.

Dusk was beginning to settle, and clusters of lights could be seen in the distance. The buff color of the earth softened, and the darker brown of the ridges turned nearly purple in the final light of the sun. The ruins of an aqueduct passed by, and that was probably what the girl was talking about. Norman still did not listen; detailed descriptions of Roman monuments were not what interested him. He was concerned with finding the mood of the city and the spirit that animated it. He wondered if the men who first set the fallen stones of the aqueduct in place had worked without ceasing into the dusk, and whether they drank wine through the day, and how many of them had once fought with Drusus Germanicus in his campaigns.

"What is your name?" The girl sat down beside him again and spoke softly in the growing darkness of the bus.

"Norman," he answered distractedly. "What is yours?"

"Fulvia. Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's a Roman name. I like it very much." He looked at her with interest; so here was a Roman girl, or at least an Italian girl with a Roman name.

"Do you feel better, Norman?" She timidly pressed his hand. "You are very handsome, but your face is too thin."

He was flustered by this, and felt an awkward admiration for her lack of reserve. "Yes, I feel better, much better, thank you," he stammered. "And I am very excited about coming to Rome."

"We will be there in just a few minutes. We are entering the outskirts now." She was silent for a minute, and she seemed to be reflecting about something. "Do you think I am pretty, Norman?" she said. "I mean, do you like my dress? It's very new."

"Yes, yes, you are very pretty, I think. And that's a nice hat you are wearing, too." Norman no longer knew what to make of it all. Things had never gone this far before, and he had no idea what he should say. He stared out the window and realized that they were in the city. Tall build-

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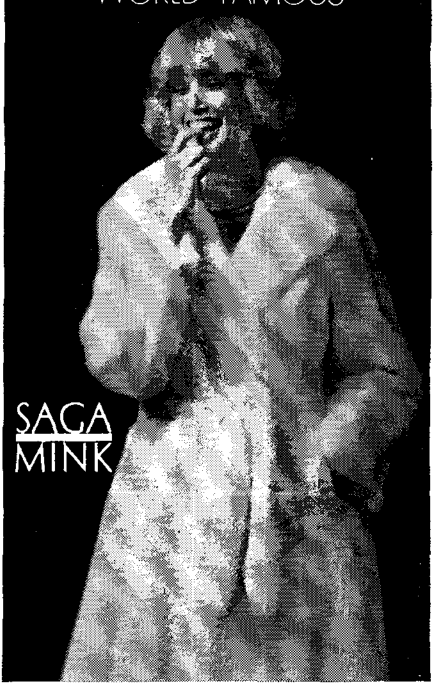

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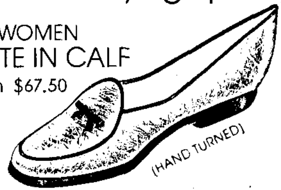

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ings were all around, and the noise and swirl of people and traffic overwhelmed him. This was Rome itself, and he recognized unwillingly what he had so far managed to ignore or forget—the confusion that the historians always talked about, the roughness and turmoil of the violent, ambitious city empire. The energy so evident in the streets was almost threatening, and he easily saw the flash of naked daggers, the splattered toga, and the tangled corpse of the murdered leader. Caesar is dead, long live the Republic!

"Where are you staying?" the girl asked. "The bus will take you to your hotel. It's part of the service."

"I don't know. I haven't really done anything about it." Street lights threw their reflection on Norman's pale face.

"You don't have a reservation?"

"No, I never thought to get one."

"Oh, but that's terrible. Rome is crowded with tourists now. You are going to have a problem." Fulvia was very concerned. "Wait," she said. "I know a little hotel where they will have a room. It is on a side street, and tourists usually don't go there. We can take you there after we let the others off. It's not very beautiful, this place, but it is cheap and convenient, right off the Via Nazionale."

"That's very kind of you. I hope it will be no trouble."

"No, of course it won't be. I have to take care of the others now. I will be back."

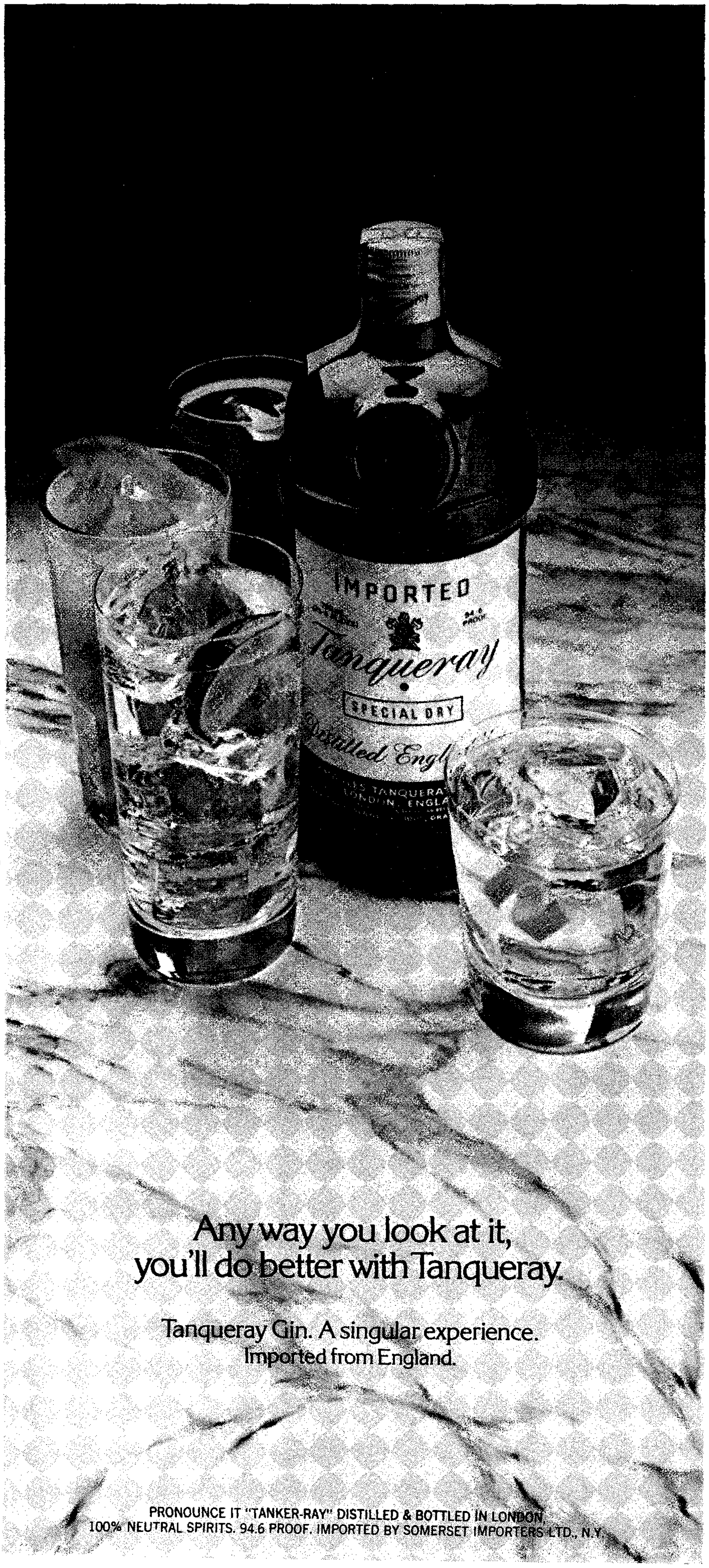
She got up and went to the front of the bus. Soon they stopped at a large hotel and the Germans got off; then they went to another for the French. After two more stops, the bus was empty except for Norman, the driver, and Fulvia. She came back to sit with him, and now that they were alone they found it hard to think of what to say. The silence in the bus was emphasized by the din of the city, and Norman looked intently out the window. Joyfully, he noticed the letters "S.P.Q.R." cut into the side of an imposing, official-looking building. "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*," he chanted to himself several times. The Senate and the people of Rome, twin pillars of the state—the great ones in their solemn robes and the many citizens eager to follow.

"How long are you staying in Rome?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know, really. As long as I possibly can."

"I know that you will find it interesting. It is a beautiful city."

"You have been very kind to me. I mean about stopping, and now taking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me to a hotel." He felt appreciative, and he spoke with zest.

"I have enjoyed meeting you. It has been a nice trip." There was a sadness in her voice that puzzled Norman, but he gave it no further thought, for at that moment the bus stopped. They both got up and he took his suitcase from the rack above.

"The hotel is down that street, just at the end on the left," the girl said, pointing out the way. "I will take you to it."

Norman got off the bus and the girl was about to follow him when the bus driver spoke rapidly to her in Italian. "Oh, no, I can't come with you," she said to Norman from the steps, raising her voice a little. "This isn't a regular stop, and he wants to go to the garage right away. We have to go." She looked down at him, and then she paused for a moment, hesitantly—almost expectantly, it seemed. "Goodbye, Norman," she said. "Have a good stay in Rome."

"Goodbye. Thank you again." He shuffled from foot to foot and waved to her, thinking that there must be more for one of them to say. However, the door swung shut and the bus drove off. Norman could see it turn at the end of the street by a fountain and disappear. He picked up his suitcase and started walking to the hotel, feeling suddenly very much alone in that busy city. He wondered if he could have asked her to have dinner with him; she had touched his hand more than once. They could have walked about the city together, even down into the Forum, where he could have told her what he knew about the buildings. She was pretty and he had liked her. Fulvia was a very interesting name. Now he felt that he had made an important mistake, and an opportunity had passed that would not return.

"I bet you were a fool not to have asked her," he said to himself out loud. He continued reluctantly to the hotel, and the nostalgia he had felt when he thought of the Roman captain on horseback observing his marching troops came back to him now.

—DAVID C. HARROP

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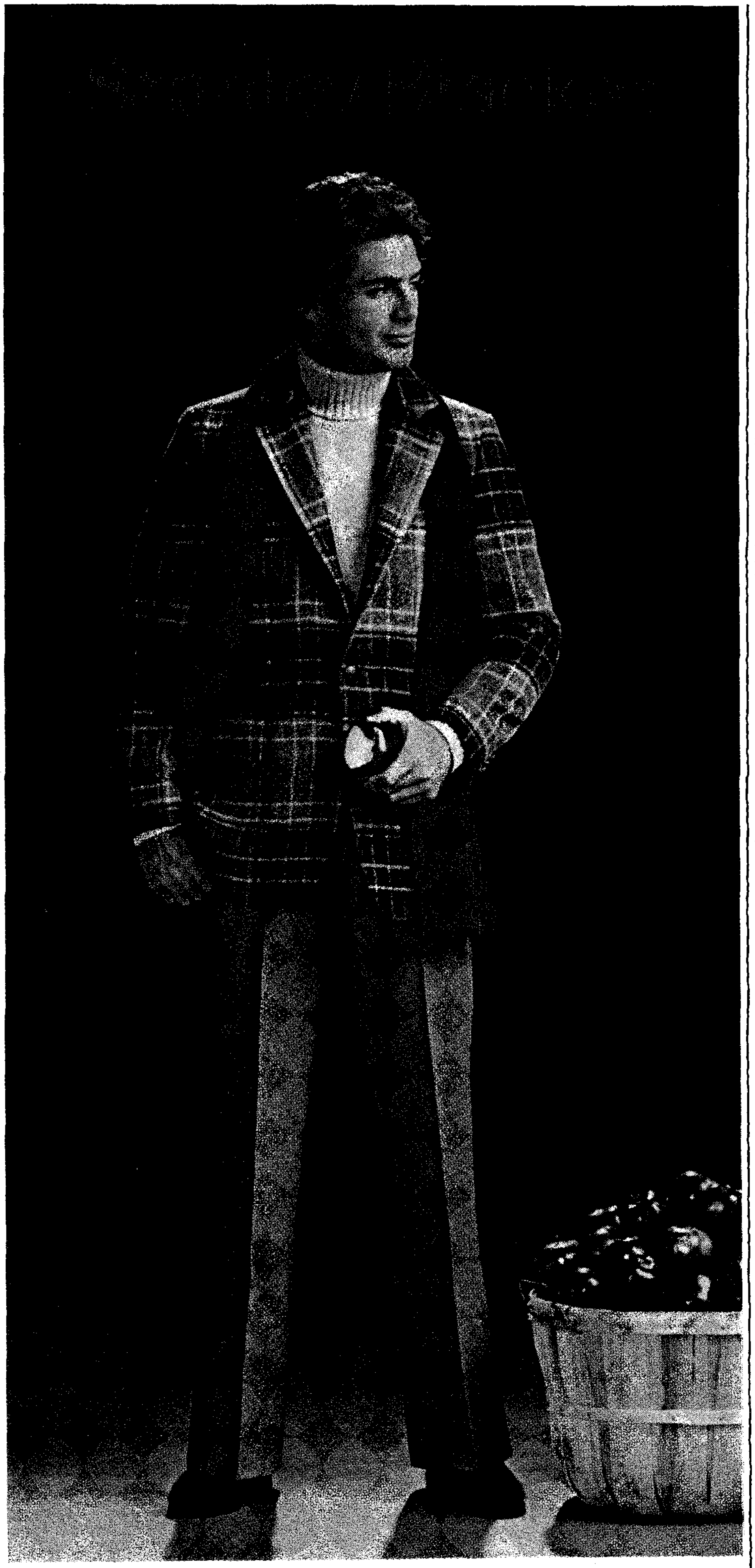

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# ANNALS OF MEDICINE

## SANDY

DR. JOEL L. NITZKIN, chief of the Office of Consumer Protection, a section of the Dade County, Florida, Department of Public Health, sat crouched (he is six feet nine) at his desk in the Civic Center complex in downtown Miami, stirring a mug of coffee that his secretary had just brought in. It was around half past ten on a sunny Monday morning in May—May 13, 1974. His telephone rang. He put down his coffee and picked up the phone and heard the voice of a colleague, Martha Sonderegger, the department's assistant nursing director. Miss Sonderegger was calling to report that her Miami Beach unit had just received a call for help—for the services of a team of public-health nurses—from the Bay Harbor Elementary School. There had been a pipe break or a leak of some kind, Miss Sonderegger had been told, and the school was engulfed in a pall of poison gas. Many of the children were ill, and some had been taken to a neighborhood hospital by the rescue squad of the municipal fire department. Dr. Nitzkin listened, considered.

He said, "What do you think, Martha?"

"It sounds a little strange."

"I think so, too."

"But I'm sending a team of nurses."

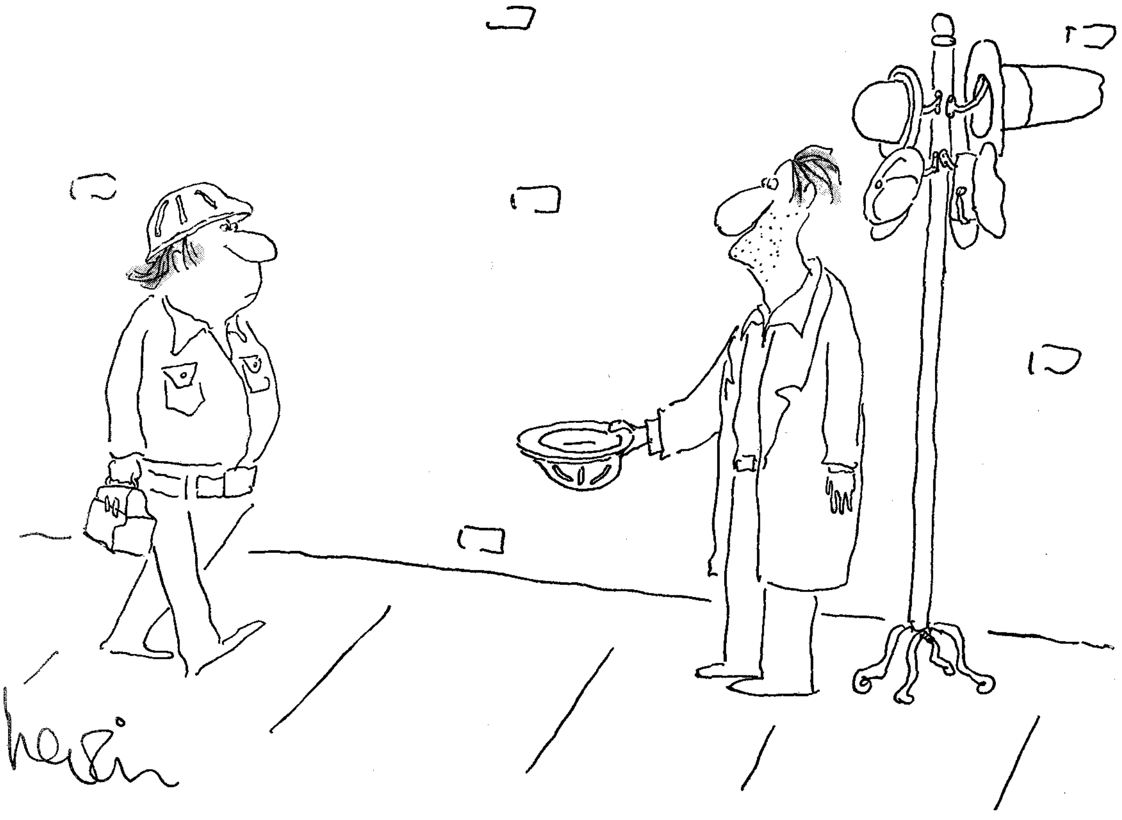
"Yes," Dr. Nitzkin said. "Of course. And I think I'd better drive out to the school and take a look myself."

He thanked her and hung up—and then picked up the phone again. He made two quick calls. One was to an industrial hygienist named Carl DiSalvo, in the Division of Environmental Health. The other was to a staff physician named Myriam Enriquez, in the Disease Control Section. He asked Dr. Enriquez to meet him at once at his car; as for Mr. DiSalvo, he was already on his way to the school. Dr. Nitzkin untangled his legs and got up. He was out of his office in two easy, five-foot strides. His coffee cooled on his desk, untasted and forgotten.

DR. NITZKIN is no longer associated with the Dade County Department of Public Health. He has moved up, both professionally and geographically, to Rochester, New York, where he now serves as director of the Monroe County Department of Health, and it was there, on a winter day, that I talked with him about the summons to the Bay Harbor Elementary School. His recollection was undimmed, indelible.

"I remember it was hot," he told me, standing at his office window and gazing down through the palm trees in his memory at the bare maples and last night's foot of new snow. "Warm, anyway—warm enough to make me think that the 'poison gas' at the school might have something to do with the air-conditioning system. And I remember my first sight of the school. The scene was complete pandemonium. It had the *look* of a disaster. We had to park half a block away, because the school parking lot was full of trucks and vans and cars of all kinds—all parked every which way. Ambulances. Fire equipment. Police cars. All with their flashers flashing. And the media—they were swarming. Newspaper reporters and photographers. Radio people with microphones. Television cameras from four local stations. And even—good God!—local dignitaries. Members of the Dade County School Board. Members of the Bay Harbor Town Council. And neighbors and passersby and parents all rushing around. I had never seen anything like it, and I had to wonder how come. But the explanation, it turned out, was simple enough. The school had called the fire department, and the fire department had called the rescue squad—and the media all monitor the fire department's radio frequency. There was one oasis of calm and order. That was the children. They had been marched out of the building in fire-drill formation and were lined up quietly in the shade of some trees at the far end of the school grounds. There were a lot of them—several hundred, it looked like. Which was reassuring. I had got the impression that most of the school had been stricken by whatever the trouble was. Dr. Enriquez and I cut through the mob, looking for someone in charge. It turned out that the school principal was away somewhere at a meeting. We asked around and were finally directed to the head secretary. She was the person nominally in charge, but you couldn't say she was in control. Nobody was in control.

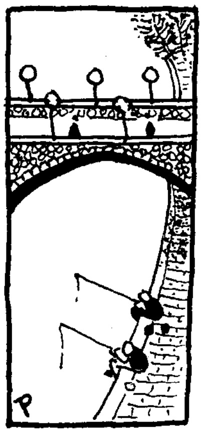
"She and Dr. Enriquez and I talked



for a moment at the entrance to the building. The building was standard design for contemporary Florida schools. The entrance hall ran back to a cross corridor that led to the classrooms. The other school facilities were off the entrance hall. The offices, the clinic, and the library were on the right-hand side. On the left were the teachers' lounge, the cafetorium, and the kitchen. A cafetorium is a room that doubles as an auditorium and a cafeteria. The secretary gave us all the information she had. It was her understanding that there had been a gas leak of some kind. That was what she had heard. But she had seen the first victim with her own eyes. The first victim was an eleven-year-old girl in the fifth grade. I'll call her Sandy. Sandy was a member of a chorus of around a hundred and seventy-five fourth, fifth, and sixth graders who had assembled with the music teacher in the cafetorium at nine o'clock to rehearse for a schoolwide musical program. Halfway through the hour—this, I should say, was constructed later—she began to feel sick. She slipped out of the cafetorium. She was seen by some of the students but not by the teacher. She went across the hall to the clinic and went in and collapsed on a couch. The clinic staff was off duty at the moment, but the secretary happened to catch sight of her, and went in and found her lying there unconscious. She tried to revive her—with smelling salts!"

"My mother used to carry smelling salts," I said.

"Yes. It was rather sweet, I thought. Well, anyway, Sandy didn't respond, and that very naturally alarmed the secretary. And so she very naturally called for help. She called the fire department. Sandy was still unconscious when the fire-rescue squad arrived, and they didn't waste any time. They put her on a stretcher and took her off to the hospital—North Shore Hospital. Then another child got sick, and another, and another. That's when our nursing unit was called. Seven children were sick enough to also be rushed to the hospital after Sandy went. Around twenty-five others were sick enough to be sent home. The school called their parents, and they came and picked them up. Another forty or so were being treated here at the school. They were in the cafetorium." Dr. Nitzkin raised his eyebrows. "That's what the secretary said—in the *cafetorium!* Myriam Enriquez and I exchanged a look. Wasn't the cafetorium where Sandy became ill, I asked. Where the poison gas must have first appeared? The secretary looked baffled. She said she didn't know anything about that. She had first seen Sandy in the clinic. All she knew was that the sick children still at the school were being treated in the cafetorium.



"We left the secretary and went on into the school. I think we were both in the same uncomfortable state of mind. The situation still felt the way it had to Martha Sonderegger. It felt strange. There was also a strange smell in the place. We smelled it the minute we stepped into the hall. It wasn't unpleasant—just strong. We couldn't place it. Well, that was what Carl DiSalvo was here for. He would work it out. I hadn't seen him, but I knew he was somewhere in the building. We went on to the cafetorium. There was the sound of many voices. It sounded like a mammoth cocktail party. We went into a big room full of people, full of uniforms. Nurses. Police. Fire-rescue workers, in their white coveralls. And a lot of other people. The sick children were stretched out here and there. I could still smell the strange smell, but it was fainter—much fainter—here. Dr. Enriquez and I separated. She had her clinical tests to make. I was the epidemiologist. I walked around the room and looked, and talked to some of the children. The clinical picture was rather curious. There was an unusual variety of signs and symptoms. Headache. Dizziness. Chills. Abdominal pain. Shortness of breath. Weakness. I noticed two kids who were obviously hyperventilating, breathing very fast and very deep. That was an interesting symptom.

"I stood and thought for a moment. I began to get a glimmer of a glimmer. I went across the hall to an office and found a telephone and called the emergency room at North Shore Hospital and talked to the doctor on duty there. He knew about the children from the Bay Harbor school. He said they were in satisfactory condition. He said they seemed to be feeling better. He said he didn't have results on all of the lab tests yet, but the findings he *had* seen seemed to be essentially normal. My glimmer still glimmered. I started back to the cafetorium, and ran into DiSalvo. He had been looking for me. He

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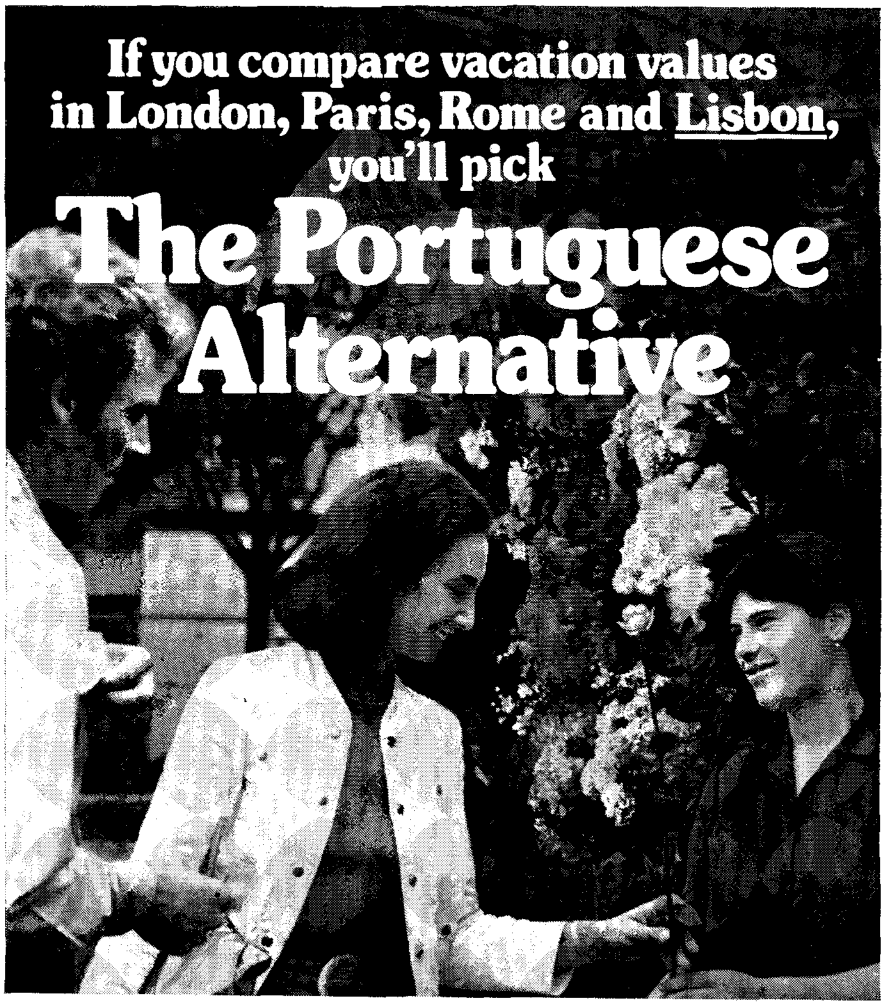
had made a quick inspection of the physical environment of the building and he hadn't turned up any tangible factors—any gases or fumes or allergens—that could have caused any kind of illness. I mentioned the funny smell. He laughed. He had checked it out. It came from an adhesive used to secure a new carpet in the library. The adhesive was in no way toxic. Anyway, the carpet had been laid a good two weeks earlier. DiSalvo was satisfied with his preliminary findings, but he was going to settle down and do the usual full-scale comprehensive survey. I was satisfied, too. I was more than willing to drop the idea of a toxic gas. I had never really believed it. And I was also satisfied that we could rule out a bacterial or viral cause of the trouble. The incubation period—the interval between exposure and the onset of illness—was much too short. And the symptoms were also wrong.

"I left DiSalvo and went back to the cafetorium, and I remember looking at my watch. It was eleven-thirty. I had been at the school a scant twenty minutes. It felt like forever. But then, all of a sudden, things began to move. I entered the cafetorium this time by a side door at the kitchen end of the room, and there was a woman standing there—one of the kitchen staff. The dietitian, maybe. An authoritative woman, anyway. She called me over. And— Was it some look in my eye? I don't know. But she said, 'Aren't you a doctor?' I said I was. 'Well,' she said, 'then why don't you do something? Why don't you straighten out this mess? This is all perfectly ridiculous. You know as well as I do that there's nothing the matter with these kids. Get them up on their feet! Get them out of here! They're in the way! I have to start setting up for lunch.'

"I must have stood and gaped at her. I'd had a funny feeling—a deep-down, gut suspicion—from the very beginning of the case that there was something not quite right about it. I'd got a glimmer when I saw those two kids hyperventilating. Hyperventilation is a classic psychosomatic anxiety reaction. And now the truth finally hit me. A memory rose up in my mind. I knew what I was seeing here. Something very like this had happened just a year before in an elementary school in a little town in Alabama—Berry, Alabama. The dietitian was right. But she was also wrong. She was right about there being nothing fundamentally the matter with the kids. But she was wrong in thinking that all those aches and pains and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chills and nausea were illusory. They were real, all right. And this was a real epidemic. It was an epidemic of mass hysteria."

THE word "hysteria" derives from the Greek "hystera," meaning "uterus." This curious name reflects Hippocrates' notion of the point of origin of the disturbance. "For hysterical maidens," he wrote, "I prescribe marriage, for they are cured by pregnancy." His view prevailed in medicine until well into the nineteenth century, and is perhaps still prevalent in the lingering lay association of women and hysteria. The term "mass hysteria" is also a lay survival. The phenomenon is now preferably known to science as "collective obsessional behavior." Collective obsessions occur throughout the animal world (the cattle stampede, the flocking of starlings on the courthouse roof), and the human animal, despite—or maybe because of—its more finely tuned mentality, seems exquisitely susceptible to them. Manifestations among the human race take many forms. These range in social seriousness from the transient tyranny of the fad (skateboards, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, jogging, Perrier with a twist) and the eager lockstep of fashion (bluejeans, hoopskirts, stomping boots, white kid gloves, the beard, the wig) to the delirium of the My Lai massacre and the frenzy of the race riot and the witch hunt. Epidemic obsessional behavior differs from its companion compulsions in one prominent respect. It is not, as Alan C. Kerckhoff and Kurt W. Back, both of Duke University, have noted in "The June Bug: A Study of Hysterical Contagion" (1968), "an active response to some element in the situation; it is a passive experience. The actors do not *do* something so much as something happens to them."

History is rich in eruptions of mass hysteria. An outbreak was reported toward the end of the first Christian century by Plutarch. In "Mulierum Virtutes," one of his several philosophical works, he refers to a mass "mental upset and frenzy" among the young women of Miletus (a then important port on the Aegean coast of what is now Turkey), in which "there fell suddenly upon all of them a desire for death, and a mad impulse toward hanging." The toll, if any, is not recorded. More recently, in 1936, a similar desire for death fell upon the citizens of Budapest. Its victims, eighteen in all, were mesmerized admirers of a popular song called "Gloomy Sunday." Lugubrious in words and music, it is a cry of despair from a lover whose loved one has died. The lyrics, in English translation, read in part:

Gloomy is Sunday, with shadows I spend it all.
My heart and I have decided to end it all.
Soon there'll be candles and pray'rs that are sad, I know.
Let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go.

Suicide is not a common component of morbid mass behavior. In fact, death of any kind is a rarity in such outbreaks. The maniacal speculation in tulip bulbs that swept ruinously through Holland in the seventeenth century was a phenomenon of more classic construction. So were the Children's Crusade of the early thirteenth century and the successive waves of the dancing mania which broke over most of Europe a century and a half later. The Children's Crusade had its beginning in the summer of 1212, when some twenty thousand German and some thirty thousand French children, exalted by a sudden and contagious conviction that Christian love would succeed where Christian arms had failed in the recovery of the Holy Land, left their homes and set out in mile-long swarms for the East. It ended about a year later in Marseilles and several Italian ports, where differently inspired Christians rounded up most of the children and turned them into cash. The girls were thrust into brothels, and the boys were sold to agents of the Egyptian slave trade. The dancing mania is usually taken to have been an overreaction to the abatement of the protracted terrors of the Black Death in the mid-fourteenth century. "As early as 1374," Ralph H. Major, in his "History of Medicine," notes, "large crowds of men and women, obsessed by a strange mania, appeared on the streets of

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Aachen. Forming circles, hand in hand, they danced around in wild delirium for hours and hours, quite oblivious to the jeers and taunts of the onlookers. From Aachen the malady spread to Liège, then to Utrecht, Cologne, and Metz. The bands of dancers moved from town to town, finding everywhere new recruits to swell their numbers." The nineteenth-century historian J. F. K. Hecker, in his "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," adds, "Where the disease was fully developed, the attacks were ushered in with epileptiform seizures. The afflicted fell to the ground unconscious, foaming from the mouth and struggling for breath, but after a time of rest they got up and began dancing with still greater impetus and renewed vigor. . . . Music appeared to be the sole means of combatting this strange epidemic. . . . Soft, calm harmonies, graduated from fast to slow, proved efficacious as a cure." The frenetic folk dance of southern Italy called the tarantella is widely thought to be a relic of that terpsichorean marathon.

Eruptions of epidemic hysteria in the modern world, though numerous, have tended to be more modest in size. They have also, like the 1973 outbreak in Berry, Alabama, which led Dr. Nitzkin to suspect the nature of the episode at the Bay Harbor school, tended to occur in schools or other closed communities, and to conceal their functional origin behind a mask of organic illness.

DR. NITZKIN turned away from the winter window. He sat on the edge of his desk and crossed his legs. He reached down and scratched a distant ankle. He raised his head and smiled. "The trouble at Berry was a little unusual," he said. His smile widened. "It was a pruritis—an itchy rash." His smile faded. "But it was otherwise very seriously typical. It was a small disaster. It went on and on. The outbreak began on a Friday, there was a recurrence on Tuesday, and another the following Friday. At that point, the school board closed the school for the remainder of the term. A diagnosis of mass hysteria is largely a matter of exclusion. The investigators at Berry seem to have suspected hysteria pretty early, but they weren't able to convince the community that they had excluded all possibility of an organic cause. Hysteria is self-perpetuating. It doesn't just run its course. It must be promptly recognized and acted upon, or it will go on and on and get worse and worse. Well, I recognized it here. I

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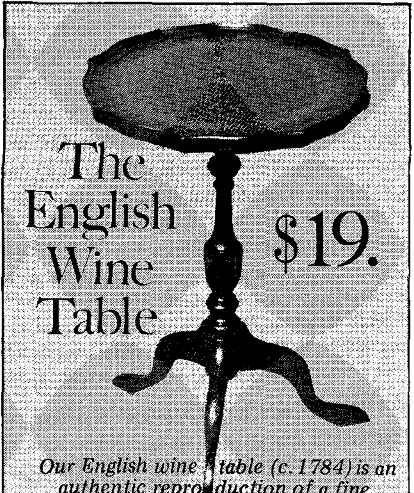

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was sure of that. I trusted DiSalvo's professionalism and plain good sense, and I was sure of my own clinical judgment. So it was up to me to act. But I was critically aware that I was taking a chance. The decision to close the school or allow it to stay open was no small thing. I looked around the room, and spotted a little group at the far end. I recognized the head secretary and two or three school-board people and somebody from the town council. That was the place to start. I went over, and they saw me coming. My height has its advantages. And I guess I looked decisive. I said I had an announcement to make, and they gave me their attention. I said that our Health Department investigation had eliminated the possibility of any toxic gas. I said there was also no evidence of any infectious disease. I called their attention to the hyperventilating kids. By that time, our little circle had grown. Some of the teachers drifted over, and some of the fire-rescue squad, and some of the police, and some parents, and some of the kids themselves. And, of course, the press. All of a sudden, I was talking into microphones, and flashbulbs were popping, and the television cameras were zooming in. I tell you, it was chilling. I had to believe I knew what I was doing. I took a deep breath, and said that it wasn't an outbreak of gas poisoning or any other kind of poisoning. It was an outbreak of hysteria—mass hysteria. I said I didn't know just how it had started, but I knew how to stop it. I said the only way to bring it under control was to get things back to normal. I asked that the cafetorium be cleared, so the kitchen staff could set it up for lunch. I asked that the children out on the school grounds be brought back into the building and sent to their classrooms. And the time to do it, I said, was *now*—right this minute.

"Then I held my breath. Nobody tried to challenge me or contradict me. Nobody said a word. But you should have seen their faces. The public-health nurses looked stunned. I saw Dr. Enriquez smiling and nodding. The parents of the sick children looked horrified and insulted—I was telling them their children were crazy. But most of the others—the teachers and the school-board people and the firemen and the head secretary—just stood there looking thoughtful. The truth was dawning. I think that maybe some of them had half suspected the truth all along. Well, I started in all over again. I gave them my reasons and my reasoning. I could see heads beginning to nod and faces starting to relax. And then, all of a sudden, the tension dissolved. The firemen and the police just sort of disappeared. People began to turn to each other and talk. The sick kids stopped looking so sick. The head secretary went out to the kitchen, and the teachers began to clear the room. It was all over.

"I mean, the *emergency* was over. There was still plenty of work to do. I still had to justify my decision—and not only to the school and the public. I had to explain it to the satisfaction of my office. I had made a bold move, and bold moves are not encouraged in the bureaucratic world. I had some very angry calls from parents. One mother demanded that I apologize to her child. I was finally able to convince her that being suggestible at the age of eleven was not a sign of insanity. But, thank God, I was lucky. The proof was forthcoming. I acquired one useful piece of information even before I left the cafetorium. A teacher came up to me at the end of my speech and said she was sure I was right. She said there could not have been any poison gas or fumes in the cafetorium, because when the first rehearsal class let out, and the first wave of illness broke, a second rehearsal class had marched into the cafetorium and spent the hour rehearsing, and none of the children in that class had been taken ill. So, gas or no gas, the cafetorium could not have been the site of the trouble. But it was in the cafetorium that the first victim—the girl I'm calling Sandy—took sick. How come?

"I hung around the school, trying to figure it out. It was amazing how quickly everything got back to normal. I talked to more teachers. I talked to some of the children. I talked with a neighborhood doctor who had been called when the trouble first began. They gave me a brainful of bits and pieces. I could see what had happened, but I couldn't see how it had happened. Sandy was what we call in epidemiology the index case. Everything that happened stemmed from her. But I couldn't find a clear connection. The timetable didn't seem to tell the right time. Sandy had slipped out of the cafetorium and collapsed in the clinic at about nine-thirty. But it wasn't until ten o'clock—until the nine-o'clock classes let out—that the wave of illness broke. Why did it take so long? And why did it happen when it did? I wandered around talking and listening, and trying to fit the pieces together. It's hard to remember now just how I did it. Did somebody tell me something? Or did I simply take a different look at something I already knew? Anyway, it suddenly all came together. The whole thing hung on coincidence—on two coincidences, actually. One of them had to do with Sandy and the fire-rescue people. They arrived at the school on the head secretary's summons a couple of minutes before ten. Sandy was still in her faint, or whatever it was. They lifted her onto a stretcher and carried her out and down the hall—at the very moment that the nine-o'clock classes, including the group rehearsing in the cafetorium, let out. The kids flowed out of the cafetorium. They saw Sandy passed out on a stretcher. They had seen her slip out of the rehearsal, and now they knew why. Something was wrong. And somebody reacted—I'm reconstructing now. Somebody complained of feeling sick. That triggered it. That's all it takes in these cases. Hysteria took over. And then the second coincidence happened. That was the neighborhood doctor. He arrived at the school, he saw the fire-rescue squad, he saw the children reacting—and he smelled the funny smell of the adhesive on the new library carpet. He thought it was the smell of something toxic. He said something to that effect to somebody. And the word spread. That pulled the trigger on the second barrel.

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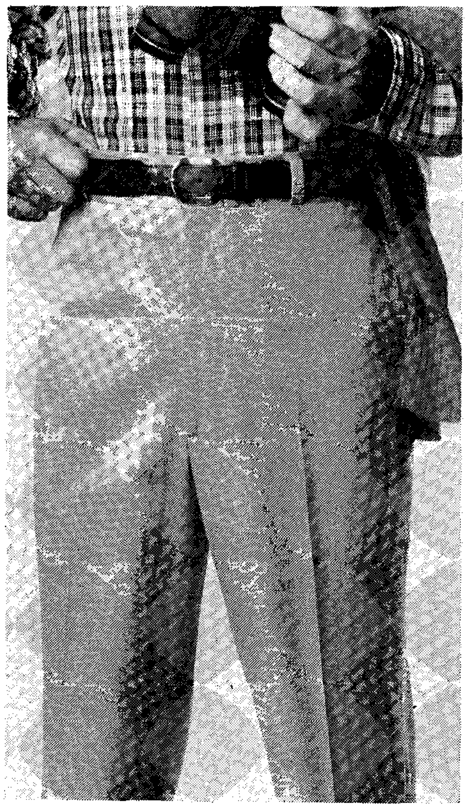

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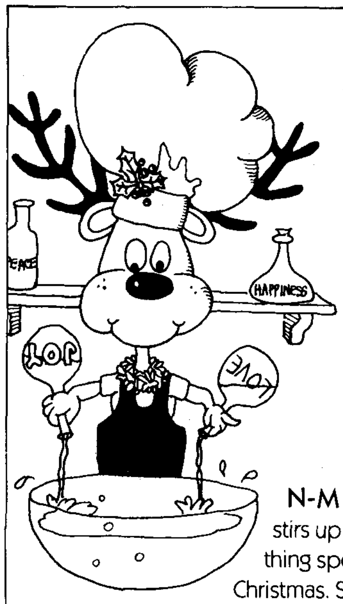

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them had been in the first rehearsal class, and they all knew Sandy. We looked into their psychological background, and came up with some interesting data. Five of the seven were girls. One of these had a clear history of hypochondria. Another was always sick or sickly. Another had a habit of hyperventilating in moments of stress. Another had come to school that day feeling vaguely ill. Another was one of Sandy's closest friends. One of the boys was a chronic discipline problem. The other boy was described by the school as highly excitable.

"The questionnaire provided some very interesting information. The comments of some of the children who reported feeling sick that morning were particularly revealing. These were mostly in response to the question 'When you got sick, did you know that other children were sick, too?' I'll read you some of the comments. One girl answered, 'Yes, because Sandy fainted.' Another wrote, 'Yes—a lot of kids. I started to feel sick between Music and Language Arts, and then they carried me outside.' Another girl answered, 'I just knew that a boy vomited.' Her only symptom was nausea. Another girl wrote, 'Yes—Sandy was sick.' And a boy—one of the few boys—wrote, 'Yes, and after Sandy got sick and there was a fire drill, and when everybody was walking out of the building, I felt like a small headache.' Well, you get the drift. We also talked to Sandy. She turned out to be pretty much as expected. I mean, she was the right type. She was attractive. She was a good student. She was precocious. And she was very popular. She was looked up to."

"She was a kind of leader?" I asked. "She set the pattern?"

"Yes," he said. "I think you could say that."

"But what about her?" I asked. "What made her get sick?"

Dr. Nitzkin looked at me. "Oh," he said. "Sandy was *really* sick. She had some sort of virus. All that standing and singing in place was too much for her. She just passed out."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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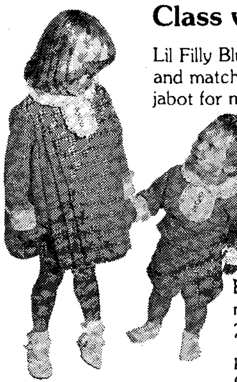

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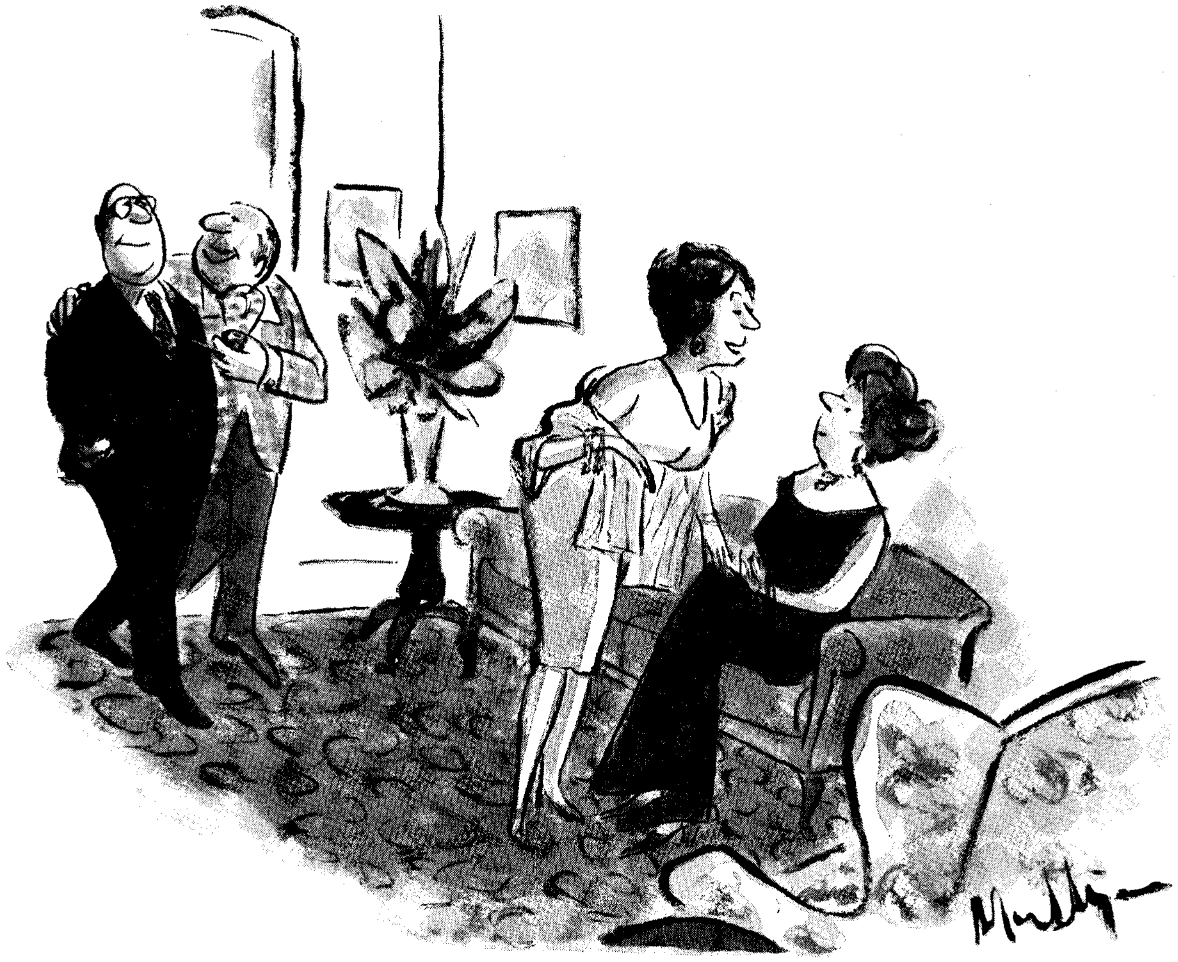
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Proximity*

THERE are some films that try to win the funds of your attention by sheer craftiness. "Girl Friends," directed by Claudia Weill from a screenplay by Vicki Polon, is an interesting picture, but it begs. It practically picks one's pockets in search of love, behaving like a Dickensian woebegone when the dilemma it concerns itself with is very privileged. This film is the product of a Western middle class soaked in cocktail-party psychiatric jargon, and the ideas it voices are importunate. What it expresses—like the friendship it has to do with—is not thought but need.

The girl friends are roommates: a Jewish photographer named Susan Weinblatt (Melanie Mayron), who has bored herself to death by taking pictures of too many bar mitzvahs and weddings, and a blond Gentile named Anne Munroe (Anita Skinner). There is a soft communication between them, well embodied in the script and exactly performed. Melanie Mayron is the actress who played the disarming young hitchhiker in "Harry & Tonto." She has hair that in this film she despairs of, saying to a hairdresser who has told her that a certain cut wouldn't help her, "Will anything?" Eventually, a decision: she settles for something frizzy. The hair-do looks colossally animated, like her own cluttered but appealing mind. She is intent on trying to become, so to speak, a woman in space: someone who can live alone happily, isolated, moving against the times, when every photographic editor she goes to with her portfolio seems to be forcing her into some contemporary professional necessity of shoving a camera lens as close as possible to the subject's face. This is not the sort of proximity she wants. So here is one of the thoughtful aspects of the film: that we have, in her repulsion from the demands by editors of hip photographic magazines that she force herself into the physical neighborhood of strangers, an antithesis to her own longing to be in the closest contact with her roommate. When the roommate leaves to get married and have a baby, it amounts in Susan's mind to perfidy. The roommate, called Annie by her chum, is much less loquacious than Susan. Annie types poetry, very slowly, and tells things to her prespeech baby with the moving absurdity of a spy telling state secrets to a cat. Susan is talkative even with pushy taxi-drivers. In an affecting way, she chats to her television set when she is alone. Her best male interlocutor friend is a rabbi—played with amused wisdom by Eli Wallach—whose rabbi's robe she tries on, saying she has always wanted to be a rabbi. There is something pure and sweet here in her wish to be a person of learning and certainty. But by and large she wavers in a way that feminists may rise up about in fury. On the one hand, she is shown as a person of self-reliant good spirits, who develops her own photographs, and who talks back with wit to other people's telephone-answering machines, which she sees with sense as a method of keeping the world at bay, to be dealt with by speaking into them in a mood of farcicality. On the other hand, the plot line of the film tells us that she is miserable, because her trusted friend has left her. There is a question raised in this film which lies unanswered: Should someone find it best to live happily alone? At one moment, the film holds out the notion that companionship is everything; at another moment, it holds out the opposing idea, that self-sufficiency is everything. The second idea is not supported by the witness of the film. Never mind whether or not this has to do with feminist abstractions. The point is that this film, which happens to have been made by a woman, is muddleheaded about its chosen subject of solitude. It defeats its own purpose by showing us that Susan is bereft of thought and anything but a rather desperate humor when she is alone. The moments of blitheness come when she is joking with someone, not when she is work-



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ing and on her own. These moments are reviving.

THERE is currently a John Barrymore season running at the Carnegie Hall Cinema. Barrymore was more than a barnstormer. He had a marvellous sense of the absurd, often in lines that he seems to have written himself. He will describe Julius Caesar—in Garson Kanin's "The Great Man Votes"—as having been the first war correspondent, to put down a know-all child who is precociously versed in Shakespeare. In a dressing gown, pretending to himself that his pauperism and his sense of having a precarious hold on life will go away if he treats them as nonexistent, he will grandly ask an intruder why his stygian retreat has been invaded. It is interesting to see how an actor flew the flag of language in the face of great private difficulties, which are narrated in a rather morose but well-researched new book called "Damned in Paradise," by John Kobler. It is also moving to see the Barrymores—John, Lionel, Ethel—working together as they do in "Rasputin and the Empress," cast by Irving Thalberg. A familial vocabulary reigns in the film. The vocabulary is constant, recognizably aristocratic in this most classless of professions, and funny against odds. It seems a matter of courage confounding dunces that John Barrymore, whose life was hard and was managed with gallantry, should speak so many lines in so many vehicles for him which are equivalent in meaning to a line in "Rasputin and the Empress," spoken with the dandyism he cared to affect: "Punish my impertinence by death if you wish." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

### WHICH PAGE OF "THE WRITER" D'YA READ?

My own feeling is that the more directly it comes from the wellspring of the author's life, the better the book. Melville did, after all, go whaling.—*Sloan Wilson in the July, 1978, issue, page 11.*

Now I can add only that contradictions are what make this profession so fascinating. After all, what did Melville really know about whale hunting?—*Noel B. Gerson, same issue, page 18.*

•

The Graham company is here for a week, and it opened last night with a gala. First Miss Graham herself, benevolent, Halston-draped in a simple chair, gave us gnomic, witty remarks about the nature of dance.—*Clive Barnes in the Post.*

You almost have to be gnomic when you're wearing a chair.

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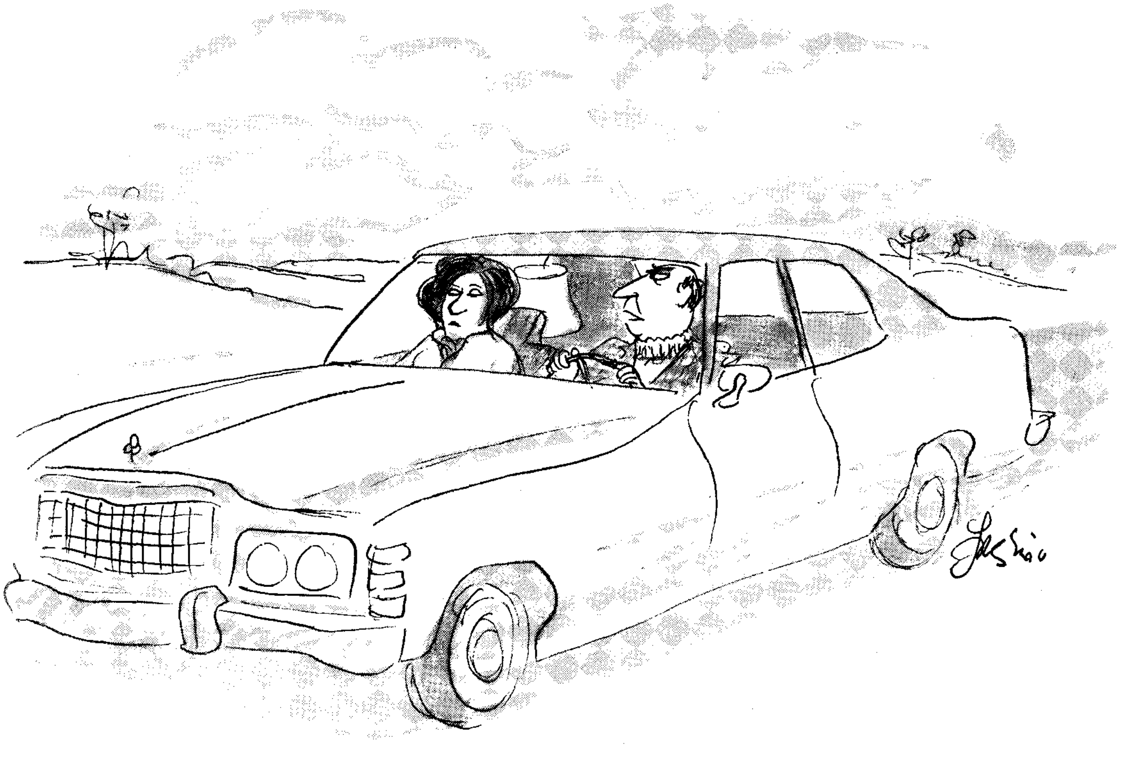
## DEDICATION

FOR several days before Richard M. Nixon was to arrive in the tiny, secluded village of Hyden, Kentucky, on Saturday, July 1st—the former President's first formal public appearance since he resigned from office, on August 9, 1974—workers labored furiously to spruce up the area around the three buildings that, in addition to tennis and basketball courts, make up the new Richard M. Nixon Recreation Center. So many things, mountain style, had been left to the last minute. Topsoil was brought in and sloped up along the sides of the buildings, which Nixon was coming to dedicate, and swatches of sod were rolled out. The Camp Creek Road bridge, which one must cross to get to the new center, was painted just a few days before Nixon's arrival. The road itself was repaired in front of the center shortly before the dedication, but the repairwork stopped several hundred yards beyond, where the roadway disappeared from view around a bend.

In downtown Hyden, chrysanthemums replaced weeds in front of the family-owned telephone company (serving four thousand customers, six hundred of them in Hyden and the rest in Leslie, Harlan, Perry, and Breathitt Counties), and four portable pay phones were borrowed from the phone company in Lexington, Kentucky, to supplement the town's normal complement of twelve. The joke went around that while Nixon was there locals would stand eight-hour shifts in the phone booths so reporters could not reach their papers with offensive stories. Signs painted by high-school students began to appear on the highway and on storefronts. "Still the People's Mandate" and "The Grass Roots Like Nixon," two of them said. The best one, a banner across Main Street reading "HYDEN-LESLIE COUNTY KENTUCKY WRITING HISTORY AS IT WILL BE IN THE YEAR 2078," blew down before Nixon could pass under it. In Keen's Variety Store, the enterprising young buyer, Kenneth Keen, had bought six hundred and fifty plates with a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon on them from a souvenir dealer in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and he had commissioned some cedar plaques with a grotesque picture of the wax figure of Nixon from the Mammoth Cave Wax Museum, at Cave City, Kentucky, glued on. "It was the best I could do on two weeks' notice," Keen said. He had also bought two dozen statuettes from the Harrodsburg souvenir dealer; although these were of coal carved in the form of a miner, some of the miners had puffy cheeks, and Keen's plan was to pass off the statuettes as representations of Nixon. (In the end, the plates didn't sell well, and Keen was stuck with a hundred of them.) On the Thursday before Nixon arrived, a hawker from Lexington appeared on Main Street, laboring valiantly in ninety-two-degree heat to sell 3-D Nixon-Agnew buttons for two dollars and fifty cents. He had saved the buttons from the 1972 campaign. Hyden was no gold mine for him, either, and he was gone the next day. And a local vender near the hardware store sold bowls of pressure-cooked pinto beans, served with bread and raw onions, for a dollar; everyone complained about them ("Not like beans cooked slowly all day with pork fat," a telephone-company employee said), and miniature ox yokes carved from Appalachian hardwood by a craftsman who is said to be the one black man in Leslie County. "But he's only half black," the vender told visitors. Meanwhile, at the Appalachia Motel, half a mile out of town, on Rockhouse Creek, County Judge-Executive C. Allen Muncy, whose idea it was to bring Nixon to Hyden, had ordered a bed from his own house put in the room where Nixon would sleep Saturday night. Red roses began to overwhelm the suite, and someone asked if a check had been made to find out whether Nixon had any allergies.

In Muncy's office, at the courthouse, high-school girls typed the names of those who had been favored with invitations to the dedication—a list that Judge Muncy had screened meticulously. Amid the din, Muncy received an endless stream of reporters. Hundreds of supporting letters cluttered his desk. At least half a dozen times, I heard him tell a reporter, "We're supposed to believe in forgiveness. The Bible says, 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'" More than four hundred reporters had requested credentials for the event—Hyden's population is five hundred—and Muncy had at first been tightfisted in dispensing the coveted white entry cards to the gymnasium, the largest of the center's three buildings, with bleachers seating twenty-five hundred and space for sixteen hundred more in



*"I do not love this car. I do, however, have a great deal of respect for it."*

temporary seats on the playing floor. He had wanted the hall filled with Leslie Countians, who are celebrating the county's centennial this year, if he could manage it, but when the Nixon people heard that some reporters (including reporters from as far away as Melbourne, Australia) were having trouble getting press credentials, they told Muncy to loosen up.

From the letters on the Judge's desk, it was clear that the invitation to Nixon had touched many. Some sent enthusiastic endorsements filled with exclamation points. Others sent poems of congratulation. One poem, entitled "Watergate," came from Herman Scott, in St. Louis, and read:

What a Sideshow, what a Circus,
what a Smokescreen it has been!
What depths of degradation men
will stoop to just to win!
And, the Newsmen, opportunists,
magnified each juicy bit—
Each one tried to outdo the other
and to dig a deeper pit.

Now the Smoking Guns are
cooling and some saner minds
prevail;
The barking of the Bloodhound's
no longer do assail;
Those who cried, "Destroy Him,"
are standing there aghast
As they see their own undoing in
the Die that they have cast.

Once again we see enacted, on the
Stage of Human Life,
Our Leader sit dejected, as they
seek His Very Life—
But, another Day is coming—and
a Clearer Brighter Day,
When History will vindicate the
Man they Tried to Slay.

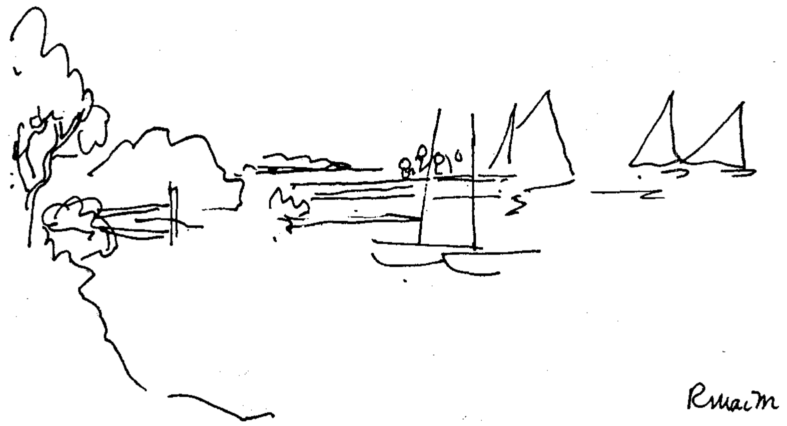
Shortly before Nixon's arrival, many people in Hyden quietly expressed two concerns. One was philosophical. Anyone who did not care to accept the invitation, they complained, was being made out to be un-Christian, un-American, and disloyal to Leslie County. The second was practical. Muncy had deputized twenty-six of his county roadworkers, most of whom had no police experience, and they had donned uniforms and strapped on .38s and .357s. The event was going to attract crazies, the fearful said, and there were too many people around with guns. What if there was an incident?

The county attorney, McKinnley Morgan, thirty-one, in his office above Campbell's Drug Store, was near the top of every reporter's list of people to interview, because he is the most important elected Democrat in the county. He was also Judge Muncy's law partner and his classmate in high school and law school. A swashbuckler in general aspect, with a heavy mustache, hair parted in the middle, and a round, boisterous laugh, Morgan played the role of official dissenter. He was "tickled" when Nixon resigned, he said, and thought the failure to try him along with the others was "a failure of the judicial system." He thought that the new gymnasium should have been called Tricky Dick Arena, and he happily acknowledged to a visitor that moonshine stories were "part of our heritage." He planned a quiet party for dissenters on Saturday afternoon, and intended to go fishing as soon as Nixon left the county and "drink some ginger ale." But he was proud that young politicians had assumed power in the county, and "if it takes Richard Nixon coming to display it, fine." He then said, "The only thing that makes this visit tolerable is that it changes the image of the county. We used to have the bad image before—before the affluence, I call it—of violence and of people living in despair. That image will be erased now. We still aren't bluegrass, but we ain't hick, either."

COUNTY JUDGE MUNCY is a stocky thirty-two-year-old bachelor who has always worn his zealous conservatism openly. He set out to be a career Army officer when, in 1964, he left Hyden for Eastern Kentucky University, in Richmond. There he joined the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and had hopes of transferring to West Point. He studied history for four years. When the moment for commissioning came, Muncy was declared unfit—he had been operated on for ulcers a few months earlier—and was given a 1-Y classification. The rejection shocked him. He was a fine student, however, and in 1969 he went on to law school, at the University of Kentucky, in Lexington. Eastern Kentucky University had been somewhat behind the times; the Vietnam-war protest did not reach it while Muncy was enrolled. But in Lexington he encountered what he calls "the peace and love generation." He found the protesters abusive. He was horrified at their references to Nixon as a traitor and a Fascist and at their practice of shouting down the President's defenders. In retaliation, Muncy and some friends of his turned speakers from his stereo around in his dorm window and blasted the music from "Patton" across the university courtyard. Muncy also formed his notions of the press at that time. "They reported only what the protesters said, and not what we said," he told me. When the press came to Leslie County for Nixon's visit, Muncy's defensiveness and suspicion were evident.

Muncy finished law school in the spring of 1972, and that summer he returned to Hyden and went into law practice with Morgan. Six months later, a few hoodlums became drunk near the home of Muncy's parents and, for no apparent reason, shot his nine-year-old nephew in the head. Although the child eventually recovered, the incident brought the lawlessness of the county home to Muncy. Not long before that, there had been thirteen indictments for murder awaiting trial—five of them stemming from incidents in just one small part of the county. Muncy, then twenty-seven years old, decided to challenge the powerful George Wooton, who had been county judge for twelve years and sheriff for four years before that.

Wooton, now sixty-two, is a great barrel-chested man, with a rough-grained face and silver hair. He grew up near Devil's Jump Branch on Hell-Fer-Sartain Creek—"the only place in the county," he says, "where you can go swimming in your birthday suit, drink from the same stream, jump seven feet from a rock into a swimming hole, screaming like a maniac, and nobody will bother you." Wooton had been good for Leslie County during years of despair in the nineteen-sixties, when the force of his personality and his turn of phrase interested government officials and writers alike. When President John F. Kennedy started a meagre employment



program for unemployed fathers, Wooton dubbed the beneficiaries Happy Pappies, and the name spread throughout the mountains. But at a time when unemployment in the county was running as high as thirty-five per cent and the county judge controlled few public jobs, Wooton naturally made enemies. His storytelling skills far exceeded his administrative skills, according to local observers, and he was vulnerable politically because of questions about the use of relief money that poured into the county after a devastating flood in 1963, and about the use of road equipment.

Early in 1973, when Muncy announced his challenge for the Republican nomination for county judge—the only nomination that has mattered here since the Civil War, for there has not been a Democratic-primary contest for local office in memory—the incumbent called him "green as a gourd" and "a little green apple waiting to be picked," but Wooton underestimated Muncy, particularly in the area of organization, and in May of 1973 Muncy won the nomination by twenty-nine votes and went on to win the November election by more than a thousand votes despite a write-in campaign for Wooton.

In his first term, Muncy consolidated his power. He surrounded himself with a few friends who had been high-school classmates of his in the mid-sixties, gone on to college, and returned as professionals. They knew the power centers in the county: the county judgeship; the school superintendency, which controlled even more public money flowing into the county than the judge; and the county attorney's office, which handled most local prosecutions. And they needed power within the Democratic Party as well—almost a fourth of the registered voters in Leslie County are Democrats—in order to have a conduit to the Democratic governor, Julian Carroll, in Frankfort; a handle on Democratic patronage as well as Republican; and total control of the election process. By the time Nixon came to Hyden, they had completed their coup. In 1977, Morgan ran unopposed as a Democrat for county attorney. Edmond Collett—a thirty-one-year-old lawyer who practices in Asher, Kentucky, ten miles south of Hyden, in offices below a country store run by his wife near the headwaters of the Kentucky River—became the chairman of the Democratic Party of Leslie County and one of the contacts for the county with Governor Carroll. Richard Bowling,

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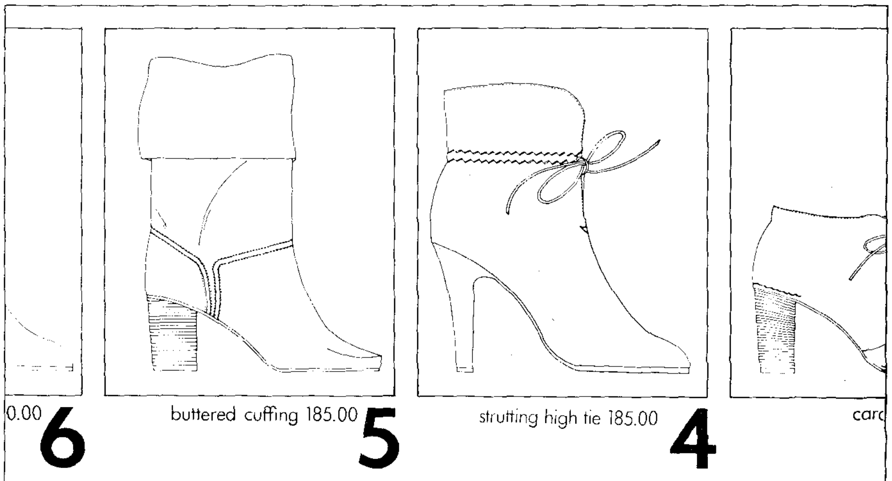

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thirty-two, Muncy's campaign manager, was appointed superintendent of schools.

"Once I'd won, we decided that the only way we could keep control, and make things happen as we would like to see them happen, was by taking over both the parties and also the school system, and we've accomplished all that," Muncy told me. "Now we hope we can realize our goals of improving the economy, the environment, the school system, and the roads."

The consolidation of power has brought results. With federal revenue-sharing money, the sheriff and his deputies got new uniforms and cars. A junked-car program removed more than twenty-five hundred old wrecks from the county's streams and roads, although the reason for that cleanup may have been that the price per car had risen to fifteen dollars or more at the junkyard. A garbage-collection tax of ten cents per hundred dollars of assessed property valuation was imposed, and next year Muncy expects to have garbage receptacles placed at strategic points in the county and two trucks to collect the refuse and haul it to a dump in neighboring Perry County.

Not everyone has been pleased with the results. Very quietly, and with a sense of fear, some people talk now of the "dictatorship at Hyden." One says, "This man rules as tightly as the czar of Russia ever did." There are many stories about ways that Muncy has retaliated against his detractors. According to one story, when the coal haulers spoke out in opposition to Muncy he threatened to arrest drivers of overweight coal trucks—in a place where all coal trucks are overweight and so in technical violation of the law. Another story has Muncy saying to an official, "Any person who openly opposes President Nixon's visit to Hyden will not work for the county, the state, or the school system, nor will he work for any private enterprise I have authority over."

Several weeks before Nixon's visit, Muncy phoned the head of the Frontier Nursing Service, Dr. W. B. Rogers Beasley, and demanded that the doctor control any show of opposition by "outside" members of his staff. This put Dr. Beasley in a difficult spot, because to preserve the effectiveness of his organization, which is unique in the hills, he has to get along with local officials. But members of his staff were outspoken in their criticism of a county that would spend two million six hundred thousand dollars on a recreation center when it had no ambulance service. Equally troublesome for Dr. Beasley was the fact that the core of the financial support for his rural medical service, which has been operating in Leslie County since 1925, consisted of wealthy urban donors who were largely political liberals, and some of these were threatening to withdraw their support because of the Nixon visit.

JUDGE MUNCY had a reason other than loyalty to Nixon for wanting to exercise firm control over the comments of his citizens. He is under federal investigation for vote fraud. Muncy's problem arose from the 1977 Republican primary, in which he defeated George Wooton again, and also from the following general election, in which he defeated an independent. It was lucky for the Judge that the news of the investigation did not make a national news wire until the day before Nixon arrived, by which time the national press was focussing on "the return of Richard Nixon to public life." I heard about the wire story from a resident who had been talking to me in hushed tones as he pumped gasoline into my car. "Did you hear that the investigation made the world news?" he asked. "They say we're having another Watergate here."

Later, I saw and heard Muncy deny to Helen Thomas, the chief White House correspondent of the United Press International, that he was under any investigation "that I know of." (The day after Nixon left, however, Muncy told me that he had a tape of an interrogation conducted shortly before the primary in May of this year by James Parrott, a United States postal inspector from Dayton, Ohio, who was investigating possible misuse of the mails in one of Muncy's campaigns, and he added, with a sigh of relief, "I'm just glad that this investigation did not mar the visit of President Nixon in any way.")

According to Harry Caudill, a retired lawyer and the author of the book "Night Comes to the Cumberlands," electioneering irregularities are "as common as milkweed" in eastern Kentucky, and "as endemic as breathing." He went on to say, "Occasionally, the federals get a little indignant and send someone to the penitentiary. But if we sent everyone guilty of election fraud to jail we'd have a very low population."

Before voting machines were installed in Leslie County, in 1962, the classic vote fraud up the hollows was the chain ballot. The first man in line at the polling place would take his ballot into the booth, stuff it into his shirt, emerge, and put a piece of plain white paper in the ballot box. Then he would go outside and, behind a rock, hand the ballot over to the boss, receiving a pint of whiskey, money, or both, in return. The boss would then mark the ballot and hand it to the second man, who would deposit the marked ballot in the box and return with a fresh one—and on down the line. Another technique was for an election official to put the ballot box in the trunk of his car at the close of the day and deliver another box to the courthouse for counting. Some years ago, in Breathitt County, to the north, which was known then as "bloody Breathitt," an honest official tried to frustrate this technique by shooting a hole in the legal ballot box at the end of the voting day, so he could be sure that the proper box arrived at the counting tables. But he made a misjudgment. His action triggered a shootout, and he was killed. Even today, shootings and killings at polling places are not unheard of, and guns are always present.

Since the appearance of the voting machine, most candidates in Leslie County have had to rely more exclusively on dollars in competing for votes. The standard price for a vote is about fifteen dollars, but in a close and bitter contest, the price can go as high as a hundred dollars, and even higher if the seller is a patriarch at the head of a hollow who controls a score of family votes. Much of this corruption is made possible by the fact that in Leslie County, where the average educational level is eighth grade, as many as a third of the voters need assistance from a polling official in casting their votes. Not uncommonly, a polling official can be seen hovering around a voting machine, keeping tabs on how the vote is going for his candidate.

In the 1977 primary, Wooton was not inclined to underestimate Muncy, as he had four years earlier. "My opponents call me a crook, and I call them a crook," Muncy said recently. "That's just the way it is." But this remark seemed to understate the nature of political rhetoric here. There are two weekly newspapers in the county. The pro-Wooton paper is the *Leslie County News*, run by a temperamental one-armed editor and publisher named Vernon Baker. In the 1977 primary, Muncy ran as much against Baker as against Wooton. Rumors were circulated that Baker was a drug pusher as well as a liar, and the Judge filed a still-pending million-dollar libel suit

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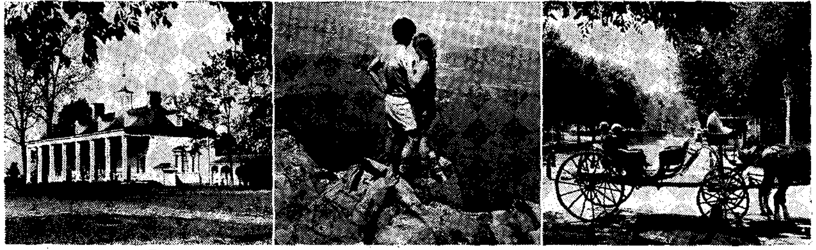

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against the *Leslie County News* for two advertisements that appeared in its pages in support of Wooton.

One of the advertisements that the paper ran in support of Wooton said:

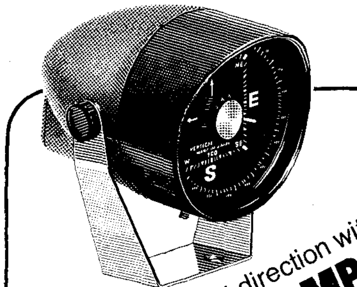
> Christopher Allen Muncy is a liar and a demagogue who has been trained by the professional law to lie and has turned his training into the dictatorial European tactics from which we escaped by a war of revolution 200 years ago.
>
> This young Hitlerian demagogue has brought back, here to Leslie County, the very worst of European philosophies and has turned it upon his own relatives and people.... Mr. Muncy, present county judge, has misrepresented himself within the church and upon the street by looking down his little short nose at the needy and needful people of our county and community, and he is a respecter of the rich and powerful. So was Adolf Hitler and the Tsars of Russia. Ivan the Terrible of Russia was a princeling compared to this would-be dictator here in our county region.

The *Thousandsticks News*, named for the highest hill in the vicinity, is the pro-Muncy paper. Owned by Paul Hensley, who doubles as the executive secretary of and spokesman for the Hazard Area Coal Operators Association, this paper claims the larger circulation, and is therefore entitled by law to all the legal advertising from the county courthouse, the board of education, and agencies of the state—a considerable economic factor in the survival of a rural newspaper. The *Thousandsticks News* has a circulation of fifty-five hundred, but about fifteen hundred copies are sold outside the county—mainly to coal operators in and around Hazard, the county seat of Perry County, who, Hensley says, buy his paper for their miners, because his paper is "pro-coal."

In the 1973 primary, Muncy expanded the practice of "speakings"—which until then had been confined to the courthouse—to the precincts, and he attributes his victory in large measure to the fact that Wooton had finally met his match as an orator. Until that time, Wooton could simply outspeak anyone in the county. "Before I came along," Muncy told me, "his opponent would get up, say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm running for judge. I'd like for you to help me, and I'll do the best I can.' He would sit down, and then George'd get up and tear him apart."

The speakings up the creeks in May of 1977 were hot affairs. Today, when Wooton no longer threatens Muncy's power, the young judge said of the old, "George did a lot of good with what he had to do with. He done about as good as anyone could have except in law enforcement." But at a speaking up Rockhouse Creek in May of 1977, Muncy took the back of the pickup truck first, and addressed a crowd of about two hundred in a different tone. George Wooton "was your sheriff for four years and county judge for twelve," Muncy said then. "You know what kind of sheriff he made. . . . Every bootlegger in the county was paying him for protection and the ones who weren't, he caught. You also know, you men who were involved in the coal business then, either as a worker trying to unionize or as an operator or one who backed operators, that he sold out to both sides. That's the kind of man George Wooton is. He tries to suit every crowd. He tries to suit young and old, the lawless and those who believe in the law, the churchgoing people and the outlaws, too. He made the most amazing statement down in Hyden to a crowd of about fifteen hundred people that I've ever heard in my life. It's something he can't deny because it is on about four or five different tapes. Some people tape these speakings. I do and others, and it's right on tape. His own voice, ladies and gentlemen. He said, 'I don't know how many outlaws or how many thugs or how many dope peddlers there are in this crowd that's my friends. But I'll tell you one thing. I appreciate all of ye because I like ye and because I'm one of ye.' I can't believe that a man who wants to be your county judge, who would decide what happens to your money, would make a statement like that. But I guess for once in his life he told the truth."

Muncy's speech lasted for over an hour, and then Wooton took the microphone, holding a cup of 7-Up and saying that he wished it was "mountain tea." He began, "Ladies and gentlemen, if I had done everything that Judge Muncy has told you, I would be ashamed to walk up and down the roads anywhere in Leslie County. If you believe everything you've heard, I would have been in the penitentiary for life years ago. Now, I'm not going to dig and tell everything that I know about Allen from the day he was born until now. That's a lot of wasted time, and you know it. But you folks know what kind of a judge he's been. He's harder to find than Howard Hughes." Wooton, too, went on for nearly an hour, halting only when a huge coal truck rumbled by. One time, a truck without a cover over the load of coal passed, and Wooton shouted, "Where's your tar-po-lin?" A state law that Muncy had interpreted to require all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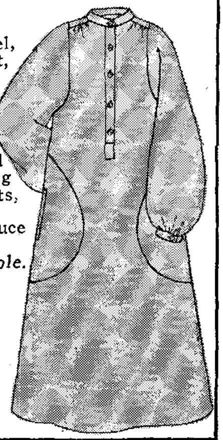
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truckers to cover their loads so that the cargo would not spill onto the road was frequently ignored.

By the time of those speeches, Judge Muncy had learned to use the powers of incumbency, and he had also been lucky. In the first week of April, 1977, a flood swept the Kentucky River, and fifteen counties were declared disaster areas—Leslie County included, although Leslie was among the counties that had suffered the least damage. A hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars in federal disaster-relief funds came into the office of the county judge, and Muncy—violating no federal laws—applied almost all of the disaster money to the Richard M. Nixon Recreation Center. "There's nothing that says a judge can't build a monument to himself with this money if he wants to," one expert said. Other county funds bought gravel for washed-out roads and steel to replace foot logs along the creeks in the hollows, and it began to be said that you could tell a Muncy supporter by the gravel in front of his house. Then Muncy, renewing a pledge he had made during the 1973 primary, announced that the county would take out a loan at the First State Bank of Pineville for thirty-six thousand dollars to pay contractors who had rebuilt bridges and cleaned up debris after the biggest disaster in recent decades, the 1963 flood. At that time, when Wooton was judge, the county received seventy-five per cent of the federal disaster-relief money it requested. Partly because of the questions that had been raised about the expenditure of the money, the remaining twenty-five per cent was never forthcoming during Wooton's tenure of office, and here was Muncy promising to make up the remaining twenty-five per cent fifteen years later, during the primary. Once the money came from the Pineville bank—he got only eighteen thousand dollars, or half of what he asked—he divided it up among those contractors who were friendly to him, or could be made so by the offer, and denied a share to hard-core Wooton supporters. "But it was a good vote-getter," Wooton remarked to me, with a wink. "Probably got him three hundred votes."

As the May, 1977, primary approached, a new electioneering trick commanded the attention of political strategists: the absentee ballot. In 1972, the Kentucky legislature liberalized the procedure for absentee voting by authorizing an application that stated simply that the voter "expects to be absent from the county on Election Day." A requirement that the application and the ballot be notarized was dropped. In the weeks before the primary, organizers were suddenly up and down the hollows with fistfuls of applications and fistfuls of cash, and the county clerk began receiving as many as fifteen or twenty applications to be mailed to one post-office box. Under the law, the clerk was required to mail the official ballot to the address on the application, regardless of how many other ballots were mailed there.

"We felt that if you got a ballot in advance, that was a bird in hand, and there was no worry that on Election Day the vote might be bought over your head," one Muncy organizer, who used four different box numbers to receive purchased ballots, told me. "Nobody could take that vote away from you. So I'd canvass the hollows for absentee voters. You'd have to deceive 'em, of course—say, 'I'll get the ballot for you, and then on Election Day you won't have to bother going down to the polls.' So he'd sign the application, I'd put one of my box numbers on it, and he'd never even see the ballot."

A man who had sold his vote and the votes of his wife and son to a Muncy worker for a hundred dollars told me of the approach to him a few days before the election. He was taken to the post office, where mail from a certain mailbox was requested. On this occasion, the Hyden postmaster refused to surrender mail from the box, and so the man was taken out into the country, to a house where he got some papers. The two men drove to the courthouse. There he signed three absentee ballots, and a hundred-dollar bill was laid on his lap.

When the results of the primary were counted, Muncy beat Wooton by a hundred and twenty-one votes out of five thousand three hundred and seventy-five votes cast. Three hundred and forty-five absentee votes were cast for Muncy, three hundred and thirty-five for Wooton. Then, in the general election in November of 1977, when Muncy faced a challenge from an independent candidate—a "hogback" challenge, in local idiom—Muncy received three thousand nine hundred and forty-six votes, a thousand and seventy-three of them absentee. The hogback got two thousand two hundred and twenty-three votes, five hun-

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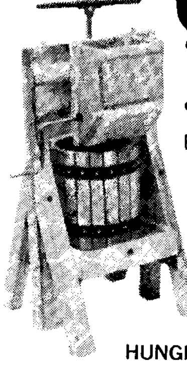

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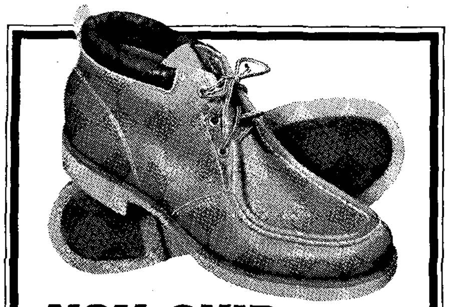

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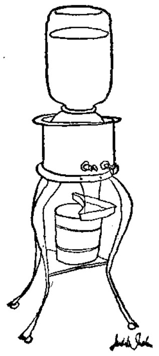
dred and seventy-seven of them absentee. All told, in the November election twenty-six per cent of Leslie Countians voted absentee, after a fashion, compared to a one-per-cent absentee vote in Jefferson County, which includes Louisville, and which had voted for a county judge on the same day. This past May, in the Republican primary for the congressional nomination, with no local races at stake, only five hundred and ninety-two votes were cast in Leslie County, three of which were absentee. The reason for the low vote in the congressional primary, according to Judge Muncy, is that federal postal inspectors arrived in the county shortly before the election and "scared everybody so bad."

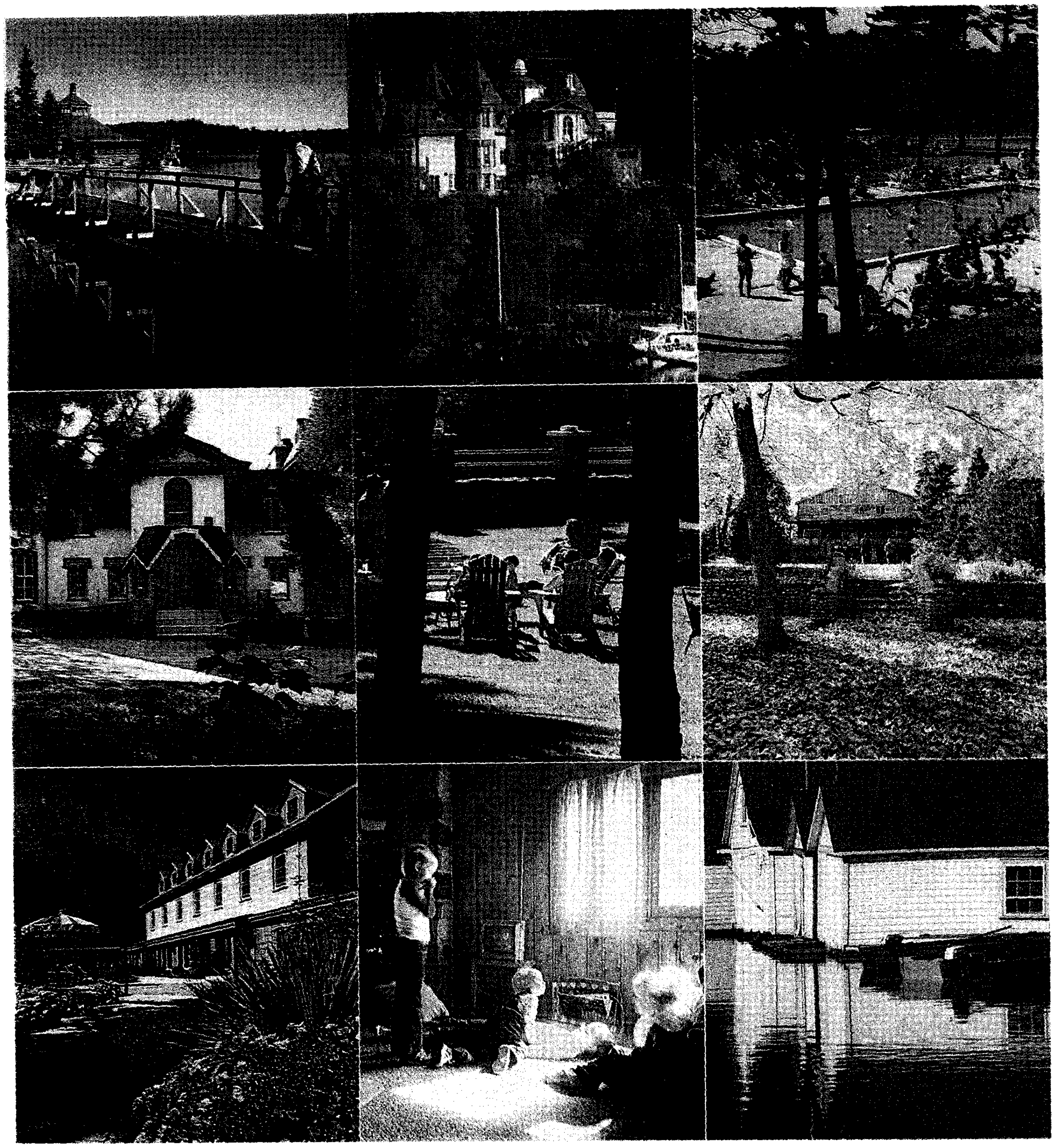
After the 1977 election, United States postal inspectors came from the Postal Inspection Service in Dayton, under the direction of Inspector Parrott. All applications for absentee ballots and the ballots themselves were subpoenaed by a federal grand jury in December of 1977 and taken to Lexington for safekeeping. Since the 1977 election was local, only the misuse of the mails came under federal jurisdiction. All other election violations are the responsibility of state officials, among them Muncy's former law partner McKinnley Morgan, now the county attorney, but thus far no state or federal charges have been filed. Muncy felt that Leslie County was being singled out in eastern Kentucky, where other counties also had substantial numbers of absentee ballots cast (though apparently none had a higher percentage than twenty-six), and he found an explanation for Inspector Parrott's behavior; Parrott, Muncy claimed, had a distant relative in Clay County who last November ran unsuccessfully for judge of the district court for Leslie, Clay, and Jackson Counties against Robert C. Muncy, a distant cousin of C. Allen Muncy.



Judge Muncy embraces the view that politics is dirty on all levels and that anyone who says otherwise is a hypocrite. "Politicians are politicians everywhere, whether it's way down here on the little level or way up there on the big level," he told me. "You try to win using the political moves you can pull. It's just like everywhere else. It's just like the way Congress does, and Presidents do. They stole the election in Illinois from President Nixon in 1960. It's obvious that the unions stole the election in Ohio from President Ford in the last election. To say that elections in Leslie County are dishonest—why, they're no more dishonest or no more honest than anywhere else. You've got to win first before you can do anything."

UNTIL a few days before Nixon's visit, I hadn't been in Hyden for seven years, and at first glance the changes in the area seemed dramatic. For one thing, Hyden is far easier to reach than it used to be. Travelling from London, fifty miles to the west, along the newly opened Daniel Boone Parkway is bliss compared with the struggle along windy, potholed, coal-strewn roads that once provided the only access. The parkway cuts through great canyons and hills that are, as Kentuckians say, "steep as a cat's face." Seams of coal glisten in the sun. Rusty water bleeds from sheer sandstone cliffs. One sees great swaths of shale, which, according to geologists, is close to coal in the evolutionary process. The only resource not visible on this drive may be a huge deposit of oil and gas, which is said to constitute the last great untapped oil field in America.

In Leslie County, the parkway turnoff to Hyden is marked by a sign reading "Hyden Spur"—railroad terminology that has a certain wistfulness to it, because there is no railhead at Hyden. For years, politicians have announced that they would bring a rail line to Hyden, but they have never achieved that goal, and the coal must be delivered to Hazard or Manchester in large trucks. The general appearance of the land and the people has improved. The roads are not quite so thickly strewn with trash as they once were. Mobile homes have replaced some of the classic Appalachian shacks of the sixties, with the laundry strung across the porches, and now gleaming new pickups are usually parked outside. And, high in the hills, the scars from the strip mines do not seem quite so murderous. Yet, with all this wealth belowground and some newfound wealth above, squalid poverty, though it is not nearly so evident as before, still exists in quantity. Over half the households in Leslie County have incomes of less than sixty-two hundred dollars a year—the federal figure below which a family of four is considered to live in poverty—and at the height of the winter more than a third of the people in the county receive food stamps, yet the unemployment rate for the first three



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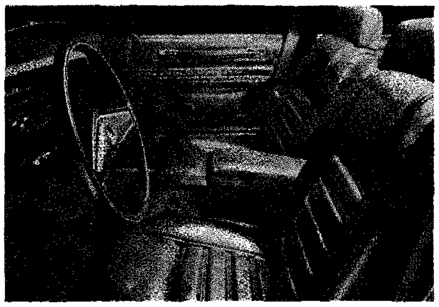

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months of this year was only eight and seven-tenths per cent. Broad-shouldered capitalism is touted by all, but few areas of America have been so victimized by the whims of the market.

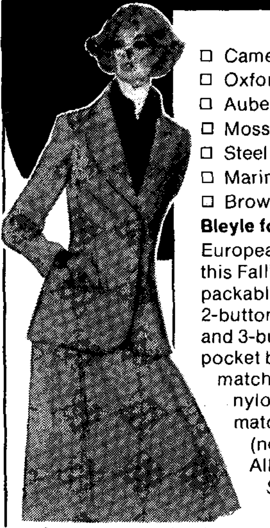
Men move mountains here and bridle at the new federal strip-mining law, passed in 1977, which requires them to restore the mountain to its approximate original contours. The coal operators say plaintively that if enforcement of the new law is gradual they can probably stay in business. But federal law enforcement in the mountains has never been strict, and some federal administrators say that it would probably take their entire national force to police pollution laws here, so many of the laws go unenforced. Visionaries see long, sparkling communities built along the tops of these mountains on old strip-mine benches, stretching from Virginia to Tennessee (there is already a housing experiment of about a hundred and forty family units planned for nearby Letcher County, along an old abandoned strip mine), or they see lush pastureland where once bulldozers and great auger machines tore up the ground. In Breathitt County, the Falcon Coal Company is growing grapes in the mountain soil near Jackson, Kentucky, and the first three harvests have already been transformed into wine.

But the boom spirit is waning somewhat in the coalfields. The bonanza began in 1973 with the Arab oil embargo, and was increased by anticipation of the United Mine Workers strike in 1974. Several major utilities switched from oil to coal, and the push to stockpile coal was great. The price of a ton of coal rose from ten dollars in late 1973 to as much as forty only a few years later. Suddenly there was work, at wages comparable to those paid in the rest of the country. In Leslie County, where there are no union mines, the average wage rose from forty-eight or fifty dollars a shift to seventy, or about sixteen thousand five hundred dollars a year. In Pike County, the site of three of Bethlehem Steel's Beth-Elkhorn mines, wages in some cases were nearly double that.

But then came the coal strike of 1977, and Western coal started to take a growing share of the market. Moreover, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which serves the coalfields of eastern Kentucky, experienced a near-breakdown in its ability to provide a sufficient number of gondola cars; as a result, it is now under investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Between seven million and ten million tons of coal lie at the tipple now, unable to move to market, and in Letcher County eleven mines consequently are said to have ceased operations last year. The price of coal has dropped in some cases to eighteen dollars a ton, and eastern Kentucky is once again at the mercy of a volatile market. What would happen, people are beginning to ask, if the great coal users should decide that Western or Midwestern coal is more convenient, and cheaper to extract? Some eastern Kentuckians even see the possibility of a coal boom nationally (in an effort to meet President Carter's goal of increasing yearly coal production by two-thirds, or four hundred million tons, by 1985) and a coal slump locally.

When I arrived in Hyden late in June, these concerns had been temporarily shunted aside. The county's citizens seemed to speak with one voice about the pride (and surprise) they felt that the former President would honor them by his visit. The surface unanimity was elaborate, and generally it was all that was reported: this was a Republican county going back to the Civil War, full of independent people who resented the attacks made on Nixon and the invasion of his privacy. The congressman of the district, Representative Tim Lee Carter, who is a physician—his opponents say he has "retired to Congress"—was present at "the last supper" of congressmen at the White House on the night Nixon announced his resignation, and Dr. Carter told me he would not have voted to impeach Nixon even after the release of the June 23rd tape implicating him in an obstruction of justice. It was a place, the local people said, that had been helped by Nixon's revenue-sharing legislation of 1972, which not only had made possible a sheriff's office but also had helped to finance the beautiful recreation complex that they had named after Nixon.

The recreation center had been the most popular plank in Judge Muncy's platform for the primary election in May of 1977, and he had made sure that the ground-breaking for the complex took place right before the primary. When it came time to choose a name for the center, Muncy said he wanted it to be named for someone "great." In the early discussions, George Washington, Theodore Roo-



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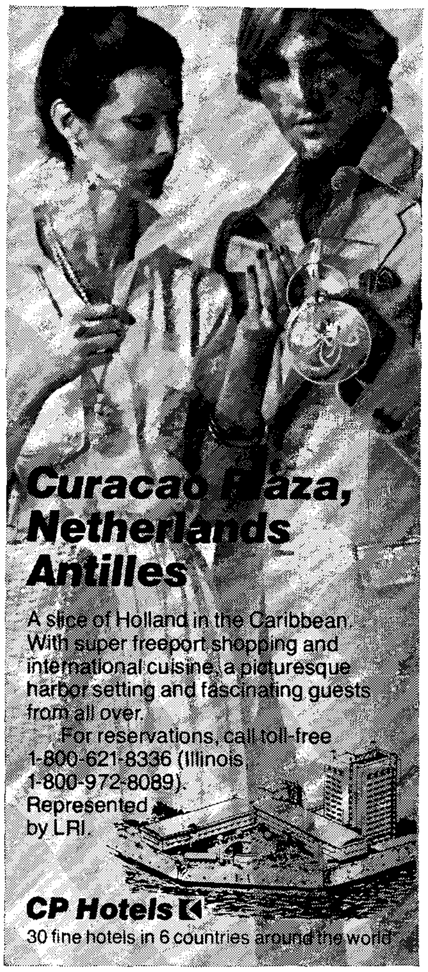

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sevelt, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt were all considered. At one point, the Judge announced to the voters that the center would probably be named for Gerald Ford. After Muncy's reëlection in November, and after the arrival of the federal investigators in the county, the Leslie County Centennial Commission established last year by the county partly to suggest a name for the center—Muncy functioned as its chairman—met to make a final decision on naming the center. The discussion this time turned to the question "Who helped us the most?"

"Once that question was asked, the answer was clear," Muncy said not long ago. "Nixon's revenue sharing had made the center possible." Simultaneously, the commission decided to name one of the buildings in the recreation center after Ford, but this idea was dropped when Ford wrote to Congressman Carter, who had extended the invitation on behalf of Leslie County, that his schedule would not allow him to be present at the dedication.

Actually, the budget of two million six hundred thousand dollars for the center contained less than three hundred and thirty thousand dollars in federal revenue-sharing money. What had really made the center possible was severance-tax-sharing legislation passed by the Kentucky legislature in 1974. The severance tax is a tax on coal operators for coal extracted from a particular county, part of the revenue from which is returned to the county for community development.

Hensley, the publisher of the *Thousandsticks News* and the spokesman for the Hazard Area Coal Operators Association, was also one of the Democrats on the County Centennial Commission. "I thought that if we named the facility for Nixon, and he was invited, he would come," Hensley told a visitor a few weeks ago. "It was time for him to come out of seclusion."

It is also possible that Judge Muncy was playing a bold game. His admiration for Nixon's politics and accomplishments aside, bringing Nixon to Leslie County would make Muncy well known not only in his state but in the nation, and he might thus be a formidable figure for any prosecutor to take on in the matter of vote fraud in a local election.

Whatever the reasons for the recreation center's name and its existence, construction began in the spring of 1977 and, with the exception of baseball and softball fields, track facilities, and picnic grounds, which are to be added later, was nearly finished when Nixon arrived. The center consists of three brown brick buildings—the gymnasium, a community center, and a building that houses a swimming pool. Part of the site was carved from a hillside that plunged to the Middle Fork Kentucky River and the remainder was formed from landfill on the east bank of the Middle Fork.

A CROWD of about five hundred had gathered as a red-and-white Cessna Citation jet owned by a Hazard coal operator darted out of the smoky sky above the London-Corbin Airport at four on Saturday—precisely on time. Nixon, wearing a light-blue suit and preceded by his aide, Colonel Jack Brennan, emerged into the blistering heat of the afternoon, looking somewhat pasty but fit and ready. Nixon stepped from the plane onto a red carpet and made his way to the rostrum decorated with a sign saying "Welcome President Nixon" and, as he did so, four members of the brass section of the Laurel County High School band struck up "Hail to the Chief," more or less on key. The tune sounded thin and tinny in the haze. The crowd cheered and waved printed signs reading "Nixon in 1980." A man wearing a straw hat with a band saying "Nixon-Agnew" was jostled by television cameramen trying to film him. The former President took the rostrum and gracefully struck the right chords: Kentucky hospitality, horses, basketball, Pat Nixon, moonshine, ending the war, and bringing the P.O.W.s home. He tarried for an inordinately long time, working the tiny crowd and signing copies of his memoirs, and many people remarked later on how much he seemed to be enjoying himself. Then he climbed into a limousine for the fifty-mile ride along the Daniel Boone Parkway to Hyden.

I arrived at the Leslie County line some minutes before Nixon's motorcade. There, several hundred vehicles, mainly pickup trucks, were parked along both sides of the road. Helicopters carrying television crews circled above, and on the ground interviewers dotted the crowd. Just off the parkway, where a great wall of sandstone and shale threaded with bands of coal made an appropriate backdrop, granite-faced retired miners beamed with pride and excitement over what was about to happen. As the motorcade passed, they joined it for the drive into Hyden.

The plan for the evening called for a private reception at the Appalachia

Motel for various public officials, members of the board of education, the executive committee of the Republican Party, and the County Centennial Commission. As Nixon settled in to prepare for it, the twenty-six deputized county roadworkers high in the hills above the motel began their own personal salute with sticks of dynamite. Several sticks detonated one right after another. Then a pause of a few seconds. BOOM! BOOM! Silence for a few seconds. Then another salvo. The Secret Service evidently knew that the salute was coming, for nobody charged up the mountain to see what was going on.

The invited guests in two groups of a hundred—most of them chosen by Judge Muncy and the remainder by Congressman Carter—were bused up to the motel to meet Nixon. No liquor was served at the reception. Leslie County is dry, and Judge Muncy is a teetotaller. (In the 1977 primary, the shocking rumor spread that Muncy owned a package store in Perry County, but this was denied with a show of records and indignation.)

The following morning, Nixon remained at the motel while Leslie County went to church. At the Presbyterian Church, the Reverend Leonard Hood did not speak of Nixon's visit. The week before, however, he had noted in his sermon that Nixon was a Quaker, and that George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, refused to doff his hat to the King. Brotherhood did not mean that everyone should think alike, the Reverend Mr. Hood had preached. Adulation belongs to God and God alone. Those who were against Nixon should pray for him, for the preacher apparently was sure that those who were for him would not consider it necessary to do so.

Up on Hurt's Creek on the morning of July 2nd, the Reverend Vance Bowling, the elected minister of the Church of Christ, struck a different theme. Man is not capable of judging, he said, for he cannot know all the facts, or know the heart. Judgment belongs to God alone, he said. Consider Matthew: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Later, at the dedication ceremonies, the Reverend Mr. Bowling gave the invocation. For his scripture reading he chose from Psalms 24 and 25, and, once again, seemed to provide Heavenly certification for the visit and Divine insulation for Leslie County from those who would make

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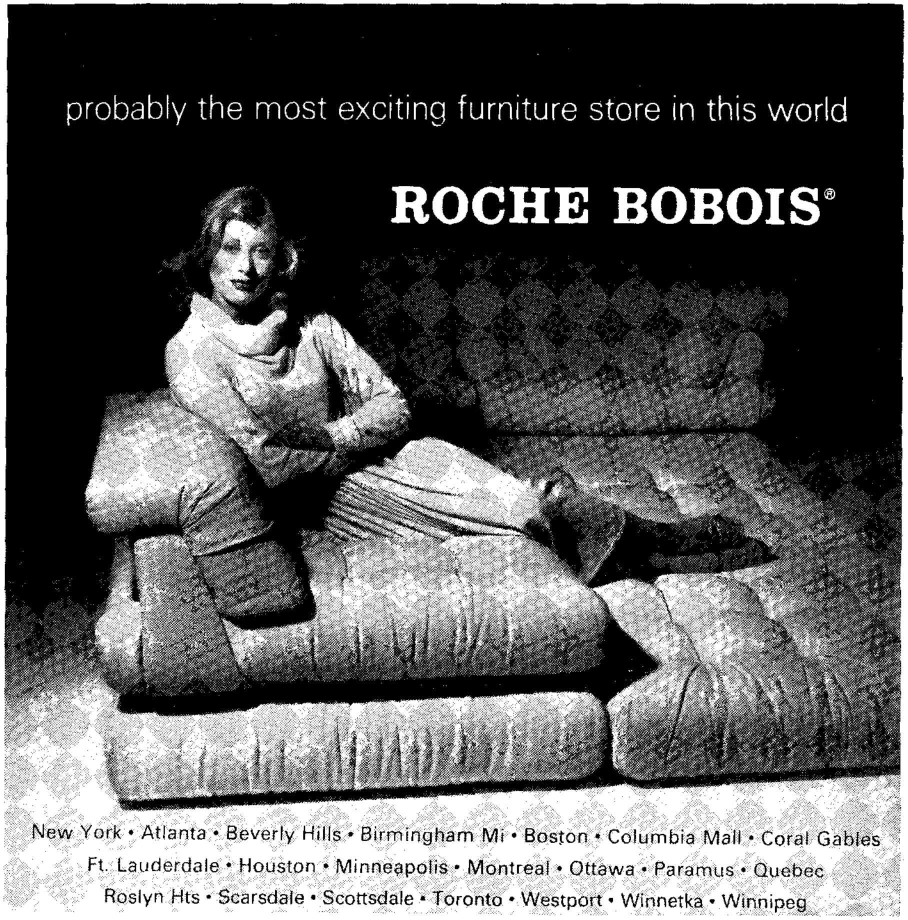

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fun of the place. In a raw voice, the minister read:

> Who shall ascend into the holy hill of the Lord?
> And who shall stand in his holy place?
> Let me not be ashamed. Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
> Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed; let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.
> Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. . . .
> For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

And he concluded with the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

At the motel, the Secret Service men prepared the motorcade. Few dignitaries were on hand. No statewide official was there, although there were two former governors: Louie B. Nunn, who served from 1967 to 1971, and A. B. (Happy) Chandler, not only former governor (from 1935 to 1939 and again from 1955 to 1959) but former United States senator (from 1939 to 1945) and former Baseball Commissioner (from 1945 to 1951). As a child, I had attended the Democratic National Convention with my parents in 1956, and just before the motorcade left the Appalachia Motel I told Chandler, to his great delight, that I still had some campaign buttons advertising his curious favorite-son candidacy that year. Chandler, who told me he would be eighty years old on July 14th, complained that he was spending his time nowadays going around the country to bury his friends. "And I can't replace 'em anymore," he said. But that unhappy thought was the only gloomy one that Chandler allowed in his otherwise upbeat conversation. "You know, we polled six hundred and seventy-six thousand for this man in 1972—a pretty good vote in the state of Kentucky," he said. "What happened to him was an outrage. He was driven from office for no good reason. Why, what we've started here might just sweep the country, like Proposition 13."

I bade Chandler goodbye, and after taking a long look at the car in which Nixon would ride through Hyden—it was the 1956 Cadillac convertible that had been the followup car for the Secret Service behind John F. Kennedy's car in Dallas—I hurried downtown. The crowd was sparse. Fewer people waited patiently on Main Street, I guessed, than had requested press credentials. About ten yards from the curb, rope was stretched along the edges of the parking spaces, but only down by the courthouse, where the street makes a right turn at Campbell's Drug Store, was the crowd more than one deep.

More than four thousand people had been cooped up in the stifling auditorium for an hour—the installation of the air-conditioning hadn't been completed in time, and because the noise of the fans made problems for the television crews they were turned off, with the result that there was one case of heat prostration—but they were not only game but also excited. A number of eastern-Kentucky county judges were introduced after the invocation, and then Judge Muncy beamed with pride as the man he considered "the greatest President of this century" took the podium.

Nixon thanked the people for a "warm reception" as he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief and flashed his famous smile. The crowd erupted with laughter and clapping. Later, he noted that Kentucky had beaten his alma mater, Duke, in the national basketball championships, and the people stamped their feet in approval. Basketball, he conceded, had not been his best sport. At Whittier College, he played his freshman year, and it wasn't a bad season. "In fact, we had a perfect record," he said. Pause. "We lost every game." Laughter.

Nixon spoke for forty minutes—mostly familiar generalities about the spirit of heartland America ("There are millions across this land who have not lost faith in America, who believe we should be strong, who believe America should have the kind of leadership that will not fail"), the new left ("It is time when we quit making heroes out of individuals who illegally take secret foreign-policy documents and print them in the newspapers"), and the need to protect the free world from Communism ("Tough talk, when it isn't backed up with strong action, is just like an empty cannon"). I lounged outside on the sod, listening under booming loudspeakers that were intended to bring the speech to as many as twenty thousand people—according to some press estimates—but reached only about a thousand. I sat next to the eastern-Kentucky poet James Still, who had come over from his home, on Wolfpen Creek, in Knott County, to the northeast, to watch the events. Still said that at this point he felt no particular emotions toward Nixon, positive or negative, and in that, I judged, he reflected the general American attitude. Nixon has probably lost his power to engage the country emotionally on any level—certainly he cannot arouse love

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or hate anymore. Still and I sympathized with the reporters who had come long distances to cover the speech, for there was precious little to hang on to. When it was over, Still remarked, "I defy you to find one person in this crowd who can repeat one sentence that Nixon uttered," then added, "Well, maybe somebody will remember the last." The last sentence was "God bless you, God bless America."

THE next day, I went up to Camp Creek, and there I found Judge Wooton, stripped to the waist and wearing baggy Bermuda shorts and a smudged hat. He was out proudly looking over the eight varieties of gourds that he grows. Come back in thirty days, he told me, and trash will once again be spread up and down Main Street in Hyden. Then he said, "You know, this week reminds me of a dream I used to have all the time up on Hell-Fer-Sartain Creek. I'd go to sleep, and I'd dream I was in the Kentucky bluegrass and had plenty of money. And then I'd wake up and find I was right back there in Hell-Fer-Sartain."

When I paid a final visit to Judge Muncy's office, I had to make my way through a truly thick crowd on Main Street. It was Monday, July 3rd—the first business day of the new month, when food stamps are distributed at the post office. The Judge looked rested, and his expression was mellow. Everything had gone beautifully. Nixon had told him that this was the nicest reception he had ever had in any small town. "It showed the people in the rest of the state that we can do things as well here as anyplace," Muncy said.

"I felt a sort of greatness when I was around him, like I was close to history," the Judge continued. "Despite thirty years of going through what I've gone through for a couple of weeks in a small way"—the vote-fraud investigation—"this man is mentally as sharp as any person I've ever met. You know, when he landed at London, I got to ride back with him. He was comfortable, in a good mood. But yesterday, on that stage, Nixon was happy. In that speech, he spoke to more than just Leslie County, saying, 'Thank you for having me.' He spoke to the nation, maybe the world. Maybe even a message to the Russians, too. If it's true, as the press said, that this is his first step back into active participation in the way ex-Presidents do participate, I'm proud Leslie County is the place he began."

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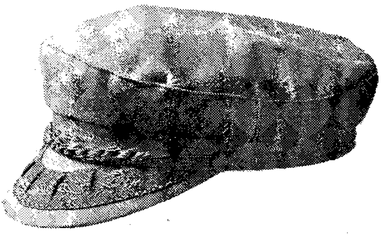

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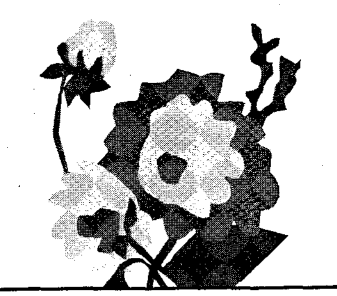

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# THE RACE TRACK

*Affirmed or Alydar?*

If you're looking for a tip on the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs on Saturday—and who isn't?—I'll pass along the best I've had. It comes from Colonel Tantivy Martingale, of the Virginia Martingales, who said, "Those two come so close in my figures that I'd just flip a coin and hope for the best." This will be the fourth meeting this year of Louis Wolfson's Affirmed and Calumet Farm's Alydar. Never in the annals of the Triple Crown had there been such a thrilling duel as the one between these two colts, and there is likely to be a record crowd for the hundred-and-ninth running of the Travers, which is also called the Midsummer Derby. As you know, Affirmed won the Kentucky Derby by a length and a half, the Preakness by a neck, and the Belmont by a head, with Alydar second in all three. However, Alydar has recently made a remarkable comeback, winning the Arlington Classic at Chicago's Arlington Park in very impressive time, and beating some of the faster, older horses in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga. Well, it's better to express an opinion and take the chance of being proved wrong than not to express an opinion at all. I don't know how the Colonel's coin will fall, but my choice is Affirmed. I've a notion that when Alydar goes to the paddock to be saddled for the Travers he'll see Affirmed and say to himself, "There's that horse again. It's too hot to run today."

Both colts are trained beautifully. Alydar's racing in the Classic and the Whitney speaks louder than I can for the job that John Veitch has done with him. Barrera has also done a perfect job with Affirmed. He gave him his big prep for the Travers in the Jim Dandy Stakes at the Spa last week. This was Affirmed's first race since the Belmont, and he came from way behind to make a breathtaking run down the homestretch and beat Sensitive Prince to the wire by half a length, with Addison a distant third. It was an appropriately thrilling finish to a race that is named after the 100–1 shot who beat William Woodward's Triple Crown winner

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Gallant Fox and H. P. Whitney's Whichone in an amazing running of the Travers, in 1930. Last week, Cauthen, Affirmed's jockey, had a spill, and slightly injured a knee and a shoulder, but the doctors said he would be able to ride this week.

TRAGEDY marred last Saturday's running of the Alabama Stakes, the classic for three-year-old fillies, when Sally Gibson's Caesar's Wish, the 4–5 favorite, suffered a heart attack as she was leading the field half a mile from home and fell dead at the three-eighths pole. The race was won by the Newstead Farm's White Star Line, who came from far back to beat Summer Fling by a length and a half, with Tempest Queen third. Lakeville Miss, the best of the two-year-old fillies last season, was scratched. Danny Wright, who rode Caesar's Wish, was in tears after the race. Maryland-bred, the filly had won four of her seven starts this season and earned $181,987 in prize money.

AT the Spa, the bloodstock sales of yearlings at night are as interesting as the races in the afternoons. The big buy last week came on Thursday, when John A. Bell, the head of the Cromwell Bloodstock Agency, outbid Charlie Whittingham, giving $800,000 for a chestnut colt by Nijinsky II out of Shuvee. At the same session, a colt by Bold Bidder went to Robert Sangster, the British football-pool king, for $700,000. Altogether, the Fasig-Tipton Company sold two hundred and nine head for $16,771,500. —AUDAX MINOR

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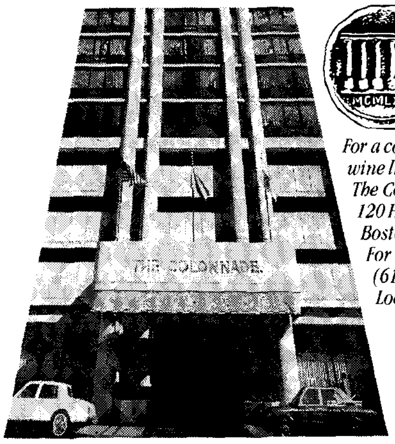

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# BOOKS

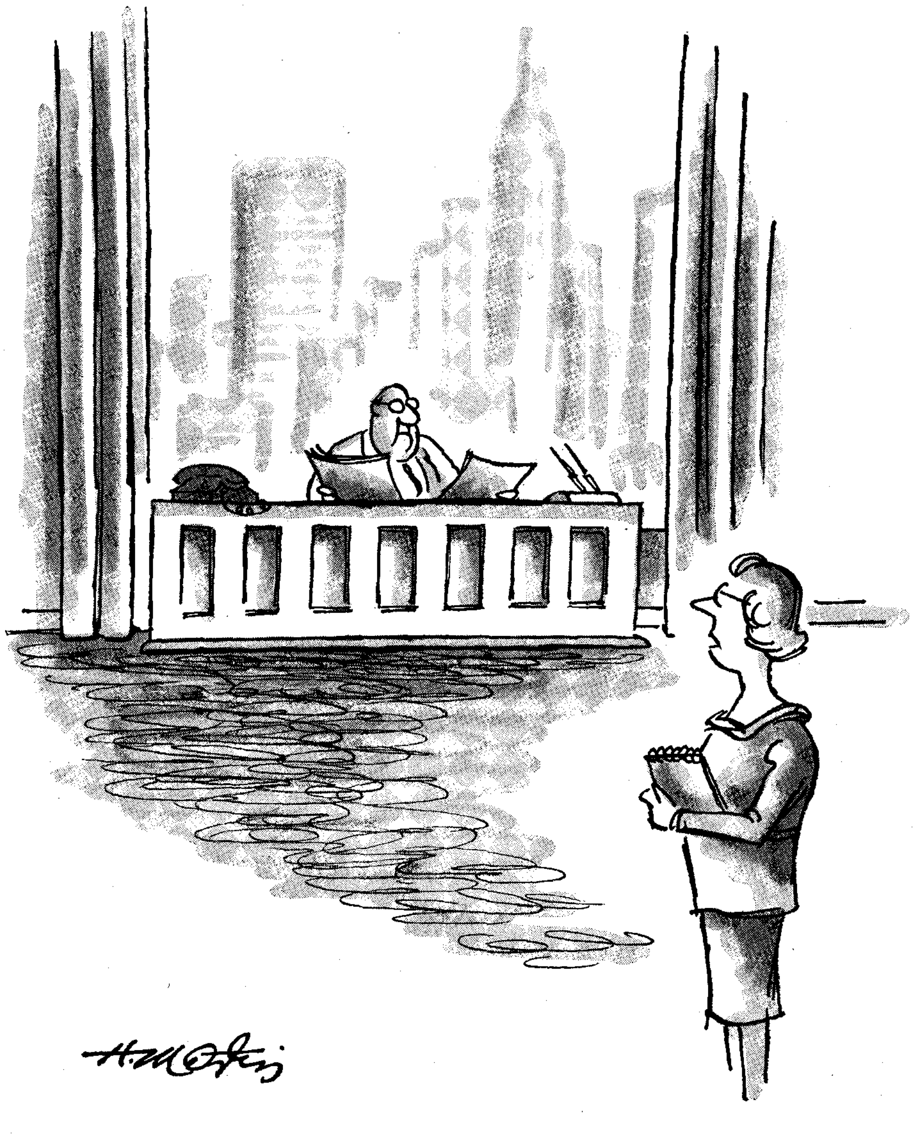
## *Two Bears in a Den*

THE reader of R. F. Christian's handsome two-volume edition of "Tolstoy's Letters" (Scribners; $35) knows he will be in for a strenuous time. Other egotists of the great century of voluminous letter-writing—Byron, Balzac, Dickens, and George Sand are examples—hold their recipients gracefully in view and reveal themselves and their interests with some eagerness and spirit. They write to please; Tolstoy seems to be exhorting himself, and to impose that impatient self upon us officiously. He has, of course, his cajoleries, his pungent asides or distracting glances, but in the main he is an exacting conscience, cutting his way forward on the road of self-perfection and omniscience, and compelling us to treat his quibbles and torments as ones that we ourselves have carelessly passed over. Between the lines we find ourselves building up a counter-portrait of him from what we recall of his self-flagellating diaries and the vast literature that has grown about the dramas of his life and genius. Never, we may say lightly, was there such a Protestant, such an early Methodist. But there we are wrong. Gorky came closest—at any rate to Tolstoy in old age—when he said that Tolstoy had something about him of a primitive and even malign old idol in stone, and added that there was no room for God and Tolstoy in the same universe: they were like two bears in a den. In Tolstoy's earlier years, many people noted the piercing, magnetizing stare of a pair of eyes that searched and searched for the point of weakness of the man or woman before him.

In the ninety-volume Soviet edition of Tolstoy's writings, which was completed in 1958, thirty-two volumes are given to the letters—there are eighty-five hundred of them—and their annotation. Tolstoy is, Professor Christian says, the most prolific of the Russian letter writers. (Western Europeans like Dickens and, above all, George Sand were far more prolific; most Russians preferred to talk.) From those thirty-two volumes, Professor Christian has edited and translated the first comprehensive selection in English. He has concentrated on the letters dealing with literature and with Tolstoy's contemporaries; with the activities of Tolstoy's personal and intellectual life; and with the prophet whose correspondence was worldwide among admirers and disciples in his last years, when there were passionate circles of Tolstoyans far beyond Russia. The prophetic phase has long lost its power to stir—except perhaps in India—and those letters have the inevitable repetitiveness and generality of public utterance. The letters dealing with the arts are capricious, often reckless, and even jealous, as when (to take a monstrous example) Tolstoy said that "Fathers and Sons" exposed Turgenev's lack of humanity. The remarks on Dostoevski are few and conventional; Tolstoy felt a Napoleonic superiority to all writers, from Shakespeare down. The most revealing letters are those he wrote to his family and kin, and those that show him in phenomenal efforts to attain universal knowledge—and to dismiss it. Here Isaiah Berlin's words in "The Hedgehog and the Fox" come again and again to mind:

> [Tolstoy died] oppressed by the burden of his intellectual infallibility and his sense of perpetual moral error, the greatest of those who can neither reconcile, nor leave unreconciled, the conflict of what there is with what there ought to be. Tolstoy's sense of reality was until the end too devastating to be compatible with any moral ideal which he was able to construct out of the fragments into which his intellect shivered the world.

Professor Christian's introductions to the phases of Tolstoy's life give a perspective that all selections of this kind need if we are not to lose ourselves in dabbling. It becomes clear from Tolstoy's very earliest letters, as a student, that he lived freely in the exceptionally closed world in which he was brought up and which he, so to say, universalized. That world was one of an aristocratic, patriarchal family living among its kin and serfs on an estate. The Tol-



*"Oh, and your wife called. The children are about to leave the nest, and she wants to know if you can find time to say goodbye."*

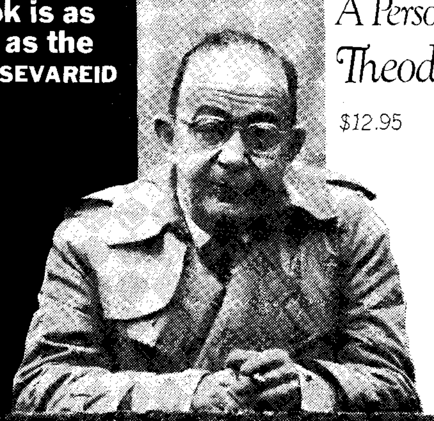
stoys were not rich, but one side of the family was descended from the Volkonskys, who in the seventeenth century were virtual czars, the equals of the Romanovs, and who were always close to the imperial throne. The Countess Alexandra Tolstaya, a cousin a few years older than Tolstoy, was at the imperial court. (He called her "Granny" for fun, and wrote some of his most natural letters to her.) Even when he put on the peasant smock, Tolstoy was the *barin*. His mother died when he was two, and his father when he was nine. He was brought up on the family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with his brothers and sisters, by their adored "Tante Toinette," who very early on urged him to become a writer and easily forgave his sins, and this gave him both freedom from parental restraint, from the need to construct—and revise—his Rules of Conduct, and an aptitude for repentance when he sinned once more. He really belongs to a pre-feudal culture of kinship. Yasnaya Polyana was a kind of paradise, where pride and willfulness and getting a child by a serf woman on the estate could go easily hand in hand with Puritan self-reproach and guilt in living off the labor of others. One can see why, in this state within a state, the austere yet sensual youth would eventually become an incipient emperor, rejecting government, church, and society and its customs: he felt himself to be above the intelligentsia, and thought of formal education as stagnant and wrong. The young aristocrat might blamelessly go to the dogs, but he could also become omniscient by his own efforts—by enormous unguided reading, by confidence in his genius. When, in middle age, he taught himself Greek, he wrote as if he were the first man to discover Greek culture. Eventually, he would preach the virtues of a pastoral Utopia, living as an imaginary peasant, by the simple rule of the Gospels.

If there is a dominant note in the letters, it is the excited voice of an ego that is entranced by its own changes. He is the pedant of instant sincerity—this is very marked in his early letters to his *tante* and his brothers. He is constantly ridding himself of false starts, and explaining them away. Explanation is a Puritan conundrum:

> I've changed quite differently from the way I used to change before.

> Life ... is more than a trial, it is also an expiation of my faults.

His cult of sincerity is a form of pride, if often masked as humility. More noticeable: his awareness of change is al-



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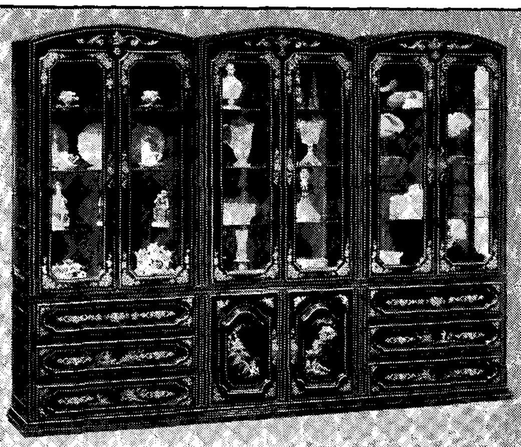

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lied to his supreme gift as a novelist—the eye and ear that see and hear every ripple of the surface of life. Many writers can be "deep," but only the greatest can create a whole out of the subtle and infinite changes of surface. Who else would have noted, as Tolstoy did in a letter to his country neighbor the poet Fet,

> The main reason why I haven't written is that I can't write simply; and not to write simply is disagreeable. The closer people are to one another (and you are one of the closest to my heart), the more disagreeable it is to write, the more one feels the discrepancy between the tone of a letter and the tone of one's actual relations.

It seems likely that Tolstoy, who had little taste for poetry, was being good-natured about poems that Fet had sent to him, but the point is perfect in its hovering subtlety.

Or take another passage, this time a comment on the Aksakovs' marriage:

> Last year, I remember, he came to see me and unexpectedly found us at the tea table with my belles-sœurs. He blushed. I was very glad about that. A man who blushes can love, and a man who can love can do anything.... He was complaining about his awareness of the futility and emptiness of his work as a journalist. I said to him: "Get married. No offence meant—experience has convinced me that an unmarried man remains a little boy till the end of his days. A new world opens up for the married man." And now he's got married. And now I'm ready to run after him and shout: that's not what I meant, not what I meant at all. Flesh and blood are necessary for happiness and a moral life. One mind is good, but two are better, says the proverb; but I say: one soul in a crinoline is bad, but two, one in a crinoline and the other in trousers, are even worse. Wait and see what a frightful moral monstruosité comes of this marriage... it's not a marriage, but a fusion of two—not souls, but trends.

This was in 1865, when he was happily married and in the middle of "War and Peace." But there is an ominous prediction of Tolstoy's crisis when he says that the mild Aksakov's vice is pride—"pride (as is always the case) founded on the renunciation of life, on intellectual speculation." Again and again, as he moves to the "Confession" of the eighties, one finds passages that refer to his pursuit of knowledge. He is tormented by the confusion of a mind that resists reason and calls upon the "vague consciousness which exists in my heart." He writes to the learned Strakhov, whom he treated for years as a useful encyclopedia, "I know that every mind has its own ways of understanding even formal mathematical truths." Strakhov was apt to be long-winded in replying to Tolstoy's metaphysical questions, and Tolstoy begged to be criticized "a bit more crudely."

Tolstoy's struggle with his intellect is an activity pure and simple; it made him a great artist and a good teacher—one who instinctively discards. He was aware of the eyes of all the children he taught at the schools he started on his estate. He blushed before them—he was a connoisseur of blushing—and knew that his fallibility drew the children to him, as if he were another child. But the pedagogical habit became domineering among adults, and especially when he was in love. It also became absurd in the one nearly serious love affair he ventured on before his marriage. His letters to Valeriya Arsenyeva begin fancifully. In his late twenties, he describes himself as a toothless old man; he was indeed already nearly toothless, and had had trouble with his teeth, which he neglected on principle, all his life. He invents a funny name for her—Mrs. Khrapovitskaya—and then starts wagging a finger about her love of dances, dresses, flirtations; warns her against coquetry, jealousy, triviality, secretiveness, idleness, hot temper, carelessness, extravagance; tells her to take quiet walks and to wear a corset and he will train her in the highest pleasure of life, which is the pleasure of the *good:*

> I imagine her as a little Benefactress to the peasants, going to their huts in a poplin dress with her black head of hair, and returning every day with the consciousness that she has done a good deed.

Or, again:

> Besides a woman's vocation to be a wife, her chief vocation is to be a mother, and in order to be a *mother* and not a *wet-nurse* (do you understand this distinction?) development is necessary.

And, more severely:

> You are deluding yourself that you have taste. That is, you may have, but you haven't any tact.

A pale-blue hat with white flowers is splendid if she is riding behind a trotter in English harness, but in a hansom cab or in a springless country carriage it is ridiculous: a woman must be careful about small details. This courtship came to nothing, partly because he bored her and was himself bored by the exercise of drawing her out. Another reason was that his books were beginning to sell and fame began to dazzle him. Of course, there was a scandal. Her family was annoyed, and the girl was hurt. He fled to the "Sodom" of Paris and had one more of his bouts of drinking, gambling, and whoring, and laid up a rich store of remorse. The death of his favorite brother, soon afterward, planted in him the terror of death that haunted him for the rest of his life.

The story of his marriage to Sonya is so well known that the letters do not add anything new, beyond telling us of his willfulness and the vacillations of his vanity. He is the absolute patriarch. He toils as an artist, as a teacher, as a farmer, and in bed. His family toils for him. His wife obeys—and also learns from him the deadly habit of diarizing and counter-diarizing. His intellect growls away, and he exacts as much from himself as he exacts from others. His wife and daughters sit down and copy and recopy his manuscripts. In return, he charms them when the children are young. As they grow up, he is oppressive to his sons and tries to stop his daughters from marrying, with all the jealous resources of the primitive father-god. He quarrels about his wife's bringing the girls out in St. Petersburg. The note of family life has much in common with the evangelical Protestantism of the English novelists of the period—Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray—whom he admires. But the violence in his nature easily breaks out, not only in literary quarrels but in minor troubles on the estate. One row is extravagant and reveals the hidden emperor in him: an affair in which he was held responsible by the local authorities for the death of a peasant who had been killed by a bull on the estate. An attempt was made to prosecute Tolstoy. The effrontery of obliging a *barin* to submit to a local court was intolerable. He at once went over the heads of the authorities to the czar, through the Countess Tolstaya. If the czar did not put the local people in their place, Tolstoy cried, he would declare his independence, sell his estate, and emigrate instantly to Great Britain. On second thought, he said, the British aristocracy was too self-satisfied. What he meant, of course, was that he would have no pull and would have to submit to law and constitutional government. He would have hated everything in England except Dickens, the horses, and the excellent coachwork and harness. The czar listened to the Countess, who was tutoring his daughter, and the row blew over. But the violence of it prepares us for the terrible last act of the tragedy of the breakup of Tolstoy's marriage. Here the letters are wearily dispassionate and have the icy minuteness of a judge's summing up. The

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wife had lost her hold on her husband to his disciple Chertkov, but the Puritan Tolstoy had become an anarchist and a megalomaniac, and one who could still count on some pride—it cannot be called humility—in remorse. He had become altogether too subtle in the moral wilderness he had created. One is struck by his remorse at having written "The Kreutzer Sonata," in which the cult of sincerity became a cult of nastiness and hatred. But one is less surprised by his rage at his wife's reading his diaries than by his fear at the knowledge that Chertkov had reverently copied them and concealed them. Privacy had been violated—and an imperfect self was now no longer in his complete possession. The sainted egotist went out of his mind, and drove his wife to the edge of madness.

In this huge collection of letters, the incidental or accidental things are the most human—and especially in Tolstoy's Russian gift of telling us of the forgotten hours of the day. His humor is indirect but always has an edge. In a letter to his wife:

> The starlings in the starling-house right in front of my window continually display their art: they can sound like orioles, quails, corncrakes, even frogs, but they haven't a sound of their own. I call them professors, only they are nicer than professors.

Or, early in his marriage, in a letter to the decent and comic Fet, soldier, country gentleman, and poet:

> Lucky man to be *alone*. I have a wife, three children, a fourth at the breast, two old aunts, a nanny and two maids, and the whole lot are suffering from fever, a temperature, debility, a headache or a cough. . . . There's a very great deal I want to tell you. I've read a lot of Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, Gogol and Molière, and there's a great deal I want to say to you. This year I haven't been taking a single journal or newspaper, and I find it very beneficial.

And we get a fundamental insight into his nature—as an artist, above all, but also as a thinker—in what he wrote to Annenkov about "The Cossacks," which took him ten years to complete:

> I've plunged into a vast, solid, positive, objective realm and have gone mad, firstly because of the abundance of objects, or rather aspects of objects which I envisage, and then because of the variety of tones in which these objects might be portrayed. I think there is a vague principle beginning to emerge from all this chaos, whereby I shall be able to choose; but so far this abundance and variety amount to impotence.

That describes his obsession with himself as a man, his obsession with the interchanging of human surfaces as an artist. It also describes our own magnetized condition as we turn the pages of these rewarding volumes.

—V. S. Pritchett

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

The Wars, by Timothy Findley (Delacorte; $8.95). The twentieth and (for all practical purposes) last year in the life of a Canadian lieutenant of field artillery named Robert Ross. The year is 1916. The events are superficially familiar: family tensions, enlistment, officer training (with a virginal visit to a whorehouse), a stormy Atlantic crossing, the front, the cadre of bewildered fellow-officers, the filth and fury of the trenches, a long leave at an English country house turned convalescent hospital (with a short, feverish love affair with a Lady Barbara d'Orsey), then back to the front and the debacle of a German surprise offensive. But these are only raw materials, and in Mr. Findley's firm hands, observant eyes, and knowing imagination Robert Ross and the time and place that made and destroyed him take on a midnight beauty, the ferocious truth of a work of art.

Inside Moves, by Todd Walton (Doubleday; $6.95). In a very short novel written in an intentionally rough and naïve style, Roary, a disabled Vietnam veteran, tells the story of his friend Jerry, a basketball fanatic who gets his gimpy leg operated on and becomes a superstar for the Golden State Warriors, with Roary's financial and emotional support. Much of the story takes place in and around Max's, a bar in San Francisco patronized by paraplegics and other cripples, whose deformities, having set them apart, seem to bring out the best in them. Roary does not let Jerry forget his friends at Max's, but he comes to understand why Jerry is afraid of returning to visit: the security of Max's is a sort of infectious paralysis. Mr. Walton is most perceptive as he shows how physical and mental problems reinforce one another, and his choice of this setting is timely and daring.

### GENERAL

Dame Edith Evans: Ned's Girl, by Bryan Forbes (Little, Brown; $10.95). An entertaining and affecting biography of the great English actress (1888-1976), written by a younger theatrical colleague.

Dame Edith, a milliner who had never studied acting, was spotted by an avant-garde producer in an amateur production, and was hired as a West End professional after appearing in a small part at a special matinée. Evidently, she had only to be seen to be believed, and carried conviction in everything from Shakespeare to Kaufman and Hart. Why? She was never pretty, but in performance could look beautiful. She had a remarkable sense of self that allowed her to hold off pertinacious playwrights or producers when she did not care for a role, and to disappear into a role she cared for. Mr. Forbes, who directed her, mentions that "few actors could listen as well as Edith," and frequently includes what might be called her trade secrets. Yet as his narrative unfolds—the personal tragedies, the decisions, the indecisions—one has the impression of a person beyond tricks.

VOLTAIRE AND THE COWBOY: THE LETTERS OF THURMAN ARNOLD, edited by Gene M. Gressley (Colorado; $15). The late Justice Robert Jackson once called Thurman Arnold "a cross between Voltaire and the cowboy," and Jackson was exactly right. These letters are witty, pithy, open, and high-spirited. Even as a youngster writing home from college and the First World War, Arnold's language got to the point. He was born in Laramie in 1891, was raised in the progressive credo, and preserved the pioneers' optimistic approach throughout his distinguished career as a teacher (Yale Law School) and writer ("The Folklore of Capitalism") and in government (Assistant Attorney General at the head of the Antitrust Division from 1936 to 1942; two years on the federal bench). Arnold's heroic era came after his return to private practice in 1945; the firm he founded—Arnold, Fortas & Porter—was one of the few important non-Communist law firms that defended victims of McCarthyism. Since Arnold, who died in 1969, had an original mind and a giddy sense of humor, all his letters, even those on purely legal matters, are a treat.

BOOKS AND PORTRAITS, by Virginia Woolf, edited by Mary Lyon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10). The two volumes of Mrs. Woolf's essays which were published during her lifetime—"The Common Reader" and "The Second Common Reader"—remain the most brilliantly entertaining, but they by no means reach the limit of what she had to say. After her death, Leonard Woolf brought out three more collections of her essays and then said he felt he had published all of this kind of writing that would be of interest to readers. Later, he confessed himself mistaken and brought out a fourth collection. Forgotten pieces continued to turn up. In 1965, Professor Jean Guiguet brought out a volume of Mrs. Woolf's essays and reviews published between 1905 and 1923 and having to do with contemporary writers. There still remained over a hundred more, from which the present editor has selected forty-eight. A considerable quantity of them were published between 1910 and 1920, and nearly all are book reviews, done on assignment, to a prescribed length. One can't help wishing that the editors of those days had realized they were dealing with something rarer than critical intelligence and had been more generous with the space at their disposal. Consider, for example, this passage from the review of "Occasional Papers of the Pepys Club, Vol. 1," published in the *Times Literary Supplement* of April 4, 1918: ". . . it is easy to see what lure it was that drew him to his Diary. It was not a confessional, still less a mere record of things useful to remember, but the storehouse of his most private self, the echo of life's sweetest sounds, without which life itself would become thinner and more prosaic. When he went upstairs to his chamber it was to perform no mechanical exercise, but to hold intercourse with the secret companion who lives in everybody, whose presence is so real, whose comment is so valuable, whose faults and trespasses and vanities are so lovable that to lose him is 'almost to go into my grave.'" There are no attempts in the previous volumes to deal with classical American writers—doubtless because they were not offered to her. The three essays included here, on Emerson's "Journals," on Melville's South Sea books, and on Thoreau, are all well done—the Thoreau especially. And one would never guess, from reading them, that she disliked Americans.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

RISK, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; $8.95). Roland Britten, the characteristic hero (tough, bright,

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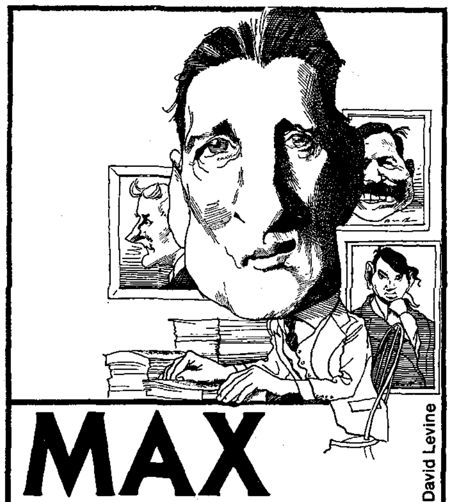

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wisecracking, unmarried) of Mr. Francis's eighteenth book, is (as always in Mr. Francis's best work) a steeplechase jockey and, for good measure, an accountant with a roll of clients that includes a large segment of the racing world. Thus we are promised some racecourse action and some complicated financial hanky-panky. These promises are abundantly kept: three races (one the Gold Cup), with winners in two of them, and a good-from-start-to-finish bookkeeping scam. And more. Along with the riding and the arithmetic, we are treated to two frantic immersions in claustrophobia, a fourteen-hour torture scene, and the most peculiar sex experiment of the season.

EYE OF THE NEEDLE, by Ken Follett (Arbor House; $8.95). England, late spring, 1944, and a great military assembly in East Anglia indicates to German aerial intelligence that the impending Allied invasion of France will be at Calais. Then a German agent in place in England—code name Die Nadel, or The Needle—discovers that the assembly is a fake, a ruse. He has only to get the word to his control and the D-Day plan is blown. But British intelligence gets wind of him. He flees north, to Scotland, toward a U-boat rendezvous. Churchill paces the floor. Hitler storms at his officers. The best of British intelligence race in hot pursuit. There is a lonely, rockbound island off the Aberdeen coast where a young woman and her child and her crippled husband are living. Die Nadel steals a boat, a storm comes up, the engine conks, a rocky cliff looms. This is melodrama—Grade A, prime, 100-proof melodrama: the highest of high foolishness. Mr. Follett is, however, a very tricky fellow, and he keeps us running, stumbling and falling but scrambling up again, on and on to *the very last lurid page.* A selection of the Literary Guild.

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*[Headlines appearing on the front page of the St. Johnsbury Caledonian-Record, July 25, 1978]*

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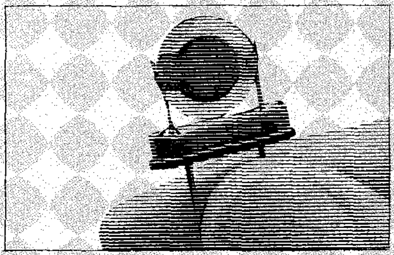

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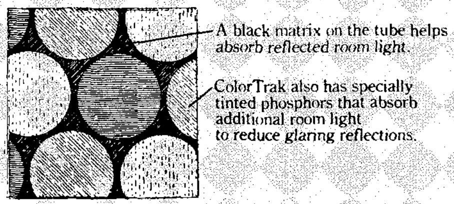
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